THE POEMS OF HEINE.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

The Poems of Schiller,
Complete. Second Edition.

The Poems of Goethe:
Including Hermann and Dorothea. Translated in the Original Metres. Second Edition.

The Tragedies of Alfieri:
Including those published posthumously. 2 vols.

THE POEMS OF HEINE

COMPLETE

TRANSLATED INTO THE ORIGINAL METRES
WITH A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

BY

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

A NEW edition of this work having been called for, owing to the first edition having been for some time out of print, I have taken advantage of the opportunity to add translations of a remarkable collection of Poems by Heine, published for the first time since the appearance of my work in 1859. They consist of as many as twelve hundred lines, described partly as "Early Poems," which will be found at the beginning of the volume, and partly as "Posthumous Poems," which are placed at the end. The metres of the original have been again retained throughout.

Various errors discovered by me in the first edition have now been corrected; and it only remains for me to express my thanks for the kind manner in which the critical and the general public, both in England and abroad, have received the work, and for the indulgence extended by them to its many imperfections.

E. A. B.



PREFACE.

IT may perhaps be thought that I exhibit something of the brazen-facedness of a hardened offender in venturing once more (but, I hope, for the last time) to present myself to the public in the guise of a translator,—and, what is more, a translator of a great poet. The favourable reception, however, that my previous translations of the Poems of Schiller and Goethe have met with at the hands of the public, may possibly be admitted as some excuse for this new attempt to make that public acquainted with the works of a third great German minstrel. Comparatively little known and little appreciated in England, the name of Heine is in Germany familiar as a household word; and while, on the one hand, many of his charming minor poems have become dear to the hearts of thousands and tens of thousands of his fellow-countrymen, and are sung alike in the palace and the cottage, in the country and the town, on the other his sterner works have done much to influence the political and religious tendencies of the modern German school.

Having prefixed to this Volume a brief memoir of Heine, accompanied by a few observations on his various works and their distinguishing characteristics, I will here confine myself to stating that I have adhered with the utmost strictness to the principles laid down by me for my guidance in the case of the previous translations attempted by me,—those principles being (1) As close and literal an adherence to the original as is consistent with good English and with poetry, and (2) the preservation throughout the work of the original metres, of which Heine presents an almost unprecedented variety. I have, on the occasion of my former publications, fully explained my reasons for adopting this course, and will not weary the reader with repeating them. I have sufficient

evidence before me of the approval of the public in this respect to induce me to frame my translation of Heine's Poems on the same model.

In addition to thus preserving both the language and the metre of the original, I have in one other respect endeavoured to reproduce my author precisely as I found him, and that is in the important particular of *completeness*. There are doubtless many poems written by Heine that one could wish had never been written, and that one would willingly refrain from translating. But the omission of these would hide from the reader some of Heine's chief peculiarities, and would tend to give him an incomplete if not incorrect notion of what the poet was. A translator no more assumes the responsibility of his author's words than a faithful Editor does, and he goes beyond his province if he omits whatever does not happen to agree with his own notions.

In claiming for the present work (extending over more than 20,000 verses) the abstract merits of literalness, completeness, and rigid adherence to the metrical peculiarities of the original, it is very far from my intention to claim any credit for the *manner* in which I have executed that difficult task, or to pretend that I have been successful in it. That is a question for the reader alone to decide. The credit of conscientiousness and close application in the matter is all that I would venture to assert for myself. All beyond is left exclusively to the candid, and, I would fain hope, generous, appreciation of those whom I now voluntarily constitute my judges.

HEINRICH HEINE.

ALTHOUGH little more than three years have elapsed since Heinrich Heine was first numbered amongst the dead, his name has long been enrolled in the lists of fame. Even during his lifetime he had the good fortune,—and, in a poet, the most unusual good fortune,—of being generally accepted as a Representative Man, and of passing as the National Bard of Young Germany. Although perhaps scarcely entitled to rank with Goethe and Schiller in the very highest order of poets, the name of Heine will assuredly always occupy a prominent place amongst the minstrels not only of Germany, but of the world.

It is only recently that his works have been for the first time published in an absolutely complete form, the poetry extending over more than two of the six volumes of which they consist. Universally known and read in his native land, and highly popular in France, which was for so many years his adopted country, the works of Heine are to the generality of Englishmen (as stated in the Preface) almost entirely unknown. As the present volume is, as far as I am aware, the only attempt that has been made to bring the far-famed poems of Heine in their integrity before the English reader,* it seems desirable to preface it by a brief sketch of his life, so that in seeing *what* Heine is as a poet, we may be able to form some idea as to *who* he was as a man. One who has been compared in turns to Aristophanes, Rabelais, Burns, Cervantes, Sterne, Jean Paul, Voltaire, Swift, Byron, and Béranger

* I believe that a translation of one of Heine's works—his "Book of Songs"—was published in this country a few years ago, but I have not met with it. An American version of the "Pictures of Travel" also appeared in 1855.

(and to all these has he been likened), can be of no common stamp. The discrepancies both as to facts and dates that occur between the various biographies of Heine are, however, so numerous, that it has been no easy task to avoid error in the following brief sketch of his life.

Heinrich (or Henry) Heine was born in the Bolkerstrasse, at Dusseldorf, on the 12th of December, 1799; but, singularly enough, the exact date of his birth was, until recently, unknown to his biographers, who, on the authority of a saying of his own, assigned it to the 1st of January, 1800, which he boasted made him "the first man of the century." In reply, however, to a specific inquiry addressed to him by a friend on this subject a few years before his death, he stated that he was really born on the day first mentioned, and that the date of 1800 usually given by his biographers was the result of an error voluntarily committed by his family in his favour at the time of the Prussian invasion, in order to exempt him from the service of the king of Prussia.

By birth he was a Jew, both of his parents having been of that persuasion. He was the eldest of four children, and his two brothers are (or were recently) still alive, the one being a physician in Russia, and the other an officer in the Austrian service. The famous Solomon Heine, the banker of Hamburg, whose wealth was only equalled by his philanthropy, was his uncle. His father, however, was far from being in opulent circumstances. When quite a child, he took delight in reading Don Quixote, and used to cry with anger at seeing how ill the heroism of that valiant knight was requited. He says somewhere, speaking of his boyish days, "apple-tarts "were then my passion. Now it is love, truth, freedom, and "crab-soup." He received his earliest education at the Franciscan convent in his native town, and while there had the misfortune to be the innocent cause of the death by drowning of a schoolfellow, an incident recorded in one of the poems in his "Romancero." He mentions the great effect produced upon him by the sorrowful face of a large wooden Christ which was constantly before his eyes in the Convent. Even at that early age the germs of what has been called "his fantastic sensibility, the food for infinite irony," seem to

have been developing themselves. A visit of the Emperor Napoleon to Dusseldorf when he was a boy affected him in a singular manner, and had probably much to do with the formation of those imperialist tendencies which are often to be noticed in his character and writings. He was next placed in the Lyceum of Dusseldorf, and in 1816 was sent to Hamburg to study commerce, being intended for mercantile pursuits. In 1819 he was removed to the University at Bonn which had been founded in the previous year, and there he had the advantage of studying under Augustus Schlegel. He seems, however, to have remained there only six months, and to have then gone to the University of Gottingen, where, as he tells us, he was rusticated soon after matriculation. He next took up his abode at Berlin, where he applied himself to the study of philosophy, under the direction of the great Hegel, whose influence, combined with that of the works of Spinosa, undoubtedly had much to do with the formation of Heine's mind, and also determined his future career. From this time we hear no more of his turning merchant; and it is from the date of his residence at Berlin that we may date the rise of that spirit of universal indifference and reckless daring that so strongly characterizes the writings of Heine. Amongst his associates at this period may be mentioned, in addition to Hegel, Chamisso, Varnhagen von Ense and his well-known wife Rachel, Bopp the philologist, and Grabbe, the eccentricities of whose works were only equalled by the eccentricities of his life.

Heine's first volume of poetry, entitled "Gedichte" or Poems, was published in 1822, the poems being those which, under the name of "Youthful Sorrows," now form the opening of his "Book of Songs." Notwithstanding the extraordinary success afterwards obtained by this latter work, his first publication was very coldly received. Some of the poems in it were written as far back as 1817,* and originally

* One of the finest in the collection, "The Grenadiers," which is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Béranger, was written as early as 1815, when Heine was not sixteen years old, and before Béranger had written his analogous poems "Le Vieux Drapeau," "Le Vieux Sergent," &c.

appeared in the Hamburg periodical "Der Wachter" or "Watchman." Offended at this result, he left Berlin and returned to Göttingen in 1823, where he took to studying law, and received the degree of Doctor in 1825. He was baptized into the Lutheran Church in the same year, at Heiligenstadt, near that place. He afterwards said jocularly that he took this course to prevent M. de Rothschild treating him too *fa-millionairely*. It is to be feared, however, from the tone of all his works, that his nominal religious opinions sat very lightly upon him through life. He writes as follows on this subject in 1852: "My ancestors belonged to the Jewish "religion, but I was never proud of this descent; neither did I "ever set store upon my quality of Lutheran, although I "belong to the evangelical confession quite as much as the "greatest devotees amongst my Berlin enemies, who always "reproach me with a want of religion. I rather felt humiliated "at passing for a purely human creature,—I whom the philo-"sophy of Hegel led to suppose that I was a god. How proud "I then was of my divinity! What an idea I had of my "grandeur! Alas! that charming time has long passed away, "and I cannot think of it without sadness, now that I am "lying stretched on my back, whilst my disease is making "terrible progress."

Previous to this date, and whilst living at Berlin, Heine published (in 1823) his only two plays, "Almanzor" and "Ratcliff," which were equally unsuccessful on the stage and in print, and which are certainly the least worthy of all his works. Between these two plays he inserted a collection of poetry entitled "Lyrical Interlude," which attracted little attention at the time. In the year 1827, however, he re-published this collection at Hamburg, in conjunction with his "Youthful Sorrows," giving to the whole the title of the "Book of Songs." In proportion to the indifference with which his poems had been received on their first appearance, was the enthusiasm which they now excited. They were read with avidity in every direction, especially in the various universities, where their influence upon the minds of the students was very great. In the year 1852 this work had reached the tenth edition

Heine's next great work, his "Reisebilder," or Pictures of Travel, written partly in poetry and partly in prose, was published at Hamburg at various intervals from 1826 to 1831, and, as its name implies, is descriptive of his travels in different countries, especially in England and Italy. The poetical portion of the "Reisebilder," the whole of which is translated in this volume, is divided into three parts,—"The Return Home," the "Hartz-Journey," and "The Baltic," written between 1823 and 1826. This work again met with an almost unprecedented success, and from the date of its publication and that of the "Book of Songs," may be reckoned the commencement of a new era in German literature. These remarkable poems exhibit the whole nature of Heine, free from all disguise. The striking originality, the exuberance of fancy, and, above all, the singular beauty and feeling of the versification that characterize nearly the whole of them, stand out in as yet unheard-of contrast to the intense and bitter irony that pervades them,—an irony that spared nobody, that spared nothing, not even the most sacred subjects being exempt from the poet's mocking sarcasm. This characteristic of Heine only increased as years passed on. In the later years of his life, which were one long-continued agony, his bodily sufferings offer some excuse, it may be, for what would otherwise have been inexcusable in the writings of a great poet. There was doubtless much affectation in the want of all religious and political faith that is so signally apparent in the works of Heine, and yet they betray a real bitterness of feeling that cannot be mistaken. At every page may be traced the malicious pleasure felt by him in exciting the sympathy and admiration of the reader to the highest pitch, and then with a few words,—with the last line or the last verse of a long poem, it may be,—rudely insulting them, and dashing them to the ground. No better parody of this favourite amusement of Heine can be given than by citing two well-known verses of Dr. Johnson:

"Hermit old in mossy cell,
"Wearing out life's evening gray,
"Strike thy pensive breast, and tell
"Where is bliss, and which the way?"

Thus I spake, and frequent sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the falling tear,
When the hoary sage replied:
"Come, my lad, and drink some beer!"

The exuberance of Heine's heart, as has been well said, was only equalled by the dryness of his spirit; a real enthusiasm was blended with an unquenchable love of satire; "his exquisite dilettanteism made him adore the gods and goddesses of Greece at the expense even of Christianity." In short, qualities scarcely ever found in combination, were combined in him; in one weak, suffering body two distinct and opposite natures, each equally mighty, were united. Perhaps the best name ever applied to him is that of the "Julian of poetry."

The French Revolution in 1830 determined Heine's future life. He was then living at Berlin again, after having resided at Hamburg and Munich. He now turned politician and newspaper writer. His Essay on Nobility was written at this time. He presently (in May 1831) went to live in Paris, where he resided until his death, with the exception of making one or two short visits to his native land. Though the fact is not exactly stated, there can be no doubt that he received some very broad hints from the authorities of Prussia to leave that country. From that time, France became his adopted fatherland, and he himself was thenceforward more of a Frenchman than a German. The Germans have indeed always reproached him as being frivolous and French; he has often been called the Voltaire of Germany; but Thiers perhaps described him the most accurately when he spoke of him as being "the wittiest *Frenchman* since Voltaire." He wrote French as fluently as German; and the translations of his various works that were published in Paris in the *Revue des deux Mondes* and the *Bibliothèque Contemporaine*, or as separate works, were either written by himself, or by his personal friends under his own immediate superintendence.

Some of his more important prose works were written soon after he took up his abode in Paris. He wrote, in 1833, a series of articles for the *Augsburg Gazette* on the State of

France, which he subsequently collected and published both in French and German. In 1833 appeared his well-known "History of Modern Literature in Germany," republished afterwards under the title of "The Romantic School," and in French under that of "L'Allemagne." This may be looked upon as his most remarkable prose work, and as the one that most exhibits his characteristic peculiarities. The following lively description of it is from the pen of an eminent French critic: "According to M. Heine, the whole of the intellectual "movement of Germany since Lessing and Kant has been a "death-struggle against Deism. This struggle he describes "with passion, and it may be said that he heads it in person. "He ranges his army in order of battle, he gives the signals, "and marches the Titans against heaven,—Kant, Fichte, Hegel, "all those formidable spirits whose every thought is a victory, "whose every formula is a cosmogonic *bouleversement*. Around "them, in front or behind, are grouped a crowd of writers, "theologians and poets, romance writers and savans. If one "of the combatants stops short, like Schelling, the author "overwhelms him with invectives. If a timid and poetic band "of dreamers, such as Tieck, Novalis, Brentano, and Arnim, "try to bring back this feverish Germany to the fresh poetry "of the middle ages, he throws himself upon them and dis-"perses them, like those Cobolds in the 'Book of Songs' who "overthrew the angels of paradise. And when the philoso-"phical conflict is over, he predicts its consequences with a sort "of savage delirium . . . . He compares Kant to the blood-"thirsty dictators of '93, and proclaims the gospel of pantheism. "His theory of the intellectual history of the Germans is "altogether false, and should only be consulted as an illustra-"tion—alas, too positive!—of the fever at once mystical and "sensual of a certain period of our age." This book produced a perfect storm of fury in Germany. "Denounced by Menzel "and the pietists as an emissary of Modern Babylon, cursed by "the austere *teutomaniacs* as a representative of Parisian cor-"ruption, Heine was not the less suspected by the democrats, "who accused him of treason. To this was added official "persecution."

Proceeding to his next work, the publication of his "Salon,"

consisting of an interesting series of essays, &c., commenced at Hamburg in 1834, its fourth and last volume not appearing till 1840. A long essay on the Women of Shakespeare appeared in 1839, and in 1840 a violent personal attack on his old friend, the republican poet Börne, then only recently dead,—a work which, with all its talent, did great injury to his reputation. His remaining great prose work, entitled "Lutezia," or Paris, consists of a collection of valuable articles on French politics, arts, and manners, written by him as the correspondent of the *Augsburg Gazette* between 1840 and 1844. The only other writings of his in prose that need be specified, entitled respectively "Confessions," "Dr. Faust," and the "Gods in Exile," were written a few years before his death.

After the publication of the "Reisebilder," Heine's next poetical production was the charming poem of "Atta Troll," which appeared in 1841, written in a simple trochaic metre, —"four-footed solemn trochees," as he himself expresses it. This poem has been described as the work of a German Ariosto, combining gaiety and poetry, irony and imagination in perfect proportions. Much worldly wisdom is to be learnt from the instructive history of Atta Troll, the dancing bear of the Pyrenees. The striking interlude in it of the vision of Herodias amongst the spirit huntsmen should not be overlooked.

The marriage of Heine seems to have taken place at about this period. His wife, who is often spoken of in his poems in terms of deep affection, and whose name was Mathilde, was a Frenchwoman and a Roman Catholic, and they were married according to the rites of that church. With all his love for Madame Heine, however, he seems to have been very jealous of her, and it is recorded that on one occasion he took it into his head that she had run away from him. He was reassured by hearing the voice of her favourite parrot "Cocotte," which led him to say, that she would never have gone off without taking "Cocotte" with her. In spite of the bitterness of spirit that pervades all his writings, it is clear that he possessed deep natural affections. His mother survived him; and though almost entirely separated from her for the last twenty-five years of his life, he often introduces her name in his works with expressions of filial reverence. His last visit

to Germany in the winter of 1843 seems to have been for the special purpose of visiting her at Hamburg, where she resided. His friends fancied that the "old woman at the Dammthor" (one of the gates of Hamburg), of whom he used to speak, was a myth, but she was no other than his mother. Nothing can be more charming than the manner in which he speaks of both her and his wife in the beautiful little poem called "Night Thoughts." (See page 179.)

In 1844 he published a fresh collection of poems under the title of "New Poems," to which was added, as an appendix "Germany, a Winter Tale." The former of these was subsequently added by him to his "Book of Songs," and will be found in its place accordingly in the present volume, as well as his "New Spring," which formed a part of the same work. The "Germany" is one of his most remarkable works, and contains an account of his journey to Hamburg the previous winter to see his mother that has just been referred to. None of his productions are more thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of satire. Every stage of his journey, from its commencement at the Prussian frontier, to its termination at Hamburg, gives occasion for the display of his wit and sarcastic raillery. It will be seen that many of the passages in the poem were struck out of the original edition by the official Censors. Perhaps the most amusing portions are the episode of the author's adventures in the Cavern of Kyffhauser with the famous Emperor Barbarossa (not omitting their little conversation respecting the guillotine), and the rencontre with the Goddess Hammonia in the streets of Hamburg, and his subsequent tête-à-tête with her. The extravagance (slightly coarse it must be confessed) of the latter scene is quite worthy of Rabelais, though the poet takes care to tell us that it is intended to imitate Aristophanes. The remonstrances to the King of Prussia, with which the poem concludes, should also not be passed over.

In the year 1848, after a premonitory attack in 1847 that passed away, that terrible disease which eventually destroyed Heine's life, first assailed him in an aggravated form. Commencing with a paralysis of the left eyelid, it extended presently to both eyes and finally terminated in paralysis and

atrophy of the legs. The last time he ever left his house was in May, 1848. For eight long years he was confined to his couch, to use his own expression, in a state of "death with-"out its repose, and without the privileges of the dead, who "have no need to spend money, and no letters or books to "write." But despite his bodily sufferings, his good spirits never seemed to leave him, his love of raillery did but increase, and little did that public whose interest he continued to excite by the wonderful products of his genius know of his distressing state.

In the years 1850 and 1851, in the midst of his fearful malady, Heine composed his last great poetical work entitled "Romancero." This singular volume is divided into three Books, called respectively "Histories," Lamentations," and "Hebrew Melodies." The first of these contains a large number of romantic ballads and poems of the most dissimilar character, but all bearing the stamp of the author's peculiar genius; the second opens with several miscellaneous pieces, including some literary satires, and concludes with twenty pieces bearing the lively title of "Lazarus," and comprising, as some one has observed, the journal of his impressions as a sick man. The "Hebrew Melodies" are subdivided into three, entitled by Heine "Princess Sabbath," "Jehuda ben Halevy," a poem itself in three parts, and "Disputation." The Jewish descent and Jewish sympathies of the poet are plainly discernible in these Melodies, the most interesting of which, and probably the best of the whole collection contained in the "Romancero," is that which sets forth the life of Jehuda ben Halevy, the great Hebrew poet of the middle ages. Some critics rank this poem amongst Heine's very best productions The concluding piece, "Disputation," is in Heine's wildest style, and seems written for the express purpose of destroying the pleasure excited by the one that precedes it. In none of his works is his mocking spirit more plainly discernible. "It "is the most Voltairian scene ever imagined by the sceptical "demon of his mind." No one can read this polemical poem without seeing how little Heine himself cared for any received form of religion,—for the Christian faith as professed by him, or the Jewish faith into which he was born. The piece ter-

minates in Heine's favourite manner, namely, with an unexpected joke in the last line.

The collection entitled "Latest Poems" was written three years afterwards. Its name shows that the end was now not far off. The hand of a master is still visible in all these poems, the most interesting of which is perhaps the "Slave Ship," one of the most powerful productions of Heine's pen. In the year 1855, he published a French translation of his "New Spring" in the *Revue des deux Mondes*. And now the end really arrived.

On the 17th February, 1856, Henry Heine was at length released from his sufferings in his house in the Avenue Matignon, No. 3, as appears from the obituary notice. The smallness of the attendance at his funeral would seem to show that there was some truth in the saying that he had many admirers but few friends. The only names of note that are recorded as having been present on the occasion are Mignet, Gautier, and Dumas. And this was the man who was recognized as the successor of Goethe in the throne of poetry in Germany, and whose songs were already household words in all parts of that country! His humour did not leave him till the very last. A few days before his death Hector Berlioz called on him just as a tiresome German professor was leaving the room after wearying him with his uninteresting conversation. "I am afraid you will find me "very stupid, my dear fellow! The fact is, I have just been "*exchanging thoughts* with Dr.——" was his remark. Only a day or two before he expired, he sent back to the printer the last proofs of a new edition of the "Reisebilder."

Heine left a singular will behind him, in which he begged that all religious solemnities should be dispensed with at his funeral, and that, although he called himself a Lutheran, no Lutheran minister should officiate on the occasion. He added that this was not a mere freak of a freethinker, for that he had for the last four years dismissed all the pride with which philosophy had filled him, and felt once more the power of religious truth. He also begged for forgiveness for any offence which, in his ignorance, he might have given to good manners and morals.

When the private papers of Louis Philippe fell into the hands of the populace at the sack of the Tuileries in February, 1848, it was discovered that Heine had for many years enjoyed a pension of some 200*l.* a year on the Civil List. This discovery gave an opening to the republicans for violent attacks on him; but there does not appear to have been anything in the circumstances of the case to make this transaction discreditable to either the giver or the receiver of the pension.

Heine is described as having lived in the simplest manner, occupying three small rooms on the third floor, the *ménage* comprising, in addition to his wife and himself, no one but an old negress as a servant, and "Cocotte," who has been already alluded to.

Heine is beyond question the greatest poet that has appeared in Germany since the death of Goethe. Enough has been said in the course of this brief sketch of his life to show the singular, the unprecedented character of his genius, and to illustrate that combination in his person of two separate natures that we have stated to exist. What more touching trait of character was ever heard of, than the simple fact that although the last eight years of his life were spent in a state of intolerable agony, he left his mother in ignorance of his sufferings to the very last! Yes, when stricken with total blindness, and when dying literally by inches, all his letters to the "old woman at the Dammthor" were written in the most cheerful, happy tone, and he made her believe that his only reason for employing an amanuensis instead of writing with his own hand was that he had a slight affection in his eyes, which would be cured with a little care!

The following appreciation of the character of Heine, written while he was still alive, but when the shades of darkness and death were slowly gathering round him, may serve as a fitting termination to these few pages:—"It may be said "that Heine bears within him all the misery of a mighty "literature that has fallen from his ideal. Let this be his "excuse. But now his eyes are closing on this perishable "world, whose contradictions and wretchedness provoked his "painful gaiety; another world is opening on his mind. There,

"no more misery, no more irritating contrasts, no more revolt-
"ing disenchantments; there, all problems are resolved, all
"struggles cease. If irony, in the case of a capricious and
"ardent intelligence, could be the faithful mirror of things
"below, there is no room save for confidence and respect in
"that spiritual world that his soul's looks are fast discovering.
"He sought for serenity in that light raillery which enveloped
"the whole universe, and played his part in it with grace;
"but this serenity was incomplete and false, and often suffered
"his ill-cured sorrows to break forth. True serenity is a higher
"thing; it is to be found in the intelligence and adoration of
"that ideal which nothing can affect, that truth which no
"shadow can obscure." And so with these words of kindly sympathy, Heinrich Heine,—farewell!



EARLY POEMS.

SONGS OF LOVE.

1. LOVE'S SALUTATION.

DARLING maiden, who can be
Ever found to equal thee?
To thy service joyfully
Shall my life be pledged by me.

Thy sweet eyes gleam tenderly,
Like soft moonbeams o'er the sea;
Lights of rosy harmony
O'er thy red cheeks wander free.

From thy small mouth, full of glee,
Rows of pearls peep charmingly;
But thy bosom's drapery
Veils thy fairest jewelry.

Pure love only could it be
That so sweetly thrill'd through me,
When I whilome gazed on thee,
Darling maid, so fair to see.

2. LOVE'S LAMENT.

ON night's secrecy relying,
Silently I breathe my woes;
From the haunts of mortals flying,
Where the cup of pleasure flows.

Down my cheeks run tears all burning,
Silently, unceasingly;
But my bosom's fiery yearning
Quench'd by tears can never be.

When a laughing urchin, gaily
  Many a merry game I play'd;
In life's sunshine basking daily,
  Knowing nought of grief or shade.

For a garden of enjoyment
  Was the world I then lived in,
Tending flowers my sole employment,
  Roses, violets, jessamine.

By the brook's side, or the meadow,
  Sweetly mused I in those days;
Now I see a pale thin shadow,
  When upon the brook I gaze.

Pale and thin my grief hath made me,
  Since mine eyes upon *her* fell;
Secret sorrows now pervade me,
  Wonderful and hard to tell.

Deep within my heart I cherish'd
  Angel forms of peace and love,
Which have fled their short joys perish'd,
  To their starry home above.

Ghastly shadows rise unbidden,
  Black night round mine eyes is thrown;
In my trembling breast is hidden
  A sad whisp'ring voice unknown.

Unknown sorrows, unknown anguish
  Toss me wildly to and fro,
And I pine away and languish,
  Tortured by an unknown glow.

But the cause why I am lying
  Rack'd by fiery torments now,—
Why from very grief I'm dying,—
  Love, behold!—The cause art thou!

3. YEARNING.

WITH sweetheart on arm, all my comrades with joy
  Beneath the linden trees move;
But I, alas, poor desolate boy,
  In utter solitude rove

Mine eye grows dim, my heart is oppress'd,
  When happy lovers I see;
For a sweetheart by me is also possess'd,
  But, alas, far distant is she.

I have borne it for years, with a heart fit to break,
  But no longer can bear with the pain;
So pack up my bundle, my pilgrim's staff take,
  And start on my travels again.

And onward I go for hundreds of mile
  Till I come to a city renown'd;
A noble river beneath it smiles,
  With three stately towers 'tis crown'd.

And now my late sorrows no longer annoy,
  Made happy at last is my love;
For there, with my sweetheart on arm, I with joy
  Can beneath the sweet linden trees rove.

THE WHITE FLOWER.

IN father's garden there silently grows
  A flow'ret mournful and pale;
The spring-time returns, the winter's frost goes,
  Pale flow'ret remaineth as pale.
The poor pale flower looks still
Like a young bride that's ill.

Pale flow'ret gently saith to me—
  "Dear brother, pluck me, I pray!"
I answer pale flow'ret—"That must not be,
  "I never will take thee away.
"I seek with anxious care
"A purple flow'ret fair."

Pale flow'ret saith—"Seek here, seek there,
  "Seek e'en till the day of thy death,
"But still that purple flow'ret fair
  "Thou'lt seek in vain," she saith.
"But, prythee, pluck me now,
"I am as ill as thou."

Thus whispers pale flow'ret, beseeching me sore;
   I tremblingly pluck her, and lo!
I find my heart suddenly bleeding no more,
   Mine inward eye brightly doth glow.
Mute angel-rapture blest
Now fills my wounded breast.

5. PRESENTIMENT

YONDER, where the stars
   We shall find those joys smile brightly
      Which on earth seem far away.
Only in Death's cold embraces
Life grows warm, and light replaces
      Night's dark gloom at dawn of day.

6.

WHEN I am with my sweetheart kind,
      A happy youth am I;
So great the wealth within my mind,
   I the whole world could buy.

But when her swanlike arms I quit,
   In that sad hour of pain,
Away my boasted wealth doth flit,
   And I am poor again.

7.

I WOULD the songs I'm singing
      Had little flow'rets been;
I'd send them to my sweetheart
   For her to smell, I ween.

I would the songs I'm singing
   Were kisses all unseen;
I'd send them all in secret
   Upon her cheeks to glean.

I would the songs I'm singing
   Were little peas so green;
I'd make some capital pea-soup
   All in a soup-tureen!

8.

OF peace, and happiness, and heart,
Thou, loved one, long time hast bereft me;
And of the gifts that thou hast left me
Not one of these doth form a part.

For peace, heart, happiness, hast thou
To me a life-long sorrow given,
With bitter words commingled even,—
O take *these* back, my loved one, now.

9.

REMEMBER'ST thou those fiery glances
In which his trust the novice plac'd?
That long-denied first kiss of passion
The ardent lover stole in haste?

O glances, ye experienced fish-hooks,
On which the fish is captive brought!
O kiss, thou charming rod of honey,
With which the bird is limed and caught!

10.

THOU spak'st and gav'st a lock to me
Of thy dear silken hair;
"Wear this, and I for ever thee
"Within my heart will wear."

Full oft have heart and hair been call'd
To act this loving part.
Now say: is not thy head yet bald?
And full thy little heart?

11.

YOU, loved one, assured me so strongly,
I wellnigh fancied it true;
That you asserted it was so,
Was no sign of folly in you.
But that I almost believed it,
'Tis this that I so rue.

12.

I'VE seen full many a tragedy play'd,
Extracting my tears like magic;
But 'mongst them all, that touching scene
Had an end by far the most tragic,

Wherein thou tookedst the principal part.
While I at thy feet was panting,—
How well thou actedst the innocent one.
Thou actress most enchanting!

13.

ASK not what I have, my loved one;—
Ask me rather what I am;
For but little wealth I boast of,
But I'm gentle as a lamb.

Do not ask me how I'm living,
But for what, that ask of me;
For I live in want and lonely,
Yet I live alone for thee.

Do not ask me of my pleasures,
Ask not of my bitter smart;
Pleasure ever flies his presence
Who doth own a broken heart.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

GERMANY. 1815.

LET me sing Germania's glory!
Hearken to my noblest strains!
While my spirit tells the story,
Thrilling bliss runs through my veins.

Time's book is before me lying,
All things that have happened here,
Good with Evil ever vying—
All before my gaze stands clear.

From the Frenchman's distant nation
Hell approach'd, with impious hand,
Bringing shame and desecration
On our much-loved German land,

All our faith and virtue soiling,
All our heavenly yearnings fled,
All we deemed of worth, despoiling,—
Giving sin and pain instead.

German shame to gild refusing,
Dark the German sun soon grew,
And a mournful voice accusing
Pierced the German oak trees through

Now the sun once more is glancing,
And the oak trees roar with joy;
The avengers are advancing,
Shame and sorrow to destroy.

And deceit's proud altars hateful
Totter, fall with hideous sound;
Every German heart is grateful,
Free is German holy ground.

See'st the glare yon mount illuming?
Say, what can that wild flame be?
Yes! that fire proclaims the blooming
Image pure of Germany.

From the night of sin emerging
Germany uninjured stands;
Wildly is the spot still surging,
Where that fair form burst her bands

On the old oak's stems in splendour
Glorious blossoms fast unfold;
Foreign blossoms fall, and tender
Breezes greet us as of old.

All that's virtuous is returning,
All that's good appears once more,
And the German, fondly yearning,
Is exulting as of yore.

Ancient manners, ancient German
Virtues, and heroic deeds!
Valiantly each son of Hermann*
Waves his sword and proudly bleeds.

* The Arminius of Tacitus.

Heroes never doves engender,
  Lionlike is Hermann's race;
Yet may love's religion tender
  Well near valour take its place.

Germans through their sorrows lonely
  Learnt Christ's gentle word to prize;
Their land 'genders brethren only,
  And humanity is wise.

Once again returns the glorious
  Noble love of minstrel's song,
Well becoming the victorious
  Breasts of German heroes strong

As they to the war are going
  With the Frank to cross the sword,
To take signal vengeance glowing
  For their perfidy abhorr'd.

And at home, no labour heeding,
  Woman plies her gentle hand,
Tends the sacred wounds all bleeding
  In defence of fatherland.

In her black dress robed, entrancing
  Looks the beauteous German dame,
Deck'd with flow'rs and jewels glancing,
  Diamond-girded, too, her frame.

But a nobler, prouder feeling
  Through me at her vision thrills,
When, beside the sick-bed kneeling,
  Acts of mercy she fulfils.

Heavenly angels she resembles
  When the last draught she supplies
To the wounded man, who trembles,
  Smiles his grateful thanks, and dies.

He to whom to die 'tis given
  On the battle-field, is blest;
But a foretaste 'tis of heaven,
  Dying on a woman's breast.

Poor, poor sons of France! Fate ever
  Unto you unkind has been;
On the Seine's banks, beauty never
  Save in search of gold is seen.

German women! German women!
  What a charm the words convey!
German women! German women!
  Flourish on for many a day!

All our daughters like Louisa,
  All our sons like Frederick be!
Hear me in the grave, Louisa!
  Ever flourish Germany!

DREAM. 1816.

SON of folly, dream thou ever,
  When thy thoughts within thee burn;
But in life thy visions never
  To reality will turn.

Once in happier days chance bore me
  To a high mount on the Rhine;
Smiling lay the land before me,
  Gloriously the sun did shine.

Far below, the waves were singing
  Wild and magic melodies;
In my inmost heart were ringing
  Blissful strains in wondrous wise.

Now, when gazing from that station
  On the land—how sad its doom!
I but see a pigmy nation
  Crawling on a giant's tomb.

So-call'd men wear silken raiment,
  Deem themselves the nation's flower;
Honours now are gain'd by payment,
  Rogues possess both wealth and power.

Of descent they boast, not merit,
  'Tis their dress that makes them men;
Old coats now alone the spirit
  Of old times bring back again;

When respect and virtue holy
  Modestly went hand in hand;
When the youth with deference lowly
  By the aged took his stand;

When a hand-shake was more valid
Than an oath or written sheet;
When men, iron-clad, forth sallied,
And a heart inside them beat.

Our fair garden borders nourish
Many a thousand flow'rets fair;
In the fostering soil they flourish,
While the sun smiles on them there.

But the flower most fair, most golden,
In our gardens ne'er is known,—
That one which, in days now olden,
On each rocky height was grown;

Which, in cold hill-fortress dwelling,
Men endued with iron frame
Deem'd the flower all flowers excelling,—
Hospitality its name.

Weary wanderer, never clamber
To the mountain's fort-crown'd brow;
'Stead of warm and friendly chamber,
Cold, hard walls receive thee now.

From the watch-tower blow no warders,
Not a drawbridge is let fall;
For the castle's lord and warders
In the cold tomb slumber all.

In dark coffins, too, are sleeping
Those dear maids bards sang of old;
Shrines like these within them keeping
Greater wealth than pearls and gold.

Strange soft whispers there are blended,
Like sweet minnesinger's lays;
To those dark vaults has descended
The fair love of olden days.

True, I also prize our ladies,
For they blossom like the May;
And delightful, too, their trade is,—
'Tis to dance, stitch, paint all day.

And they sing, in rhymes delicious,
Of old love and loyalty,
Feeling all the time suspicious
Whether such things e'er could be.

In their simple minds, our mothers
Used to think in days of yore,
That the gem above all others
Fair, man in his bosom bore.

Very different from this is
What their daughters wisdom call;
In the present day our misses
Love the jewels most of all!

Lies, deceit, and superstition
Rule,—life's charms are thrown aside,
Whilst Rome's sordid base ambition
Jordan's pearls has falsified.

To your dark domain return you,
Visions of far happier days;
O'er a time which thus doth spurn you,
Vain laments no longer raise!

THE CONSECRATION.

LONELY in the forest chapel,
At the image of the Virgin,
Lay a gentle, pallid stripling,
Bent in humble adoration.

O Madonna! Let me ever
On the threshold here be kneeling;
Thou wilt never drive me from thee,
To the world so cold and sinful.

O Madonna! Sunny radiance
Round thy head's bright locks is gleaming,
And a mild sweet smile is playing
Round thy fair mouth's holy roses.

O Madonna! Thine eyes' lustre
Lightens me like stars in heaven;
While life's bark doth drift at random,
Stars lead on for ever surely.

O Madonna! Without wavering
I have borne thy test of sorrow,
On kind love relying blindly,
In thy glow alone e'er glowing.

O Madonna! This day hear me,
Full of mercy, rich in wonders!
Grant me then a sign of favour,
Just one little sign of favour.

Then presently happen'd a marvellous wonder
The forest and chapel were parted insunder;
The boy understood not the miracle strange,
For all around him did suddenly change.

In a brilliant hall there sat the Madonna,
Her rays were gone, as he gazed upon her;
She bore the form of a lovely maid,
Around her lips a childlike smile play'd.

And see! from her fair and flowing tresses
She steals a lock, as she thus addresses
In a heavenly tone, the raptured boy:
The sweetest reward on earth enjoy!

What attests this consecration?
Saw'st thou not the rainbow shedding
Its sublime illumination,
O'er the wide horizon spreading?

Angels up and down are moving,
Loudly do their pinions flutter;
Breathing music strange and loving,
Sweet the melodies they utter.

Well the stripling knows the yearning
Through his frame that now doth quiver;
To that land his footsteps turning,
Where the myrtle blooms for ever.

THE MOOR'S SERENADE.

TO my sleeping dear Zuleima's
Bosom run, ye tears all burning!
Then will her sweet heart for Abdul
'Gin to beat with tender yearning.

Round my sleeping dear Zuleima's
Ear disport, ye tears of anguish!
Then will her fair head in vision
Sweet for Abdul's love straight languish.

O'er my sleeping dear Zuleima's
Soft hand stream, my heart's blood gushing!
Then will her sweet hand bear on it
Abdul's heart's blood, crimson flushing.

Sorrow is, alas, born voiceless,
In its mouth no tongue is growing,
It hath only tears and sighing,
And blood from the heart's wounds flowing.

DREAM AND LIFE.

THE day was glowing, my heart, too, glow'd,
In silence I bore my sorrow's load;
When night arrived, I hastened then
To the blossoming rose in the silent glen.

I softly approach'd, and mute as the grave,
While tears my cheeks did secretly lave,
I peep'd in the cup of the rose so fair,
And lo! a bright light was glimmering there.

By the rose I joyfully fell asleep,
When a sweet mocking dream did over me creep;
The form of a rosy maid was reveal'd;
A rosy bodice her bosom conceal'd.

She gave me soon a rich golden store,
To a golden cottage the prize I bore;
Strange goings-on in the cottage I found,—
Small elves are dancing in graceful round.

Twelve dancers are dancing, and taking no rest,
And closely their hands together are press'd;
And soon as a dance has come to a close,
Another begins, and each merrily goes.

And the music they dance to thus sounds in my ear:
"The happiest of hours will ne'er reappear,
"The whole of thy life was only a dream,
"And this hour of pleasure a dream within dream."

The dream is over, the sun is up,
I eagerly peep in the rose's cup.
Alas! in the place of the glimmering light,
A nasty insect meets my sight.

THE LESSON.

MOTHER tells little bee,
Yonder wax taper flee;
But for his mother's prayers
Little bee little cares.

Round the light hovers he,
Humming all merrily;
Mother's cry hears not he,
Little bee! Little bee!

Youthful one! Foolish one!
Poor little simpleton!
In the flame rusheth he,
Little bee! Little bee!

Now the flame flickers high,
In the flame he must die:
'Ware of the maidens, then,
Sons of men! Sons of men!

TO FRANCIS V. Z——.

I'M drawn to the North by a golden star;
Farewell, brother! forget me not when I am far:
To poetry ever faithful abide,
And never desert that charming bride.
As a priceless treasure preserve in thy breast
The German language so fair and blest;
And shouldst thou e'er come to the Northern strand
O listen awhile at that Northern strand;
And list till thou hearest a ringing remote
That over the silent waters doth float.
When this thou hearest, expect ere long
The sound of the well-known minstrel's song.
Then strike thou in turn thine echoing chord,
And give me news that may pleasure afford;
How matters with thee, dear minstrel, go,
And with the others whom I loved so;
And how it fares with the lovely girl
Who set so many young hearts in a whirl,
And filled so many with yearnings divine—
The blossoming rose on the blossoming Rhine.
And give me news of my fatherland too,
If still 'tis the land of affection true;
If still the old God in Germany lives,
And none to the Evil One homage now gives.

And when thy sweet song thus lovingly rings,
And joyous stories with it thus brings
Far over the waves to the distant strand,
The bard will rejoice in the far North land.

A PROLOGUE TO THE HARTZ-JOURNEY.

ALL I saw and heard when travelling,
All that soul and heart found pleasing,
All that gave me food for cavilling,
All that tedious was or teasing;
Solemn jostlings, wild excitement,
Both of simpletons and sages,—
All shall swell the long indictment
Of my travels in these pages.

Give not travels life twice over?
When at home one lives once only;
Wouldst thou nobler ends discover,
Thou must leave thy closet lonely.

On the world's wide stage, each player
Is a mimic or a puppet,
Rides his hobby his own way, or
Bids the others clamber up it.

If we're laughed at by our neighbour,
Riding in this curious fashion,
Let us him in turn belabour,
Jeering him without compassion.

Read these travels in the manner
And the sense in which I'm writing;
Each one has his fav'rite banner
Under which he fancies fighting.

DEFEND NOT.

DEFEND it not, defend it not,
This wretched world below;
Defend its gaping people not,
Who care for nought but pomp and show!

The tedious ones, defend them not,
Who cause us such ennui;
The learned ones, defend them not,
In their o'erpow'ring pedantry.

The women, too, defend them not,
Though good ones may be there;
The best amongst them scorneth not,
The man she loves not, to ensnare.

And then my friends—defend them not:
Count not thyself one now;
For thou those friends resemblest not,—
No! firm, and good, and true art thou

A PARODY.

INDEED they have wearied me greatly,
And made me exceedingly sad,
One half with their prose so wretched,
The other with poetry bad.

Their terrible discord has scatter'd
What little senses I had,
One half with their prose so wretched,
The other with poetry bad.

But 'mongst the whole army of scribblers
They most have stirr'd up my bile,
Who write in neither prosaic
Nor true poetical style.

WALKING FLOWERS AT BERLIN.

YES! under the lindens, my dear friend,
Thy yearnings may satisfied be;
The fairest of womankind here, friend,
All walking together, thou'lt see.

How charming they look, how delicious,
In gay silken garments all dress'd!
A certain poet judicious
"Walking flowers" has named them in jest.

How very charming each bonnet!
Each Turkish shawl, how it gleams!
Each cheek, what a bright glow upon it!
Each neck, how swanlike it seems!

EVENING SONGS.

1.

WITHOUT any aim, forth I sallied,
And roam'd by the pond o'er the lea;
The charming flowers look'd pallid,
And spectre like gazed upon me.

Upon me they gazed, and to chatter
  And tell my dull tale I began;
They ask'd me, what was the matter
  With me, poor sad-looking man.

The truth, I valiantly said it,
  No love in the world can I find;
And as I have lost all my credit,
  With want of cash 'tis combin'd.

2.

AND over the pond are sailing
  Two swans all white as snow;
Sweet voices mysteriously wailing
  Pierce through me as onward they go.

They sail along, and a ringing
  Sweet melody rises on high,
And when the swans begin singing,
  They presently must die.

3.

WHEN in sorrow, they dare not show it,
  However mournful their mood,
For the swan, like the soul of the poet,
  By the dull world is ill understood.

And in their death-hour they waken
  The air, and break into song;
And, unless my ears are mistaken,
  They sing now, while sailing along.

4.

THE cloudlets are lazily sailing
  O'er the blue Atlantic sea;
And mid the twilight there hovers
  A shadowy figure o'er me.

Full deep in my soul it gazes,
  With old-time-recalling eye,
Like a glimpse of joys long buried,
  And happiness long gone by.

Familiar the vision appeareth,
  Methinks I know it full well;
'Tis the much-loved shadow of Mary,
  Who on earth no longer doth dwell.

She beckons in friendly silence,
  And clasps me with gentle despair;
But I seize hold of my glasses,
  To have a better stare!

SONNETS.

1. TO AUGUSTUS WILLIAM VON SCHLEGEL.

THE worst of worms: the dagger thoughts of doubt—
  The worst of poisons: to mistrust one's power—
  These struggled my life's marrow to devour;
I was a shoot, whose props were rooted out.
  Thou pitiedst the poor shoot in that sad hour,
And bad'st it climb thy kindly words about;
To thee, great Master, owe I thanks devout,
  Should the weak shoot e'er blossom into flower.
O still watch o'er it, as it grows apace,
That as a tree the garden it may grace
  Of that fair fay, whose favourite child thou wert.
  My nurse used of that garden to assert
That a strange ringing, wondrous sweet, there dwells,
Each flower can speak, each tree with music swells.

2. TO THE SAME.

CONTENTED not with thine own property,
  The Rhine's fair Nibelung-treasure thou didst steal,
  The wondrous gifts the Thames' far banks conceal,—
The Tagus' flowers were boldy pluck'd by thee,
  Thou mad'st the Tiber many a gem reveal,
The Seine paid tribute to thine industry,
Thou pierced'st e'en to Brama's sanctuary,
  Pearls from the Ganges taking in thy zeal.
Thou greedy man, I pray thee be content
With that which seldom unto man is lent;
  Instead of adding more, to spend prepare!
And with the treasures which thou with such ease
From North and South accustom'd wert to seize,
  Enrich the scholar and the joyful heir!

3. TO COUNCILLOR GEORGE S——, OF GOTTINGEN

THOUGH the demeanour be imperious, proud,
Yet round the lips may gentleness play still;
Though the eye gleam and every muscle thrill,
Yet may the voice with calmness be endow'd.
Thus art thou in the rostrum, when aloud
Thou speak'st of governments and of the skill
Of cabinets, and of the people's will,
Of Germany's long strifes and ends avow'd.
Ne'er be thine image blotted from my mind!
In times of barbarous self-love like these,
How doth an image of such greatness please!
What thou, in fashion fatherly and kind,
Spak'st to my heart, while hours flew swiftly by,
Deep in my heart I still bear faithfully.

4. TO J. B. ROUSSEAU.

THY friendly greetings open wide my breast,
And the dark chambers of my heart unbar;
Home visions greet me like some radiant star,
And magic pinions fan me into rest.
Once more the Rhine flows by me, on its crest
Of waters mount and castle mirror'd are;
On vine-clad hills gold clusters gleam afar,
Vine-dressers climb, while shoot the flow'rets blest.
Could I but see thee, truest friend of all,
Who still dost link thyself to me, as clings
The ivy green around a crumbling wall!
Could I but be with thee, and to thy song
In silence listen, while the redbreast sings,
And the Rhine's waters softly flow along!

A TORTURE-CHAMBER was the world to me,
Where I suspended by the feet did hang;
Hot pincers gave my body many a pang,
A vice of iron crush'd me fearfully.
I wildly cried in nameless agony,
From mouth and eyes the blood in torrents sprang,—
A maid passed by, who a gold hammer swang,
And presently the coup-de-grace gave she.

My quivering limbs she scans with eager eye,
My tongue protruding, as death's hour draws nigh,
From out my bleeding mouth,—a ghastly sight,
My heart's wild pantings hears she with delight;
My last death-rattle music is the while
To her, who stands with cold and mocking smile.

6. THE NIGHT WATCH ON THE DRACHENFELS.

TO FRITZ VON B——.

'TWAS midnight as we scaled the mountain height,
The wood pile 'neath the walls the flames devour'd,
And as my joyous comrades round it cower'd,
They sang of Germany's renown in fight.
Her health we drank from Rhine wine beakers bright,
The castle-spirit on the summit tower'd,
Dark forms of armèd knights around us lower'd,
And women's misty shapes appear'd in sight.
And from the ruins there arose low moans,
Owls hooted, rattling sounds were heard, and groans;
A furious north wind bluster'd fitfully.
Such was the night, my friend, that I did pass
On the high Drachenfels,—but I, alas,
A wretched cold and cough took home with me!

7. IN FRITZ STEINMANN'S ALBUM.

THE bad victorious are, the good lie low;
The myrtles are replaced by poplars dry,
Through which the evening breezes loudly sigh.
Bright flashes take the place of silent glow.—
In vain Parnassus' heights you'll plough and sow,
Image on image, flower on flower pile high,
In vain you'll struggle till you're like to die,
Unless, *before* the egg is laid, you know
How to cluck-cluck; and, bulls' horns putting on,
Learn to write sage critiques, both pro and con,
And your own trumpet blow with decent pride.
Write for the mob, not for posterity,
Let blustering noise your poems' lever be,—
You'll then be by the public deified.

8. TO HER.

THE flow'rets red and white that I hold here,
Which blossom'd erst from out the heart's deep wound,
Into a lovely nosegay I have bound,
And offer unto thee, my mistress dear.
By its acceptance be thy bard's love crown'd!
I cannot from this earth's scene disappear,
Till I have left a sign of love sincere.
Remember me when I my death have found.
Yet ne'er, O mistress, shalt thou pity me;
My life of grief was enviable e'en,—
For in my heart I bore thee lovingly.
And greater bliss shall soon be mine, when I
Shall, as thy guardian spirit, watch unseen,
Thy heart with peaceful greetings satisfy.

9. GOETHE'S MONUMENT AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE MAIN. 1821.

GOOD German men, maids, matrons, pray give ear
Collect subscribers with the utmost speed,
The worthy folk of Frankfort have agreed
To build a monument to Goethe here.
" At fair time " (think they) " this will make it clear
" To foreign traders that we're of his breed,
" That 'twas our soil that nurtured such fair seed,
" And then in trade they'll trust us without fear."
O touch the bard's bright wreath of laurel never,
And keep your money in your pockets too;
'Tis Goethe's, his own monument to raise.
He dwelt amongst you in his infant days,
But half a world now severs him from you,
Whom a stream doth from Sachsenhausen* sever!

10. DRESDEN POETRY.

AT Dresden on the Elbe, that handsome city,
Where straw hats, verses, and cigars are made,
They've built (it well may make us feel afraid)
A music-club and music warehouse pretty.

* A suburb of Frankfort, on the further side of the Main.

There meet the gentlemen and ladies witty,
  Herr Kuhn,* Miss Nostitz*—adepts at the trade,—
  Spout verses, calling action to their aid.
How grand! Avaunt, ye critics!—more's the pity!
Next day the paper tells us all the facts,
  Bright's† brightness flies, Child's† childishness is childlike,
  The critic's supplement is mean yet wildlike.
Arnoldi* takes the cash, as salesman acts;
  Then Bottiger* appears, with noise infernal—
  'Tis a true oracle, that Evening Journal!

II. BREADLESS ART.

HOW soon my poverty would ended b
  Could I the pencil use, and paint away,
  The walls of castles proud and churches gay
Adorning with my pictures merrily!
How soon would wealth replace my penury,
  Could I the fiddle, flute, and piano play.
  And with such elegance perform each day,
That lords and ladies all applauded me!
But ah! in Mammon's smiles I ne'er had part,
  For I have follow'd thee alone, alas!
Thee, Poetry, most thankless, breadless art!
When others (how I'm blushing, now I've said it!)
  Drink their champagne from out a brimming glass,
I needs must go without, or drink on credit!

* German *litterateurs* of more or less note.

† In the original, *Hell* and *Kind*, well-known writers. It is necessary to translate the names for the sake of the pun.

BOOK OF SONGS.

PREFACE.

THIS is the olden fairy wood!
  The linden blossoms smell sweetly,
The strange mysterious light of the moon
  Enchants my senses completely.

I onward went, and as I went,
  A voice above me was ringing;—
'Tis surely the nightingale's notes that I hear,
  Of love and love's sorrows she's singing.

She sings of love and love's sorrows as well,
  She sings of smiling and aching,
She sadly exults, she joyfully sobs,
  Forgotten visions awaking.

I onward went, and as I went,
  I saw before me lying,
On open ground, a castle vast,
  With gables in loftiness vying.

The windows were closed, and all things appear'd
  To stillness and sadness converted:
It seem'd as though silent death had his home
  Within those walls deserted.

A sphinx was lying before the door,
  Part comical, part not human;
Its body and paws a lion's were,
  With the breasts and head of a woman.

A woman fair! her white eyes spoke
  Of yearnings wild but tender;
Her lips, all mute, were closely arch'd,
  And smiled a silent surrender.

The nightingale so sweetly sang,
I found it in vain to resist it—
I kiss'd the beauteous face, and, ah!
Was ruined as soon as I kissed it.

The marble figure with life was fill'd,
The stone began sighing and groaning;
She drank my kisses' tremulous glow,
With thirsty and eager moaning.

She well nigh drank my breath away,
And then, with sensual ardour
Embraced me, while her lion's paws press'd
My body harder and harder.

O blissful torment and rapturous woe!
The pain, like the pleasure, unbounded!
For while the mouth's kisses filled me with j
The paws most fearfully wounded.

The nightingale sang: "O beauteous sphinx
"O loved one, explain the reason
"Why all thy raptures with pains of death
"Are mingled, in cruel treason?

"O beauteous sphinx! explain to me
"The riddle so full of wonder!
"I over it many a thousand years
"Have never ceased to ponder."

YOUTHFUL SORROWS.

1817-21.

I. VISIONS.

1.

OF love's wild glow I dreamt in former days,
Of mignonette, fair locks, and myrtle twining,
Of lips so sweet, with bitter words combining,
Of mournful melodies of mournful lays.

Those dreams have long been scatter'd far and banish'd,
My dearest vision fled for evermore,
And, save the burning glow I used to pour
Into my tender numbers, all is vanish'd.

Thou ling'rest still, deserted song! Now go,
And seek that long-lost vision; shouldst thou meet it,
On my behalf in loving fashion greet it,—
An airy breath to that dim shade I blow.

A DREAM both strange and sad to see
Once startled and delighted me;
The dismal vision haunts me still,
And in my heart doth wildly thrill.

There was a garden wondrous fair,—
I fain would wander gladly there;
The beauteous flowers upon me gazed,
And high I found my rapture raised.

The birds were twitt'ring above
Their joyous melodies of love;
The sun was red with rays of gold,
The flowers all lovely to behold.

Sweet fragrance all the herbs exhale,
And sweetly, softly blows the gale;
And all things glisten, all things smile,
And show their loveliness the while.

Amid that bright and flowery land
A marble fountain was at hand,
And there I saw a maiden fair
Washing a garment white with care.

Her cheeks were sweet, her eyes were mild,
Fair hair'd and saintly look'd the child,
And as I gazed, she seem'd to be
So strange, yet so well known to me.

The beauteous girl, who made all speed,
A song was humming, strange indeed:
"Water, water, quickly run,
"Let the washing soon be done."

I went and stood then in her way,
And whisper'd gently: "Prythee say,
"Thou maiden sweet and wondrous fair,
"For whom dost thou this dress prepare?"

Then spake she quickly: "Ready be!
"I'm washing thine own shroud for thee!"
Scarce had her lips these words let fall,
Like foam the vision vanish'd all.

And still entranced, ere long I stood
Within a desert, gloomy wood:
To reach the skies the branches sought:
I stood amazed, and thought and thought.

And hark! what hollow echoing sound
Like axe-strokes fills the air around
Through waste and wood I speed apace.
Until I reach an open place.

In the green plain before me spread
A mighty oak tree rear'd its head;
And lo! the maiden, strange to see,
Was felling with an axe the tree.

With blow on blow a song she sings
Unceasing, as the axe she swings:
"Iron glittering, iron bright,
"Hew the oaken chest aright."

I went and stood then in her way,
And whisper'd gently: "Prythee say,
"Thou sweet and wondrous maiden mine,
"For whom dost hew the oaken shrine?"

Then spake she quickly: "Time is short,
"To hew thy coffin is my sport!"—
Scarce had her lips these words let fall,
Like foam the vision vanish'd all.

Bleak, dim was all above, beneath,
Around was barren, barren heath:
I felt in strange mysterious mood,
And shuddering inwardly I stood.

And as I roam'd on silently,
A whitish streak soon caught mine eye;
I hasten'd tow'rd it, and when there,
Behold, I found the maiden fair!

On wide heath stood the snowy maid,
Digging the ground with sexton's spade;
Scarce dared I gaze on her aright,
So fair yet fearful was the sight.

The beauteous girl, who made all speed,
A song was humming, strange indeed:
"Spade, O spade, so sharp and tried,
"Dig a pit both deep and wide."

I went, and stood then in her way,
And whisper'd gently: "Prythee say,
"Thou maiden sweet and wondrous fair,
"What means the pit that's lying there?"

Then spake she quickly: "Silent be!
"A cold, cold grave I dig for thee."
And when the fair maid thus replied,
Its mouth the pit straight opened wide.

And when the pit was full in view,
A chilling shudder pierced me through,
And in the grave so dark and deep
Headlong I fell, and—woke from sleep.

3.

IN midnight vision I myself have spied,
As for some festival, in ruffles dress'd,
In a black gala-coat and silken vest;—
My sweet and trusting love with scorn I eyed;
And bow'd low down, and said "Art thou a bride?"
"I wish thee joy, dear Madam, I protest!"
And yet my lips reluctantly express'd
The words so cold and tauntingly applied.
And bitter tears then suddenly 'gan falling
From her dear eyes, and in a sea of weeping
Wellnigh dissolved her image so enthralling.
O lovely eyes, ye stars of love so kindly,
What though ye, when awake, and e'en when sleeping
Deceived me oft, I trust ye still as blindly!

IN dream I saw a tiny manikin,
Who went on stilts, with steps a yard apart.
White was his linen, and his dress was smart,
But he was coarse and most unclean within.
Yes, worthless inwardly, and full of sin;
Worthy to seem outside was his great art,
Of courage he discoursed, as from his heart,
Defiant, stubborn, 'neath a veil but thin.

"And know'st thou who he is? Come here and see!"
So spake the dream-god, slily showing me
Within a mirror's frame this vision then.
The manikin before an altar stood,
My love beside him, both said "Yes, they would
And thousand laughing devils cried "Amen!"

WHY stirs and chafes my madden'd blood?
Why burns my heart in furious mood?
My blood fast boils, and foams and fumes,
And passion fierce my heart consumes.

My mad blood boils in foaming stream,
Because I've dreamt an evil dream:
Night's gloomy son appear'd one day,
And bore me in his arms away.

To a bright house soon brought he me,
Where sounded harp and revelry,
And torches gleam'd and tapers shone—
The hall I entered then alone.

I saw a merry wedding feast,
The glad guests round the table press'd;
And when the bridal pair I spied,
O woe! my mistress was the bride.

There was my love, and strange to say,
A stranger claim'd her hand to-day.
Then close behind her chair of honour
I silent stood and gazed upon her.

The music sounded—still I stood;
Their joy but swell'd my mournful mood;
The bride she look'd so highly blest,
Her hand the while the bridegroom press'd.

The bridegroom next fill'd full his cup,
And from it drank, then gave it up
Unto the bride; she smiled a thank;
O woe! my red blood 'twas she drank.

The bride a rosy apple took,
And gave it him with smiling look;
He took his knife, and cut a part;
O woe! it was indeed my heart.

They lovingly each other eyed,
The bridegroom boldly clasp'd the bride
And kissed her on her cheeks so red;
O woe! cold death kiss'd me instead.

Like lead my tongue within me lay,
Vainly I strove one word to say;
A noise was heard,—the dance began,
The bridal pair were in the van.

Whilst I stood rooted to the ground,
The dancers nimbly whirl'd around;
The bridegroom spoke a whisper'd word,—
She blush'd, well pleased with what she heard.

6.

IN blissful dream, in silent night,
There came to me, with magic might,
With magic might, my own sweet love,
Into my little room above.

I gazed upon the darling child,
I gazed, and she all-gently smiled,
And smiled until my heart swell'd high,
When stormlike daring words breath'd I:

"Take, take thou everything that's mine,
"My All will I to thee resign,
"If I may be thy paramour
"From midnight till the morning hour."

Then on me gazed the beauteous maid,
With looks that inward strife betray'd,
So sweet, so sad, while thus she said:
"Give me thy hope of heaven instead!"

"My life so sweet, my youthful blood,
"I'll give with cheerful joyous mood,
"For thee, O maiden angel-fair,—
"But hope of heaven hereafter—ne'er!"

My daring speech flow'd readily,
Yet ever fairer blossom'd she,
And still the beauteous maiden said
"Give me thy hope of heaven instead!"

These words fell on me heavily,
Then rush'd, like some fierce flowing sea,
Down to my spirit's depth most deep,—
I scarce had power my breath to keep.

There came a band of angels white,
Graced with a golden halo bright,
But wildly follow'd in their track
A grisly train of goblins black.

They wrestled with the angels whit
And drove away those angels brigh
And then the gloomy squadron too
Melted like morning mist from vie

Fain had I died of rapture there,
My arms upheld my maiden fair;
She nestled near me, like a roe,
But also wept with bitter woe.

Sweet maiden wept; well know I why,
Her rosy mouth to peace kiss'd I:
"O still, sweet love, that tearful flood,
"Surrender to my loving mood!

"Surrender to my loving mood!"—
When sudden froze to ice my blood;
The earth beneath me groan'd and sigh'd,
A yawning chasm open'd wide.

And from the chasm's gloomy veil
Rose the black troop,—sweet love turn'd pal ,
My arms were of sweet love bereft,
And I in solitude was left.

The gloomy troop around me danced
In wondrous circle, then advanced,
And seized and bore me to the ground,
While scornful laughter rose around.

And still the circle narrower grew,
And ever humm'd the fearful crew:
"Thy hope of heaven was pledg'd by thee,
"Thou'rt ours for all eternity!"

7.

THOU now hast the money,—why longer delay?
Thou dark scowling fellow, why lingering stay?
I sit in my chamber, and patiently wait,
And midnight is near, but the bride is still late.

From the churchyard the shuddering breezes arise;—
Ye breezes, O say, has my bride met your eyes?
Pale demons come round me, and hard on me press,
Make curtsies with grinning, and nod their "O yes!"

Quick, tell me the message you're coming about,
Black villain, in liv'ry of fire trick'd out!
My mistress sends word that she soon will be here;
In a car drawn by dragons she'll shortly appear.

Dear grey little man, say, what would'st thou to-day?
Dead master of mine, what's thy business, pray?
He gazes upon me with mute mournful mien,
Shakes his head, turns away, and no longer is seen.

His tail wags the shaggy old dog, and he whines;
All brightly the eye of the black tom-cat shines;
The women are howling with long flowing hair,—
Why sings my old nurse my old cradle-song there?

Old nurse stops at home, to her song to attend,
The eiapopeia is long at an end;
To-day I am keeping my gay wedding feast;
Only watch the arrival of each gallant guest!

Only watch them! Good sirs, how polite is your band;
Ye carry your heads, 'stead of hats, in your hand;
With your clattering bones, and like gallows-birds
dress'd,
Why arrive here so late, when the wind is at rest?

The old witch on her broomstick comes galloping on:
Ah, bless me, good mother, I'm really thy son.
The mouth in her pale face beginning to twitch,
"For ever, amen," soon replies the old witch.

Twelve wither'd musicians come creeping along,
The limping blind fiddler is seen in the throng;
Jackpudding dress'd out in his motley array,
On the gravedigger's back is grimacing away.

With dancing twelve nuns from the convent advance,
The leering old procuress leading the dance;
Twelve merry young priests follow close in their train,
And sing their lewd songs in a church-going strain.

Till you're black in the face, good old clothesman, don't yell,
Your fur-coat will nothing avail you in hell;
'Tis heated for nought all the year with odd things,—
'Stead of wood, with the bones of dead beggars and kings.

The girls with the flowers seem'd hunchback'd and bent,
Tumbling head over heels in the r n as they went;
With your faces like owls, and a grasshopper's leg,
That rattling of bones discontinue, I beg.

The squadrons of hell all appear in their shrouds,
And bustle and hustle in fast-swelling crowds;
The waltz of damnation resounds in the ear,—
Hush, hush! my sweet love is at length drawing near.

Now, rabble, be quiet, or get you away!
I scarcely can hear e'en one word that I say:
Hark! Is't not the sound of a chariot at hand?
Quick, open the door! Why thus loitering stand?

Thou art welcome, my darling! how goes it, my sweet?
You're welcome, good parson! stand up, I entreat!
Good parson, with hoof of a horse and with tail,
I'm your dutiful servant, and wish you all hail!

Dear bride, wherefore stand'st thou so pale and so dumb?
The parson to join us together has come;
Full dear, dear as blood, is the fee I must pay,
And yet to possess thee is merely child's play.

Kneel down, my sweet bride, by my side prythee kneel
She kneels and she sinks,— O what rapture I feel!—
She sinks on my heart, on my fast-heaving breast;
With shuddering pleasure I hold her close press'd.

Like billows her golden locks circle the pair,
'Gainst my heart beats the heart of the maiden so fair,
They beat with a union of sorrow and love,
And soar to the regio of heaven above

While our hearts are thus floating in rapture's wide sea,
In God's holy realms, all untrammell'd and free,
On our heads, as a terrible sign and a brand,
Has hell in derision imposed her grim hand.

In propriâ personâ the dark son of night
As parson bestows the priest's blessing to-night;
From a bloody book breathes he the formula terse,
Each prayer execration, each blessing a curse.

A crashing and hissing and howling is heard,
Like rolling of thunder, like waves wildly stirr'd;
When sudden a bluish-tinged light brightly flames,
"For ever, amen!" the old mother exclaims.

8.

I CAME from the house of my mistress dear,
And wander'd, half frenzied, in midnight fear,
And when o'er the churchyard I mournfully trod,
In solemn silence the graves seem'd to nod.

The musician's old tombstone seem'd nodding to be;
'Tis the flickering light of the moon that I see.
There's a whisper "Dear brother, I soon shall be here!"
Then a misty pale form from the tomb doth appear.

The musician it was who arose in the gloom,
And perch'd himself high on the top of the tomb;
The chords of his lute he struck with good will,
And sang with a voice right hollow and shrill:

"Ah, know ye still the olden song,
"That thrill'd the breast with passion strong,
"Ye chords so dull and unmoving?
"The angels they call it the joys of heaven,
"The devils they call it hell's torments even,
"And mortals they call it—loving!"

The last word's sound had scarcely died,
When all the graves their mouths open'd wide;
Many airy figures step forward, and each
The musician draws near, while in chorus they screech.

"Love, O love, thy wondrous might
"Brought us to this dreary plight,
"Closed our eyes in endless night,—
"To disturb us why delight?"

Thus howl they confusedly, hissing and groaning,
With roaring and sighing and crashing and moaning;
The mad troop the musician surround as before,
And the chords the musician strikes wildly once more:

"Bravo! bravo! How absurd!
"Welcome to ye!
"Plainly knew ye
"That I spake the magic word!

"As we pass the livelong year
"Still as mice in prison drear,
"Let's to-day be full of cheer!
"First, though, please
"See that no one else is here;
"Fools were we as long as living
"To love's maddening passion giving
"All our madden'd energies.
"Let, by way of recreation,
"Each one give a true narration
"Of his former history,—
"How devour'd,
"How o'erpower'd
"In love's frantic chase was he."

Then as light as the air from the circle there broke
A wizen'd thin being, who hummingly spoke:

"A tailor was I by profession
"With needle and with shears;
"None made a better impression
"With needle and with shears.

"Then came my master's daughter
"With needle and with shears,
"And pierced my sorrowing bosom
"With needle and with shears."

In right merry chorus the spirits then laughed;
In solemn silence a second stepp'd aft:

"Great Rinaldo Rinaldini,
"Schinderhanno, Orlandini,
"And Charles Moor especially,
"Were my patterns made by me.

"Like those mighty heroes, I
"Fell in love, I'll not deny;
"And the fairest woman most
"Haunted me like any ghost.

"Sighing, cooing like a dove,
"I was driven mad with love,
"And my fingers, by ill-luck,
"In my neighbour's pocket stuck

"But the constable abused me,
"And most cruelly ill-used me,
"And I sought to hide my grief
"In my neighbour's handkerchief.

"Then their arms policemen placed
"Quietly around my waist,
"And the bridewell then and there
"Took me 'neath its tender care.

"There, with thoughts of love quite full,
"Long time sat I, spinning wool,
"Till Rinaldo's ghost one day
"Came and took my soul away."

In right merry chorus the spirits then laughed;
A third, all-berouged and bedizen'd, stepp'd aft:

"As monarch I ruled on the stage,
"The part of the lover played I,
"Oft bellowed 'Ye Gods,' in a rage,
"Breath'd many a heart-rending sigh.

"I play'd Mortimer's part best, methinks.
"Maria was always so fair;
"But despite the most natural winks,
"She never gave heed to my prayer.

"Once when I, with desperate look,
"'Maria, thou holy one!' cried,
"The dagger I hastily took,
"And plunged it too deep in my side."

In right merry chorus the spirits then laugh'd;
A fourth in a white flowing garment stepp'd aft:

"*Ex cathedrâ* kept prating the learned professor,
"He prated, and I went to sleep all the while;
"Yet my pleasure had certainly not been the lesser,
"Had I revell'd instead in his daughter's sweet smile

"From the window she oft to me tenderly beckon'd,
"That flower of flowers, my life's only light;
"Yet that flower of flowers was pluck'd in a second
"By a stupid old blockhead, an opulent wight.

"Then cursed I all women and rogues of high station,
"And mingled some poisonous herbs in my wine,
"And held with old Death a jollification,
"While he said: 'Your good health! from this moment you're mine!'"

In right merry chorus the spirits then laugh'd;
A fifth, with a rope round his neck, next stepp'd aft:

"There boasted and bragg'd a count, over his wine,
"Of his daughter so fair, and his jewels so fine.
"What care I, Sir Count, for thy jewels so fine?
"Far rather would I that thy daughter were mine!

"'Tis true, under bar, lock, and key they both lay,
"And the Count many servants retain'd in his pay
"What cared I for servants, for bar, lock, or key?
"Up the rungs of the ladder I mounted with glee.

"To my mistress's window I climb'd with good cheer,
"Where curses beneath me saluted my ear.
"'Stop, stop, my fine fellow! I too must be there,
"'I'm likewise in love with the jewels so fair.'

"Thus jested the Count, while he grappled me tight,
"His servants came round me with shouts of delight.
"'Pooh, nonsense, you rascals! No robber am I,
"'I but came for my mistress—'tis really no lie.'

"In vain was my talking, in vain what I said,
"They got ready the rope, threw it over my head,
"And the sun, when he rose, with amazement extreme
"Found me hanging, alas, from the gallows' high beam!"

In right merry chorus the spirits then laugh'd;
A sixth, with his head in his hand, next stepp'd aft;

"Love's torments made me seek the chace;
"Rifle in hand, I roam'd apace.
"Down from the tree, with hollow scoff,
"The raven cried: head off! head off!'

" O, could I only see a dove,
" I'd take it home for my sweet love!
" Thus thought I, and midst bush and tree
" With sportsman's eye sought carefully.
" What billing's that? What gentle cooing?"
" It sounds like turtle doves' soft wooing.
" I stole up slily, cock'd my gun,
" And, lo, my own sweet love was one!
" It was indeed my dove, my bride;
" A stranger clasp'd her waist with pride.
" Old gun, now let thy aim be good!—
" The stranger welter'd in his blood.
" Soon through the wood I had to pass,
" With hangmen by my side, alas!
" Down from the tree, with bitter scoff,
" The raven cried: 'head-off! head-off!'"

In right merry chorus the spirits then laughed;
At length the musician in person stepp'd aft:
" I've sung my own song, friends, demurely,
" That charming song's at an end;
" When the heart is once broken, why surely
" The song may homeward wend!"

Then began the wild laughter still louder to sound,
And the pale spectral troop in a circle swept round.
From the neighbouring church-tow'r the stroke of
" One!" fell,
And the spirits rush'd back to their graves with a yell.

I WAS asleep, and calmly slept,
All pain and grief allay'd;
A wondrous vision o'er me crept,
There came a lovely maid.

As pale as marble was her face,
And, O, so passing fair!
Her eyes they swam with pearl-like grace,
And strangely waved her hair.

And softly, softly moved her foot
The pale-as-marble maid;
And on my heart herself she put,
The pale-as-marble maid.

How shook and throbb'd, half sad, half blest.
My heart, which hotly burn'd!
But neither shook nor throbb'd her breast,
Which into ice seem'd turn'd.

"It neither shakes nor throbs, my breast,
"And it is icy cold;
"And yet I know love's yearning blest,
"Love's mighty pow'r of old.

"No colour's on my lips and cheek,
"No blood my veins doth swell;
"But start not, thus to hear me speak
"I love thee, love thee well!"

And wilder still embraced she me,
And I was sore afraid;
Then crow'd the cock,—straight vanish'd she,
The pale-as-marble maid.

10.

I OFT have pale spectres before now
Conjured with magical might;
They refuse to return any more now
To their former dwelling of night.

The word that commands their submission
I forgot in my terror and fear;
My own spirits now seek my perdition,
Within their prison-house drear.

Dark demons, approach not a finger!
Away, nor to torment give birth!
Full many a joy still may linger
In the roseate light of this earth.

I needs must be evermore striving
To reach the flower so fair;
O, what were the use of my living
If I may cherish her ne'er?

To my glowing heart fain would I press her,
Would clasp her for once to my breast,
On her lips and her cheeks once caress her,
With sweetest of torments be blest.

If once from her mouth I could hear it,
  Could hear one fond whisper bestow'd,
I would follow thee, beckoning Spirit,
  Yea, e'en to thy darksome abode.

The spirits have heard, and draw nigh me,
  And nod with terrible glee:
Sweet love, with an answer supply me,—
  Sweet love, O lovest thou [illegible]

2. SONGS.

EVERY morning rise I, crying:
  Comes my love to-day?
Then sink down at evening, sighing:
  She is still away!

Sleepless and oppress'd with sorrow,
  All night long I lie
Dreaming, half asleep; the morrow
  Sadly wander I.

I'M driven hither and thither along!
  But yet a few hours, I shall see her again,
  Herself, the most fair of the fair maiden-train;—
True heart, what means thy throbbing so strong?

The hours are only a slothful race!
  Lazily they move each day,
  And with yawning go their way;—
Hasten on, ye slothful race!

Wild-raging eagerness thrills me indeed;
  Never in love have the hours delighted;
  So, in a cruel bond strangely united,
Slily deride they the lovers' wild speed.

3.

BY nought but sorrow attended,
  I wander'd under the trees;
That olden vision descended,
  And stole to my heart by degrees.

Who taught you the word ye are singing,
  Ye birds in the branches on high?
O hush! when my heart hears it ringing,
  It makes it more mournfully sigh.

"A fair young maiden 'twas taught it,
  "Who came here, and sang like a bird;
"And so we birds easily caught it,
  "That pretty, golden word."

No more shall this story deceive me,
  Ye birds, so wondrously sly:
Of my sorrow ye fain would bereave me,
  On your friendship I cannot rely.

4.

SWEET love, lay thy hand on my heart, and tell
  If thou hearest the knocks in that narrow cell
There dwells there a carpenter, cunning is he,
And slily he's hewing a coffin for me.

He hammers and knocks by day and by night,
My slumber already has banish'd outright;
Oh, Master Carpenter, prythee make haste,
That I some slumber at length may taste.

BEAUTEOUS cradle of my sorrow,
  Beauteous grave of all my peace,
Beauteous town, we part to-morrow,
  Fare thee well, our ties must cease!

Fare thee well, thou threshold holy,
  Where my loved one sets her feet!
Fare thee well, thou spot so holy,
  Where we chanced at first to meet!

Would that we had been for ever
  Strangers, queen of hearts so fair!
Then it would have happen'd never
  That I'm driven to despair.

Ne'er to stir thy bosom thought I,
  For thy love I never pray'd;
Silently to live but sought I
  Where thy breath its balm convey'd.

Yet thou spurn'st me in my sadness,
  Bitter words thy mouth doth speak,
In my senses riots madness,
  And my heart is faint and weak

And my limbs, in wanderings dreary,
  Sadly drag I, full of gloom,
Till I lay my head all weary
  In a chilly distant tomb.

6.

PATIENCE, surly pilot, shortly
  To the port I'll follow you;
From two maidens I'm departing,
  From my love and Europe too.

Blood-spring, from mine eyes 'gin runni
  Blood-spring, from my body flow,
So that I then, with my hot blood,
  May write down my tale of woe.

Ah, my body, wherefore shudder
  Thus to-day my blood to see?
Many years before thee standing
  Pale, heart-bleeding, saw'st thou me!

Know'st thou still the olden story
  Of the snake in Paradise,
Who, a cursed apple giving,
  Caused our parents endless sighs?

Apples brought all evils on us,
  Death through Eve by apples came;
Flames on Troy were brought by Eris,—
  Both thou broughtest, death and flame

7.

HILL and castle fair are glancing
  O'er the clear and glassy Rhine,
And my bark is gaily dancing
  In the sunlight all-divine.

On the golden waters, breaking
  Sportively, my calm eyes rest;
Gently are the feelings waking
  That I nourish'd in my breast.

With a fond and kindly greeting,
Lure me those deep waters bright,
Yet I know their smoothness cheating
Hides beneath it death and night.

Joy above, below destruction,—
Thou'rt my loved one's image, stream!
Blissful is her smile's seduction,
Kind and gentle can she seem.

8.

FIRST methought in my affliction,
I can never stand the blow.—
Yet I did—strange contradiction!
How I did, ne'er seek to know.

9.

WITH rose and cypress and tinsel gay,
I fain would adorn in a charming way
This book, as though a coffin it were,
And in it my olden songs inter.

O, could I but bury love also there!
On love's grave grows rest's floweret fair;
'Tis there 'tis pluck'd in its sweetest bloom,—
For me 'twill not blossom till in my tomb.

Here now are the songs that formerly rose,
As wild as the lava from Etna that flows,
From out the depths of my feelings true,
And glittering sparks around them threw!

Like corpses now lie they, all silent and dumb,
And cold and pallid as mist they've become;
But the olden glow their revival will bring
When the spirit of love waves o'er them its wing.

In my heart a presentiment loudly cries:
The spirit of love will over them rise:
This book will hereafter come to thy hand,
My sweetest love, in a distant land.

Then the spell on my song at an end will be,
The pallid letters will gaze on thee,
Imploringly gaze on thy beauteous eyes,
And whisper with sadness and loving sighs.

3. ROMANCES.

1. THE MOURNFUL ONE.

EVERY heart with pain is smitten
When they see the stripling pale,
Who upon his face bears written
Grief and sorrow's mournful tale.

Breezes with compassion lightly
Fan his burning brow the while,
And his bosom many a sprightly
Damsel fair would fain beguile.

From the city's ceaseless bustle
To the wood for peace he flies.
Merrily the leaves there rustle,
Merrier still the bird's songs rise.

But the merry song soon ceases,
Sadly rustle leaf and tree,
When he, while his grief increases,
Nears the forest mournfully.

2. THE MOUNTAIN ECHO.

AT sad slow pace across the vale
There rode a horseman brave:
"Ah! travel I now to my mistress's arms,
"Or but to the darksome grave?"
The echo answer gave:
"The darksome grave!"

And farther rode the horseman on,
With sighs his thoughts express'd:
"If I thus early must go to my grave,
"Yet in the grave is rest."
The answering voice confess'd:
"The grave is rest!"

Adown the horseman's furrow'd cheek
A tear fell on his breast:
"If rest I can only find in the grave,
"For me the grave is best."
The hollow voice confess'd:
"The grave is best!"

3. THE TWO BROTHERS.

ON the mountain summit darkling
  Lies the castle, veil'd in night;
Lights are in the valley sparkling,
  Clashing swords are gleaming bright.

Brothers 'tis, who in fierce duel
  Fight, with wrath to fury fann'd;
Tell me why these brothers cruel
  Strive thus madly, sword in hand?

By the eyes of Countess Laura
  Were they thus in strife array'd;
Both with glowing love adore her,—
  Her, the noble, beauteous maid.

Unto which now of the brothers
  Is her heart the most inclined?
She her secret feelings smothers,—
  Out, then, sword, the truth to find!

And they fight with rage despairing,
  Blows exchange with savage might;
Take good heed, ye gallants daring,—
  Mischief walks abroad by night.

Woe, O woe, ye brothers cruel!
  Woe, O woe, thou vale abhorr'd!
Both fall victims in the duel,
  Falling on each other's sword.

Races are to dust converted,
  Many centuries have flown,
And the castle, now deserted,
  Sadly from the mount looks down.

But at night-time in the valley
  Wondrous forms appear again;
At the stroke of twelve, forth sally
  To the fight the brothers twain.

4. POOR PETER.

I.

WHILE Hans and Grettel are dancing with glee,
  And each of them loudly rejoices,
Poor Peter looks as pale as can be,
  And perfectly mute his voice is.

While Hans and Grettel are bridegroom and bride,
And glitter in smart ostentation,
Poor Peter must still in his working dress bide,
And bites his nails with vexation.

Then softly Peter said to himself,
As he gazed on the couple sadly:
"Ah, had I not been such a sensible elf,
"It had fared with my life but badly!"

II.

"WITHIN my breast there sits a woe
"That seems my breast to sever;
"Where'er I stand, where'er I go,
"It drives me onward ever.

"It makes me tow'rd my loved one fly,
"As if she could restore me;
"Yet when I gaze upon her eye,
"My sorrows rise before me.

"I clamber up the mountain now,
"In lonely sorrow creeping,
"And standing silent on its brow,
"I cannot cease from weeping."

III.

POOR PETER slowly totters by,
Pale as a corpse, and stealthily;
The very people in the street
Stand still, when his sad form they meet.

The maidens whisper'd as they pitied:
"The grave he has this moment quitted."
Ah no, my dear young maidens fair,
He's just about to lie down there!

As he is of his love bereft,
The grave's the best place that is left,
Where he his aching heart may lay,
And sleep until the Judgment Day.

5. THE PRISONER'S SONG.

WHEN my grandmother once had bewitch'd a poor girl,
The mob would have burnt her quite readily;
But though fiercely the judge his mustachios might twirl,
She refused to confess her crime steadily.

And when in the caldron they held her fast,
 She shouted and yell'd like a craven;
But when the black vapour arose, she at last,
 Flew up in the air as a raven.

My black and feathery grandmother dear,
 O visit me soon in this tower!
Quick, fly through the grating, and come to me here,
 And bring me some cakes to devour!

My black and feathery grandmother dear,
 O prythee protect me from sorrow!
For my aunt will be picking my eyes out, I fear,
 When I merrily soar hence to-morrow.

6. THE GRENADIERS.

TWO grenadiers travell'd tow'rds France one day,
 On leaving their prison in Russia,
And sadly they hung their heads in dismay
 When they reach'd the frontiers of Prussia.

For there they first heard the story of woe,
 That France had utterly perish'd,
The grand army had met with an overthrow,
 They had captured their Emperor cherish'd.

Then both of the grenadiers wept full sore
 At hearing the terrible story;
And one of them said: "Alas! once more
 "My wounds are bleeding and gory."

The other one said: "The game's at an end,
 "With thee I would die right gladly,
"But I've wife and child, whom at home I should tend,
 "For without me they'll fare but badly.

"What matters my child, what matters my wife?
 "A heavier care has arisen;
"Let them beg, if they're hungry, all their life,—
 "My Emperor sighs in a prison!

"Dear brother, pray grant me this one last prayer:
 "If my hours I now must number,
"O take my corpse to my country fair,
 "That there it may peacefully slumber.

"The legion of honour, with ribbon red,
"Upon my bosom place thou,
"And put in my hand my musket dread,
"And my sword around me brace thou.

"And so in my grave will I silently lie,
"And watch like a guard o'er the forces,
"Until the roaring of cannon hear I,
"And the trampling of neighing horses.

"My Emperor then will ride over my grave,
"While the swords glitter brightly and rattle;
"Then armed to the teeth will I rise from the grave,
"For my Emperor hasting to battle!"

7. THE MESSAGE.

GOOD servant! up, and saddle quick,
And leap upon thy steed,
And to King Duncan's castle then
Through plain and forest speed.

Into the stable creep, and wait,
Till by the helper spied;
Then say: "Of Duncan's daughters, which
"Has just become a bride?"

And if he says: "The brown one 'tis,"
The news bring quickly home;
But if he says: "The fair one 'tis,"
More slowly thou mayst come.

Then go to the ropemaker's shop,
And buy a rope for me;
And riding slowly, bring it here,
And mute and silent be.

8. TAKING THE BRIDE HOME.

I'LL go not alone, my sweetheart dear!
With me thou must go now
To the cheery, old, and cosy room
In the dreary cold abode of gloom,
Where at the door my mother keeps guard,
And for her son's return looks hard.

"Away from me, thou gloomy man!
"Who bid thee come hither?
"Thy hand's like ice, thine eye glows bright,
"Thy breath is burning, thy cheek is white;—
"But I would rather my time beguile
"With smell of roses and sun's sweet smile."

The roses may smell, and the sun may shine,
My darling sweetheart!
Throw thy spreading white veil thy figure around,
Make the chords of the echoing lyre resound,
And sing a wedding song to me;
The night-wind pipes the melody.

9. DON RAMIRO.

"DONNA CLARA! Donna Clara!
"Through long years the hotly-loved one
"Thou hast will'd now my destruction,
"Will'd it, too, without compassion.

"Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
"Very sweet the gift of life is!
"But beneath us all is fearful,
"In the tomb so dark and chilly.

"Donna Clara, joy! to-morrow
"Will Fernando at the altar
"As his wedded bride salute thee,—
"Wilt thou ask me to the wedding?"

"Don Ramiro! Don Ramiro!
"Bitterly thy words are sounding,
"Bitt'rer than yon stars' decree is,
"Scoffing at my heart's own wishes.

"Don Ramiro! Don Ramiro!
"Shake thy gloomy sadness from thee;
"On the earth are many maidens,
"But by God have we been parted

"Don Ramiro, who so bravely
"Many Moors hast overpower'd,
"Overpower now thyself too,—
"Come to-morrow to my wedding."

"Donna Clara! Donna Clara!
"Yes, I swear it, yes, I'll come there!
"And the dance will lead off with thee;—
"So good night, I'll come to-morrow."

"So good night!"—The window rattled;
Sighing stood below Ramiro,
Seeming turn'd to stone long stood he;
Then he vanish'd in the darkness.

Lastly, after length'n'd conflict,
Night to day in turn surrender'd;
Like a blooming flowery garden
Lies extended fair Toledo.

Palaces and splendid buildings
Glitter in the radiant sunlight,
And the churches' domes so lofty
Glisten proudly, as though gilded.

Humming like a busy beehive,
Merrily the bells are sounding;
Sweetly rise the solemn psalm-tunes
From the God-devoted churches.

But look yonder! but look yonder!
Where from out the market chapel,
Midst the heaving crowd and uproar,
Streams the throng in chequer'd masses

Glittering knights and stately ladies
In gay courtly dresses sparkle,
And the clear-toned bells are ringing
And the organ peals between times.

But with reverence saluted,
In the people's midst are walking,
Nobly clad, the youthful couple,
Donna Clara, Don Fernando.

To the bridegroom's palace entrance
Slowly moves the gay procession;
There begin the ceremonies,
Stately, and in olden fashion.

Knightly games and merry feasting
Interchange with loud rejoicing;
Swiftly fly the hours thus gladly
Till the shades of night have fallen.

And the wedding-guests assemble
In the hall, to hold the dances,
And their chequer'd gala dresses
Midst the glittering lights are sparkling.

On a high-exalted dais
Bride and bridegroom are reclining,
Donna Clara, Don Fernando,
Holding loving conversation.

In the hall are gaily moving
All the festal crowd of people,
And the kettle-drums sound loudly,
And the trumpets, too, are crashing.

"Wherefore, O my heart's fair mistress,
"Are thy glances so directed
"Tow'rd the hall's most distant corner?"
Thus the knight exclaim'd with wonder.

"Seest thou not, then, Don Fernando,
"Yonder man in dark cloak hidden?"
And the knight with smiling answered:
"Ah, 'tis nothing but a shadow."

But the shadow soon approach'd them,
And a man was in the mantle,
And Ramiro recognising,
Clara greeted him with blushes.

And the dancing has begun now,
And the dancers whirl round gaily
In the waltz's giddy mazes,
And the ground beneath them trembles.

"Gladly will I, Don Ramiro,
"In the dance become thy partner,
"But thou didst not well to come here
"In a black and nightlike mantle."

But with eyes all fix'd and piercing
Looks Ramiro on the fair one;
Clasping her, with gloom thus speaks he.
"At thy bidding have I come here!"

And the pair of dancers vanish
In the dance's giddy mazes,
And the kettle-drums sound loudly,
And the trumpets, too, are crashing.

"Snow-white are thy cheeks, Ramiro,"
Clara speaks with secret trembling.
"At thy bidding have I come here!"
In a hollow voice replies he.

In the hall the wax-lights glimmer
Through the ebbing, flowing masses,
And the kettle-drums sound loudly,
And the trumpets, too, are crashing.

"Ice-cold are thy hands, Ramiro,"
Clara speaks with shudd'ring terror.
"At thy bidding have I come here!"
And within the whirl they vanish.

"Leave me, leave me, Don Ramiro!
"Ah, thy breath is like a corpse's!"
Once again the dark words speaks he
"At thy bidding have I come here!"

And the very ground seems glowing
Fiddle, viol sound right merry;
Like a wondrous weft of magic
All within the hall is whirling.

"Leave me, leave me, Don Ramiro!"
Sadly sounds amidst the tumult;
Don Ramiro ever answers:
"At thy bidding have I come here!"

"In the name of God depart, then!"
Clara with a firm voice utters,
And the words she scarce had spoken
When Ramiro vanish'd from her.

Clara, death in every feature,
Chilly, night-surrounded, stood there,
And a swoon her lightsome figure
To its darksome kingdom carries.

But at last her misty slumber
Yields, at last her eyelids open;
But again, with deep amazement,
Would she fain have closed her fair eyes

For since they began the dancing,
From her seat had she not moved once,
And she still sits by the bridegroom,
And the anxious knight thus asks her:

"Say, why are thy cheeks so pallid?
"Wherefore is thine eye so darksome?"—
"And Ramiro?"—stammers Clara,
And her tongue is mute with horror.

But with deep and solemn wrinkles
Is the bridegroom's brow now furrow'd:
"Lady, bloody news why seek'st thou?
"This day's noontide died Ramiro."

10. BELSHAZZAR.

THE midnight hour was coming on,
In deathlike calm lay Babylon.

But in the monarch's castle high
Held the monarch's attendants gay revelry.

And in the regal hall upstairs
A regal feast Belshazzar shares

The servants in glittering circles recline,
And empty the goblets of sparkling wine.

The servants are shouting, the goblets ring,
Delighting the heart of the ruthless king.

The king's cheeks feel a ruddy glow,
The wine doth swell his ardour so.

And blindly led on by his ardour's wiles,
The Godhead with blasphemous words he reviles.

And wildly he curses and raves aloud,
Approvingly bellow the serving crowd.

The king commands with a look that burns,
The servant hastens and soon returns.

Many golden vessels he bears on his head,
The spoils of Jehovah's temple dread.

And the monarch straight seized on a sacred cup
With impious hand, and fill'd it up.

And down to the dregs he drains it fast,
And with foaming mouth exclaims at last:

"Jehovah, thy power I here defy,
"The King of Babylon am I."

But scarcely had sounded the fearful word,
When the heart of the king with terror was stirr'd.

The yelling laughter is silenced all,
And deathlike silence fills the hall.

And see! And see! On the wall so white
A human hand appears in sight.

And letters of flame on the wall so white
It wrote, and wrote, and vanish'd from sight.

The king the writing with wonderment sees,
As pale as death, and with trembling knees.

The awestruck servants sat around,
And silent sat, and utter'd no sound.

The magicians appear'd, but none 'mongst them all
Could rightly interpret the words on the wall.

But Belshazzar the king the selfsame night
Was slain by his servants,—a ghastly sight.

11. THE MINNESINGERS.

IN the minstrels' strife engaging
Pass the Minnesingers by;
Strange the war that they are waging,
Strange the tourney where they vie.

Fancy, that for battle nerves him,
Is the Minnesinger's steed;
Art as trusty buckler serves him,
And his word's a sword indeed.

Beauteous dames, with glances pleasant,
From the balcony look down;
But the right one is not present
With the proper laurel crown.

Other combatants, when springing
To the lists, at least are sound;
Minnesingers must be bringing
To the fray a deadly wound.

He from whom the most there draineth
Song's blood from the inmost breast,—
He is victor, and obtaineth
From fair lips the praise most blest.

12. LOOKING FROM THE WINDOW.

FAIR Hedwig lay at the window, to see
 If pale Henry would chance to detect her;
She said half aloud: "Why goodness me!
 "The man is as pale as a spectre!"

With yearning pale Henry look'd above
 At her window, in hopes to detect her;
Fair Hedwig now felt the torments of love,
 And she became pale as a spectre.

Love-sick, now stood fair Hedwig all day
 At her window, lest he should reject her
But soon in pale Henry's arms she lay
 All night, at the time for a spectre.

13. THE WOUNDED KNIGHT.

I KNOW a story of anguish,
 A tale of the times of old;
A knight with love doth languish,
 His mistress is faithless and cold.

As faithless must he esteem now
 Her whom in his heart he adored;
His loving pangs must he deem now
 Disgraceful and abhorr'd.

In vain in the lists would he wander,
 And challenge to battle each knight;
"Let him who my mistress dares slander
 "Make ready at once for the fight!"

But all are silent, save only
 His grief, that so fiercely doth burn;
His lance he against his own lonely
 Accusing bosom must turn.

14. THE SEA-VOYAGE.

I LEANING stood against the mast,
 And told each wave of ocean;
Farewell, my beauteous fatherland!
 My bark, how swift thy motion!

I pass'd my lovely mistress' house,
 The windows gleam'd all over;
But though I gazed and gazed and gazed,
 No sign could I discover.

Ye tears, obscure not thus mine eyes
  On this too-painful morrow;
My love-sick heart, O do not break
  With overweight of sorrow!

15. THE SONG OF REPENTANCE.

SIR ULRICH rides in the forest so green,
  The leaves with joy seem laden;
He sees, the trees' thick branches between,
  The form of a beauteous maiden.

The youth then said: "Well know I thee,
  "So blooming and glowing thy face is;
"Alluringly ever encircles it me,
  "In deserts or crowded places.

"Those lips, by fresh loveliness ever stirr'd,
  "Appear a pair of roses;
"Yet many a hateful bitter word
  "That roguish mouth discloses.

"A pretty rosebush a mouth like this
  "Resembles very closely,
"Where cunning poisonous serpents hiss
  "Amid the leaves morosely.

"Within those beauteous cheeks there lies
  "A sweet and beauteous dimple;
"That is the grave where I fell by surprise,
  "Lured on by a yearning simple.

"There see I the beauteous locks of hair,
  "That once so lovingly pleased me;
"That is the net so wondrous fair
  "Wherewith the Evil One seized me.

"And that blue eye, that so sweetly fell,
  "As clear as the ocean even,
"It proved to be the portal of hell,
  "Though I thought it the gateway of heaven."

In the wood still farther Sir Ulrich doth ride,
  The leaves make a rustling dreary,
A second figure afar he spied,
  That seem'd so sad and weary.

The youth then said: "O mother dear,
"Who lov'dst me to distraction,
"But to whom in life I caused many a tear,
"By evil word and action!

"O would that to dry thine eyes could avail
"My sorrow so fiercely glowing!
"O could I but redden thy cheeks so pale
"With the blood from my own heart flowing!"

And farther rides Sir Ulrich there,
The night o'er the forest is falling;
Many singular voices fill the air,
The evening breezes are calling.

The youth then hears his sorrowing words
Full often near him ringing;
'Tis the notes of the mocking forest birds
All twittering loudly and singing:

"Sir Ulrich sings a pretty song,
"We call it the song of repentance;
"And when he has reach'd the end of his song,
"He'll repeat it sentence by sentence."

16. TO A SINGER, ON HER SINGING AN OLD ROMANCE.

STILL think I of the magic fair one,
How on her first my glances fell!
How her dear tones resounded sweetly,
How they my heart enthrall'd completely,
How down my cheeks the tears coursed fleetly,
But how it chanced, I could not tell.

There over me had crept a vision:
Methought I was again a child,
And in my mother's chamber sitting
In silence, by the lamp-light flitting,
And reading fairy tales befitting,
Whilst outside roar'd the tempest wild.

The tales began with life to glimmer,
The knights arise from out the grave;
By Roncesvall the battle rages,
Sir Roland in the fight engages,
And with him many a valiant page is,—
And also Ganelon, the knave.

By him is Roland ill entreated,
He swims in blood, fast ebbs his breath;
Scarce can his horn, at such far distance,
Call Charlemagne to his assistance:
So passed away the knight's existence,
And, with him, sank my dream in death.

It was a loud confusèd echo
That from my vision wakened me.
The legend that she sang was ended,
The people heartily commended,
And ofttimes shouted: "Bravo! splendid!"
Low bow'd the singer gracefully.

17. THE SONG OF THE DUCATS.

O MY golden ducats dear,
Tell me why ye are not here?

Are ye with the golden fishes
Which within the stream so gaily
Leap and splash and wriggle daily?

Are ye with the golden flow'rets
Which, o'er green fields scattered lightly,
In the morning dew gleam brightly?

Are ye with the golden bird-kins
Which we see in happy chorus
In the blue skies hov'ring o'er us?

Are ye with the golden planets
Which in radiant crowds each even
Smile in yonder distant heaven?

Ye, alas, my golden ducats,
Swim not in the streamlet bright,
Sparkle not on meadow green,
Hover not in skies serene,
Smile not in the heavens by night.—
Creditors, with greedy paws,
Hold you safely in their claws.

18. DIALOGUE ON PADERBORN HEATH.

HEAR'ST thou not far music ringing,
As of double-bass and fiddle?
Many fair ones there are springing
Gaily up and down the middle.

"You're mistaken friend, in speaking
"Thus of fiddle and its brother;
"I but hear young porkers squeaking,
"And the grunting of their mother."

Hear'st thou not the forest bugle?
Hunters in the chase are straying;
Gentle lambs are feeding, frugal
Shepherds on their pipes are playing.

"Ah, my friend, what you just now heard,
"Was not bugles, pipes, or hunters;
"I can only see the sow-herd
"Slowly driving home his grunters."

Hear'st thou not the distant voices
In sweet rivalry contending?
Many an angel blest rejoices
Strains like these to hear ascending.

"Ah, that music sweetly ringing
"Is, my friend, no rival chorus;
"'Tis but youthful gooseherds, singing
"As they drive their geese before us."

Hear'st thou not the church-bells holy,
Sweet and clear, with deep emotion?
To the village-chapel slowly
Wend the people with devotion.

"Ah, my friend, the bells 'tis only
"Of the cows and oxen also,
"Who, with sunken heads and lonely,
"Go back to their gloomy stalls so."

See'st thou not the veil just moving?
See'st thou not those soft advances?
There I see my mistress loving,
Humid sorrow in her glances.

"She, my friend, who nods so much, is
"An old woman, Betsy namely;
"Pale and haggard, on her crutches
"O'er the meadow limps she lamely."

Overwhelm me with confusion
At my questions, friend, each minute;
Wilt thou deem a mere illusion
What my bosom holds within it?

19. LIFE'S SALUTATIONS.

(From an Album.)

THIS earth resembles a highway vast,
We men are the trav'llers along it;
On foot and on horseback we hurry on fast,
And as runners or couriers throng it.

In passing each other, we nod and we greet
With our handkerchiefs waved from the coaches;
We fain would embrace, but our horses are fleet,
And speed on, despite all reproaches.

Dear Prince Alexander, as onward we go,
We scarcely have met at a station,
When the signal to start the postilions blow,
Compelling our sad separation.

20. QUITE TRUE.

WHEN the spring returns with the sun's sweet light,
The flowers then bud and blossom apace;
When the moon begins her radiant race,
Then the stars swim after her track so bright.
When the minstrel sees two beautiful eyes,
Then songs from his inmost bosom arise;—
But songs and stars and flowerets gay,
And eyes and moonbeams and sun's bright ray,
However delightful they are,
Don't make up the world, friend, by far.

4. SONNETS.

TO A. W. VON SCHLEGEL.

IN dainty hoop, with flowers all-richly dight,
With beauty-patches on her painted face,
With pointed shoes all hung about with lace,
With tow'ring curls, and, wasp-like, fasten'd tight,—
Thus was the spurious muse equipp'd that night
When first she offer'd thee her fond embrace;
But thou eludedst her and leftst the place,
Led by a mystic impulse from her sight:

A castle in the desert thou didst find,
Where, like a lovely marble image shrin'd,
Lay a fair maid, in magic slumber sunk;
But soon the spell was loosed,—when kiss'd by thee,
With smiles the lawful muse of Germany
Awoke, and sank within thine arms, love-drunk.

TO MY MOTHER, B. HEINE, *née* VON GELDERN.

I HAVE been wont to bear my head right high,
My temper too is somewhat stern and rough;
Even before a monarch's cold rebuff
I would not timidly avert mine eye.
Yet, mother dear, I'll tell it openly:
Much as my haughty pride may swell and puff,
I feel submissive and subdued enough,
When thy much-cherished, darling form is nigh.
Is it thy spirit that subdues me then,
Thy spirit, grasping all things in its ken,
And soaring to the light of heaven again?
By the sad recollection I'm oppress'd
That I have done so much that grieved thy breast,
Which loved me, more than all things else, the best.

2.

WITH foolish fancy I deserted thee;
I fain would search the whole world through, to learn
If in it I perchance could love discern,
That I might love embrace right-lovingly.
I sought for love as far as eye could see,
My hands extending at each door in turn,
Begging them not my prayer for love to spurn—
Cold hate alone they laughing gave to me.
And ever search'd I after love; yes, ever
Search'd after love, but love discover'd never,
And so I homeward went, with troubled thought;
But thou wert there to welcome me again,
And, ah, what in thy dear eye floated then
That was the sweet love I so long had sought.

TO H. S.

WHEN I thy book, friend, open hastily,
Full many a cherish'd picture meets my view,
And many a golden image that I know
In boyish dreams and days of infancy.
Proudly tow'rd heaven upsoaring, then I see
The pious dome, rear'd by religion true,
I hear the sound of bell and organ too,
Love's sweet lament at times addressing me.
Well see I, too, how o'er the dome they skip,
The nimble dwarfs, and with malicious joy
The beauteous flow'r- and carvèd- work destroy.
But though the oak of foliage we may strip,
And rob it of its fair and verdant grace,
When spring returns, fresh leaves it dons apace.

FRESCO-SONNETS TO CHRISTIAN S—.

I.

I TAKE no notice of the blockheads tame
Who, seeming to be golden, are but sand;
I never offer to that rogue my hand
Who secretly would injure my good name;
I bow not to the harlots who proclaim
Boldly their infamy throughout the land;
And when in victor-cars the rabble band
Draw their vain idols, with them I ne'er came.
Well know I that the oak must fall indeed,
Whilst by the streamlet's side the pliant reed
Stands in all winds and weathers, fearing not;
But say, what is the reed's eventual lot?
What joy! As walking-stick it serves the dandy,
Or else for beating clothes they find it handy.

GIVE me a mask, I'll join the masquerade
As country clown, so that the rabble rout
Who in their proud disguises strut about
May not suppose me one of their vile trade.
Give me low manners, words on purpose made
To show vulgarity beyond all doubt;
All sparks of spirit I'll with care put out
Wherewith dull fools coquet in accents staid.

So will I dance then at the great mask'd ball,
By German knights, monks, kings surrounded too,
By Harlequin saluted, known to few.
With wooden swords they'll strike me, one and all.
That is the joke. For if I show my face,
The rascals will be silenced in disgrace.

3.

I LAUGH at all the fools who at me gape,
And whom with prying goat-like face I see;
I laugh at every fox who knavishly
And idly snuffs me like a very grape;
I laugh at every vain pretentious ape
Who a proud judge of genius claims to be;
I laugh at all the knaves who threaten me
With poisonous weapons whence there's no escape.
For when the charming fancies joy once gave
Are wrested from us by the hands of fate,
And at our feet in thousand atoms cast,
And when our very heart is torn at last,
All torn and cut and pierced and desolate,
A fine shrill laugh we still have power to save.

4.

A STRANGE and charming tale still haunts my mind,
Wherein a song the leading part assumes,
And in the song there lives and twines and blooms
A lovely specimen of womankind;
And in this maiden is a heart enshrined,
And yet no love that little heart illumes;
Her loveless frosty disposition dooms
Her life to suffer from her pride so blind.
Hear'st thou how in my head the tale comes back?
And how the song sounds solemnly and sad?
And how the maiden titters softly yet?
I only fear lest my poor head should crack.
Alas! it would indeed be far too bad,
If my unlucky reason were upset.

5.

AT evening's silent, melancholy hour,
Long buried songs around me take their place,
And burning tears course swiftly down my face,
And my old heart-wounds bleed with greater power.

My love's dear image like a beauteous flower
  As in a magic glass again I trace;
  In bodice red she sits and sews apace,
And silence reigns around her blissful bower.
But on a sudden springs she from her seat,
  And cuts from her dear head a beauteous lock,
  And gives it me—the very joy's a shock.
The Evil One soon spoilt my rapture sweet:
  The hair he twisted in a rope full strong,
  And many a year has dragg'd me thus along.

6.

"WHEN I a year ago again met thee,
  "No kiss thou gav'st me in that moment blest;"—
  Thus spake I, and my love a kiss impress'd
With rosy mouth upon my lips with glee.
With a sweet smile she from a myrtle tree
  Hard by us pluck'd a twig, and said in jest:
  "Take thou this twig, in fresh earth let it rest,
"And o'er it place a glass,"—then nodded she.
'Twas long ago. The twig died in the pot.
  'Tis many a year since she hath cross'd my sight;
Yet in my head that kiss still burneth hot.
Lately returning home, I sought the place
  Where dwells my love. Before her house all night
I stood, and left when morning show'd its face.

7.

OF savage devils'-brats, my friend, beware,
  But gentle angels'-brats more hearts will break;
  Once such a one a sweet kiss bid me take,
But when I came, I felt sharp talons there.
Of black and ancient cats, my friend, take care,
  But white young kittens are still more awake;
  Once such a one my sweetheart did I make,—
My heart my sweetheart savagely did tear.
O darling brat! O maiden passing sweet!
  How could thy clear eye e'er deceive me so?
  How could thy paw e'er give me such a blow?
O my dear kitten's paw so soft and neat!
  Could I but press thee to my glowing lip!
  And could my life-blood meanwhile cease to drip!

8.

THOU oft hast seen me boldly strive with those,—
Both spectacled old fop and painted dame,—
Who gladly would destroy my honest name,
And gladly see my last expiring throes.
Thou oft hast seen how pedants round me close,
How fools with cap and bells my life defame,
How poisonous serpents gnaw my sinking frame,
Whilst from a thousand wounds my life-blood flows.
But firm as any tower there stood thy form;
Thy head a lighthouse was amid the storm,
Thy faithful heart a haven was for me;
Though round that haven roars the raging main,
And few the ships the landing place that gain,
Once there, we slumber in security.

9.

FAIN would I weep, but, ah, I cannot weep;
Fain would I upwards full of vigour spring,
But cannot; to the earth I needs must cling,
Spurn'd by the reptiles that around me creep.
Fain would I near my beauteous mistress keep,
Near my bright light of life be hovering,
And in her dear sweet breath be revelling,
But cannot; for my heart with sorrow deep
Is breaking; from my broken heart doth flow
My burning blood, my strength within me fades,
And darker, darker grows the world to me.
With secret awe I yearn unceasingly
For yonder misty realm, where silent shades
Their gentle loving arms around me throw.

LYRICAL INTERLUDE.

1822—23.

PROLOGUE.

THERE once lived a knight, who was mournful and
bent,
His cheeks white as snow were, and hollow;
He totter'd and stagger'd wherever he went,
A vain vision attempting to follow.
He seem'd so clumsy and awkward and *gauche*,
That the flowers and girls, when they saw him approach,
Their merriment scarcely could swallow.

From his room's darkest corner he often ne'er stirr'd,
Esteeming the sight of men shocking,
And extended his arms, without speaking a word,
As though some vain phantom were mocking.
But scarce had the hour of midnight drawn near,
When a wonderful singing and noise met his ear,
And he heard at the door a strange knocking.

His mistress then secretly enters the room,
In a dress made of foam of the ocean;
She glows like a rosebud, so sweet is her bloom,
Her jewell'd veil's ever in motion;
Her golden locks play round her form slim and tall,
Their eyes meet with rapture, and straightway they fall
In each other's arms with devotion.

In his loving embraces the knight holds her fast,
The dullard with passion is glowing,
He reddens, the dreamer awakens at last,
And bolder and bolder he's growing.
But she grows more saucy and mocking instead,
And gently and softly she covers his head,
Her white jewell'd veil o'er him throwing.

To a watery palace of crystal bright
The knight on a sudden is taken;
His eyes are dazzled by radiant light,
By his wits he is well-nigh forsaken.
But the nymph holds him closely embraced by her side
The knight is the bridegroom, the nymph is the bride
While her maidens the lute's notes awaken.

So sweetly they play and so sweetly they sing,
  In the dance they are moving so lightly,
That the knight before long finds his senses take wing,
  He embraces his sweet one more tightly—
When all of a sudden the lights disappear,
And the knight's once more sitting in solitude drear
  In his poet's low garret unsightly.

1.

'TWAS in the beauteous month of May,
  When all the flowers were springing,
That first within my bosom
  I heard love's echo ringing.

'Twas in the beauteous month of May,
  When all the birds were singing,
That first I to my sweetheart
  My vows of love was bringing.

2.

FROM out of my tears all burning
  Many blooming flowerets break,
And all my sighs combining
  A chorus of nightingales make.

And if thou dost love me, my darling,
  To thee shall the flowerets belong;
Before thy window shall echo
  The nightingale's tuneful song.

3.

THE rose and the lily, the dove and the sun,
  I loved them all dearly once, every one;
I love them no longer, I love now alone
The small one, the neat one, the pure one, mine own.
Yes, she herself, the fount of all love,
Is the rose and the lily, the sun and the dove.

4.

WHEN gazing on thy beauteous eyes
  All thought of sorrow straightway flies;
But when I kiss thy mouth so sweet,
My cure is perfect and complete.

When leaning on thy darling breast,
I feel with heavenly rapture blest;
But when thou sayest: "I love thee!"
I begin weeping bitterly.

5.

THY face, so lovely and serene,
In vision I have lately seen;
So like an angel's 'tis, and meek,
Though bitter grief has blanch'd thy cheek.

Thy lips alone, they still are red;
Death soon will kiss them pale and dead;
The heavenly light will soon be o'er
That from thine eyes is wont to pour.

6.

O LEAN thy beauteous cheek on mine,
That our tears together may mingle!
Against my bosom press thou thine,
That their flames may no longer be single

And when with the flame is mingled at last
The stream of our tears all burning,
And mine arm is lovingly round thee cast,—
I'll die of my love's sweet yearning.

7.

I'LL dip my spirit discreetly
In the cup of the lily down here;
The lily shall sing to me sweetly
A song of my mistress dear.

The song shall tremble and quiver,
Like that delicious kiss,
Of which her mouth was the giver
In a wondrous moment of bliss.

8.

THE stars in yonder heavens
Immovably have stood
For thousands of years, regarding
Each other in sad loving mood.

They speak a mysterious language
  That's rich and sweet to [illegible]
Yet no philologist living
  Can make its meaning clear.

But I've learnt it, and ne'er will forget it,
  Whatever the time and place;
As my grammar I used for the purpose
  My own dear mistress's face.

ON song's exulting pinion
  I'll bear thee, my sweetheart fair,
Where Ganges holds his dominion,—
  The sweetest of spots know I there.

There a red blooming garden is lying
  In the moonlight silent and clear;
The lotos flowers are sighing
  For their sister so pretty and dear.

The violets prattle and titter,
  And gaze on the stars high above
The roses mysteriously twitter
  Their fragrant stories of love.

The gazelles so gentle and clever
  Skip lightly in frolicsome mood
And in the distance roars ever
  The holy river's loud flood.

And there, while joyously sinking
  Beneath the palm by the stream,
And love and repose while drinking
  Of blissful visions we'll dream.

10

THE lotos flower is troubled
  At the sun's resplendent light,
With sunken head and sadly
  She dreamily waits for the night.

The moon appears as her wooer,
  She wakes at his fond embrace;
For him she kindly uncovers
  Her sweetly flowering face.

She blooms and glows and glistens,
  And mutely gazes above ;
She weeps and exhales and trembles
  With love and the sorrows of love.

11.

IN the Rhine, that beautiful river,
  The sacred town of Cologne,
With its vast cathedral, is ever
  Full clearly mirror'd and shown.

A picture on golden leather
  In that fair cathedral is seen ;
On my life, so sad altogether,
  It hath cast its rays serene.

The flowers and angels hover
  Round our dear Lady there ;
Her eyes, lips, cheeks, all over
  Resemble my mistress fair.

12.

THOU lov'st me not, thou tellest me.—
  It troubles me but slightly ;
But when thy beauteous face I see,
  No king's heart beats more lightly.

Thou hatest me, thy red lips say
  With well-pretended snarling ;
But when sweet kisses they convey,
  I'm comforted, my darling.

13.

FULL lovingly thou must embrace me,
  My mistress beauteous and sweet !
With pliant form interlace me,
  And with thine arms and thy feet.

The fairest of snakes e'er created
  With vigour encircles anon,
And clasps and twines round the elated
  And happy Laocoon.

14.

SWEAR not at all, but only kiss !
  All woman's oaths I hold amiss ;
Thy word is sweet, but sweeter far
The kisses that my guerdon are.

These keep I, while thy words but seem
A passing cloud, or fragrant dream.

* * * * *

Now then, my loved one, swear away!
I'll credit all that thou dost say;
And when I sink upon thy breast,
I'll think that I am truly blest;
I'll think that, love, eternally
And even longer, thou'lt love me.

15.

UPON my mistress's eyes so clear
I write the fairest cantates;
Upon my mistress's mouth sincere
I write the best of terzinas;
Upon my mistress's cheeks so dear
I write the cleverest stanzas,
And had my mistress a heart, upon it
I soon would write a charming sonnet.

16.

THE world's an ass, the world can't see,
And grows more stupid daily:
It says, my darling child, of thee,—
Thou livest far too gaily.

The world's an ass, the world can't see,
Thy character not knowing;
It knows not how sweet thy kisses be,
How rapturously glowing.

17.

LOVED one—gladly would I know it,—
Art thou but a vision fair,
Such as in his brain the poet
Loves in summer to prepare?

No! such eyes of magic splendour,
Lips so rosy and so warm,
Such a child, so sweet and tender,
Never did the poet form.

Basilisks and vampires gory,
Dragons, monsters of the earth,
Suchlike evil beasts of story
In the poet's fire have birth.

But thyself, thy wiles insidious,
  And thy face, so sweet and staid,
And thy kindly looks perfidious,—
  These the poet never made.

18.

GLEAMS my love in beauty's splendour,
  Like the child of ocean foam;
As his bride my mistress tender
  Is a stranger taking home.

Though 'tis treason, don't abuse it,
  Heart, thou much-enduring one!
Bear it, bear it, and excuse it,
  What the beauteous fool hath done.

19.

I'LL not be angry, though my heart should break,
  Evermore lost one! no complaint I'll make.
Though thou may'st sparkle 'neath thy diamonds bright,
No ray can pierce thy heart's unceasing night.

I've known it long. In vision saw I thee,
How night thy heart doth fill unceasingly,
And how the serpent at thy heart doth gnaw,—
How wretched, love, thou art, too well I saw.

20.

THOU'RT wretched, yes!—but no complaint I'll
    make;—
  My love, we both, alas, must wretched be!
Till death our poor afflicted hearts doth break,
  My love, we both, alas, must wretched be!

I see the scorn that round thy mouth doth play,
  I see thine eyes that glance so haughtily,
I see the pride that doth thy bosom sway,—
  Yet thou art wretched, wretched e'en as I.

Grief lurks around thy mouth, unseen indeed,
  With hidden tears thine eyes can scarcely see,
And secret wounds on thy proud bosom feed—
  My love, we both, alas, must wretched be!

21.

THE flutes and fiddles are sounding,
The trumpets ringing clear;
In the wedding dance is bounding
My heart's own mistress dear.

The shawms and kettle-drums vying
In noisy chorus I hear;
But meanwhile good angels are sighing
And weeping many a tear.

22.

THOU scarcely could'st have forgotten it faster,
That I of thine heart so long was the master;
Thine heart so false, so small, and so sweet,
A sweeter and falser I never shall meet.

Thou now hast forgotten the love and disaster
That made my heart throb all the faster;
I know not if love was the greatest, or woe;
That both were great, full well I know.

23.

O IF the tiny flowers
But knew of my wounded heart,
Their tears, like mine, in showers
Would fall, to cure the smart.

If knew the nightingales only
That I'm so mournful and sad,
They would cheer my misery lonely
With their notes so tuneful and glad.

If the golden stars high o'er us
But knew of my bitter woe,
They would speak words of comfort in chorus,
Descending hither below.

Not one of these can allay it,
One only knows of my smart;
'Tis she, I grieve to say it,
Who thus hath wounded my heart.

24

O WHY have the roses lost their hue,
Sweet love, O tell me why?
Why mutely thus do the violets blue
In the verdant meadows sigh?

O why doth the lark up high in the air
With a voice so mournful sing?
O why doth each fragrant floweret fair
Exhale like a poisonous thing?
O wherefore looks the sun to-day
On the fields so full of gloom?
O why doth the earth appear so grey,
And dreary as a tomb?
Why feel I myself so mournful and weak,—
Sweet love, I put it to thee?
My own sweet darling, sweet love, O speak,—
O wherefore leavest thou me?

25.

FOR thine ear many tales they invented,
And loud complaints preferred;
But how my soul was tormented,
Of this they said not a word.
They prated of mischief and evil,
And mournfully shook their head;
They liken'd poor me to the devil,
And thou didst believe what they said.
But, O, the worst and the saddest,
Of this they nothing knew;
The saddest and the maddest
In my heart was hidden from view.

26.

THE linden blossom'd, the nightingale sung,
The sun was laughing with radiance bright;
Thou kissed'st me then, while thine arm round me clung,
To thy heaving bosom thou pressed'st me tight.
The raven was screeching, the leaves fast fell,
The sun gazed cheerlessly down on the sight;
We coldly said to each other "Farewell!"
Thou politely didst make me a curtsey polite.

27.

WE have felt for each other emotions soft,
And yet our tempers always were matching,
At "man and wife" we have play'd full oft,
And yet ne'er took to fighting and scratching.
We have shouted together, together been gay,
And tenderly kiss'd and fondled away.

At last we play'd in forest and dell
At hide and seek, like sister and brother,
And managed to hide ourselves so well,
That never since then have we seen each other.

28.

I'VE no belief in the heavens
Of which the parsons rave;
In thine eyes believe I only,
In their heavenly light I live.

I've no belief in the Maker
Of whom the parsons rave;
In thine heart believe I only,
No other God will I have.

I've no belief in the devil,
In hell or the pains of hell;
In thine eyes believe I only,
And thine evil heart as well.

29.

TO me thou wert faithful and steady,
And madest for me supplication;
In my troubles and sad tribulation
Thy comfort always was ready.

Food and drink thou gav'st me in payment,
And plenty of money didst lend me,
And also a passport didst send me,
As well as some changes of raiment.

From heat and from coldness unpleasant
May heaven, my dear one, long guard thee,
And may it never reward thee
The kindness shown me at present!

30.

THE earth had long been avaricious,
But May, when she came, gave with great prodigality,
And all things now smile with rapture delicious,
But I for laughter have no partiality.

The blue bells are ringing, their beauty displaying,
The birds, as in fables, talk sentimentality;
I take no pleasure in all they are saying,
And I am quite wretched in sober reality.

All men I detest, and now cannot meet one,
  Not even my friend, with the least cordiality,
And this all because my amiable sweet one
  They "madam" entitle, with chilling formality.

31.

AND when I so long, so long had delay'd,
  In foreign lands had in reveries stay'd,
My loved one found it too long to wait,
And sew'd herself a wedding-dress straight,
And then embraced in her arms, willy-nilly,
As bridegroom, the youth in the world the most silly.

My loved one is so beauteous and soft,
Before me still hovers her image oft;
Her rosy cheeks, her violet eyes
That all the year round glow bright as the skies.
That I could fly from such charming attractions
Was the silliest far of my silliest actions.

32.

THE lovely eyes of violet blue,
  The beauteous cheeks of rosy h[illegible],
The hands so like white lilies too,—
All these still sweetly blossom and bloom,
The heart alone is cold as the tomb.

33.

THE earth is so fair, and the heavens so bright,
  The breezes are breathing with soothing might
The blooming fields with flowers are dight,
In the morning dew all radiant with light,
All men are rejoicing that meet my sight—
My bed in the grave I fain would be pressing,
The corpse of my mistress dear caressing.

34.

WHEN in the tomb, my mistress fair,
  The chilly tomb, thou must hide thee,
I'll soon descend to rejoin thee there,
  And fondly nestle beside thee.

I wildly will press thee, embrace thee, and kiss
  My pale, cold, fearful-to-see love!
I'll tremble, weep, shout with rapturous bliss,
  And soon be a corpse like thee, love.

The dead will arise, when midnight is nigh,
And dance in airy troops lightly;
But we in the tomb will quietly lie,
Thine arms embracing me tightly.

The dead will arise, when the loud trump of doom
To bliss or to torment is calling;
But regardless of all, we'll remain in the tomb,
Still clasp'd in embraces enthralling.

35.

A LONELY fir tree is standing
On a northern barren height;
It sleeps, and the ice and snow-drift
Cast round it a garment of white.

It dreams of a slender palm-tree,
Which far in the Eastern land
Beside a precipice scorching
In silent sorrow doth stand.

36.

FAIR, bright, golden constellation,
Seek my love's far habitation;
Tell her that I still am true,
Sick at heart and pale faced too.

37.

(The head speaks.)

AH, were I but the footstool e'en
On which my loved one's foot doth rest,
I ne'er to grumble should be seen,
However hard I might be press'd.

(The heart speaks.)

Ah, were I but the cushion soft
Wherein her pins she's wont to stick,
And 'twere her will to prick me oft,
I should rejoice at every prick.

(The song speaks.)

Ah, were I but the paper dear
Wherewith she's wont her hair to curl,
I'd gently whisper in her ear
The thoughts that in me live and whirl.

38.

SINCE my darling one has left me,
Power of laughing is bereft me;
Blockheads fain would raise a joke,
But no laughter can provoke.

Since I've lost my darling one,
Power of weeping, too, is gone;
Though my heart with sorrow deep
Wellnigh breaks, I cannot weep.

39.

MY little songs do I utter
From out of my great, great sorrow;
Some tinkling pinions they borrow,
And tow'rd her bosom they flutter.

They found it, and over it hover'd,
But soon return'd they, complaining,
And yet to tell me disdaining
What they in her bosom discover'd.

40.

SWEET darling, beloved by me solely,
The thoughts in my memory dwell
That once I possess'd thee wholly,
Thy soul and body as well.

Thy body, so young and tender,
I need, beyond all doubt;
Thy soul to the tomb I'll surrender,
I've plenty of soul without.

I'll cut my soul in sunder,
And half of it breathe into thee,
And when I embrace thee,—O wonder!—
One soul and body we'll be.

41.

THE blockheads, their holidays keeping,
Are walking through forest and plain;
They shout, and like kittens are leaping,
And hail sweet Nature again.

They gaze, with glances that glisten,
On each romantic thing;
With ears like asses they listen
To hear the sparrows sing.

My chamber window to darken,
  With black cloth I hang it by day;
To the signal my spirits straight hearken,
  Day-visits they hasten to pay.

My olden love also draws nigh me,
  From the realms of the dead she appears;
She, weeping, sits gently close by me,
  And softens my bosom to tears.

42.

MANY visions of times long vanish'd
  Arise from out of their tomb,
And show me how once in thy presence
  I lived in my life's young bloom.

All day I mournfully totter'd
  Through the streets, as though in a dream
The people gazed on me with wonder,
  So silent and sad did I seem.

The night-time suited me better,
  Deserted the streets were then,
And I and my shadow together
  We wandered in silence again.

With footsteps echoing loudly
  I wander'd over the bridge;
The moon with solemn look hail'd me
  As she burst through the cloudy ridge.

I stood in front of thy dwelling,
  And fondly gazed up on high;
I gazed up towards thy window,
  My heart breathed many a sigh.

Well know I that thou from the window
  Full often hast gazed below,
And in the moonlight hast seen me
  Stand fix'd, the image of woe.

43.

A YOUTH once loved a maiden
  Who loved another instead
The other himself loved another,
  And with the latter did wed.

The maiden, in scornful anger,
  Straight married the first of the men
Who happened to come across her,—
  The youth was heart-broken then.
'Tis only an old, old story,
  And yet it ever seems new;
The heart of him whom it pictures
  Will soon be broken in two.

44.

FRIENDSHIP, love, philosophers' stone,—
  These three things men value alone.
I, too, valued and sought them ever,
But, alas, discovered them never.

45.

ON hearing the strains enthralling
  That my loved one sang to me erst,
With torments fierce and appalling
  My heart is ready to burst.
Impell'd by a gloomy yearning
  I seek in the forest relief,
And there in tears hotly burning
  I quench my anguish and grief.

46.

THE child of a king in dream have I seen;
  How tear-stain'd and pallid her face is,
As we quietly sit 'neath the linden green,
  Held fast in each other's embraces!
"Thy father's throne is nothing to me,
  "Nor yet his sceptre all golden,
"And diamond crown; for nothing but thee.
  "Sweet love, will I be beholden."
"That may not be," the maiden replied,
  "For I in my grave am lying,
"And only by night can I be by thy side,
  "To thy loving caresses replying."

47.

SWEET love, in fond converse together
  In the light canoe sat we,
Still the night was, and calm was the weather,
  As we skimm'd o'er the wide-spreading sea.

The fair spirit-islands before us
In the glimmering moonlight lay;
Sweet tones came floating o'er us,
While the mists were dancing in play.

On danced they with merrier motion,
And sweeter still sounded the song,
But over the boundless ocean
We mournfully floated along.

48.

FROM older legends springing,
Appears a snow-white band
With joyous strains, and singing,
From some far magic land,

Where flowers in glowing splendour
Pine in the evening sun,
And bridal glances tender
Cast sweetly every one;

Where all the trees, uniting
In chorus, shout below,
And babbling brooks delighting
The ear, like music flow;

And love-songs fierce and burning
Unheard of bliss impart,
Till sweet and wondrous yearning
Befools the throbbing heart.

Ah, could I thither travel,
And ease my aching breast,
And all my grief unravel,
And there be free and blest!

That land, whence care and trouble
Are banish'd, that in dreams
Oft see I, like a bubble
Dissolves, when morning beams.

49.

I'VE loved thee long, and I love thee still
And e'en if the world were shatter'd,
My glowing love would glisten and thrill,
Though widely earth's ruins were scatter'd.

And when I thus have loved thee so well
Till the hour of death has sounded,
I'll take with me e'en to my tomb's dark cell,
My love-pangs fierce and unbounded.

50.

IN the glimmering summer morning
I pace the garden alone;
The flowers are whisp'ring and speaking,
But silently wander I on.

The flowers are whisp'ring and speaking,
My form with compassion they scan:
O pray be kind to our sister,
Thou mournful and pale-faced man!

51.

HER dark attire thus wearing
My love appears to my sight
Like a tale of sorrow despairing
That's told in the long summer night:

" In the magical garden there wander
" Two lovers mute and alone;
" Sweet sing the nightingales yonder,
" The moonbeams are over them thrown.

" Like a statue the maiden stands mildly,
" At her feet the faithful knight lies;
" The forest giant comes wildly,
" The sorrowing maiden soon flies.

" Soon the knight on the ground lies all gory,
" The giant goes home at his ease—"
And when I am buried, the story
Is ended as soon as you please.

52.

THEY often have vex'd me sadly
And worried me early and late;
While some with their love have annoy'd me,
The others pursued me with hate.

My bread they have utterly poison'd,
And poison'd my cup too of late;
While some with their love have annoy'd me,
The others pursued me with hate.

But she who more than all others
  Has vex'd me, and worried, and chafed,
She only with hate ne'er pursued me,
  She only her love ne'er vouchsafed.

53.

THERE lies the glow of summer
  Upon thy cheek confess'd,
And in thine heart cold winter
  Has made its place of rest.

All this will soon be alter'd,
  My dearest love and best,
The winter on thy cheek be,
  The summer in thy breast!

54.

WHEN two fond lovers are parted,
  They give each other the hand,
To weep and to sigh beginning,
  And losing all self-command.

But not one single tear wept we,
  No Ah! or Alas! did we sigh;
Our tears and our sighs both together
  Too surely came by-and-by.

THEY sat round the tea-table drinking,
  And speaking of love a great deal;
The men of æsthetics were thinking,
  The ladies more prone were to feel.

"All love ought to be but platonical"
  The wither'd old counsellor said;
His wife by a smile quite ironical
  Rejoin'd, and then sighed "Ah!" instead.

Said the canon with visage dejected:
  "Love ne'er should be suffered to go
"Too far, or the health is affected;"
  The maiden then simper'd: "How so?"

The Countess her sad feelings vented,
  Said "Love is a passion, I'm sure,"
And then to the Baron presented
  His cup with politeness demure.

A place was still empty at table;
  My darling, 'twas thou wert away;
Thou hadst been so especially able
  The tale of thy love, sweet, to say.

56.

MY songs with poison are tainted,
  But how could it otherwise be?
My blossoming life thou hast poison'd,
  And made it hateful to me.

My songs with poison are tainted,
  But how could it otherwise be?
In my heart many serpents I carry,
  And thee too, my dearest love, thee.

57.

I DREAMT once more the vision of yore:
  The time was a fair May even,
We sat 'neath the linden, and there we swore
  To be faithful, in presence of heaven.

And once and again we plighted our troth,
  And titter'd, caress'd, kiss'd so dearly;
And lest I should fail to remember my oath,
  My hand thou then bittest severely.

O sweetest love, with the eyes so bright,
  O sweet one, so fair and so biteful!
The swearing was doubtless all proper and right,
  But the biting was rather too spiteful!

58.

I STAND on the brow of the mountain,
  And sentimentally sigh.
"O were I only a bird now!"
  I many a thousand times cry.

O were I only a swallow,
  My darling, to thee would I fly,
And soon a nest would I build me,
  Thy lattice window hard by.

O were I a nightingale only,
  I would fly, my darling, to thee,
And sing my sweet songs by night-time
  Perch'd high in the green linden tree.

O were I only a bullfinch,
I would fly straight into thy heart;
To the bullfinch thou always wert kindly,
And healest the bullfinch's smart.*

59.

MY carriage is traversing slowly
The greenwood merry and bright,
Through flowering valleys, like magic
Illumed by the sun's glowing light.

I'm sitting and thinking and dreaming,
And muse on my mistress dear;
When, nodding their heads at the window,
Three shadowy figures appear.

They skip and they make wry grimaces,
So scoffing and yet so shy;
And twirling mist-like together,
They titter and haste swiftly by.

60.

IN vision I lately was weeping,
I dreamt thou wert laid in thy grave;
I awoke, and the tears unceasing
My cheeks continued to lave.

In vision I lately was weeping,
I dreamt I was left, love, by thee;
I awoke, and weeping continued
Both long and bitterly.

In vision I lately was weeping,
I dreamt thou wert kind as of yore;
I awoke, and my tears in torrents
Continued to flow as before.

61.

ALL night in vision behold I thee,
And see thee greeting me kindly;
And loudly weeping then throw I me
Before thy sweet feet blindly.

* The word "Gimpel" in the original has the double meaning of "bullfinch" and "blockhead," and the point of this verse is therefore lost in a translation.

With sorrowing looks thou stand'st in my view,
  Thy fair locks mournfully shaking;
While teardrops bright of pearly hue
  From thy dear eyes are breaking.

A gentle word thou dost secretly say,
  And givest a cypress-wreath sweetly;
I awake, and the wreath has vanish'd away,
  And the word is forgotten completely.

62.

'TIS autumn, the night's dark and gloomy,
  With rain and tempest above;
Where tarries,—O tell it unto me,—
  My poor and sorrowing love?

By the window I see her reclining,
  In her chamber lonely and drear,
And out in the night, sadly pining,
  She looks with many a tear.

63.

THE trees in the autumn wind rustle
  The night is humid and cold;
I ride all alone in the forest,
  And round me my grey cloak I fold.

And as I am riding, before me
  My thoughts unrestrainedly roam;
They lightly and airily bear me
  To my own dear mistress's home.

The dogs are barking, the servants
  With glittering torches appear;
I climb up the winding staircase,
  My spurs ring loudly and clear.

In her bright-lighted tapestry chamber,
  So full of magical charms,
My own sweet darling awaits me,
  I hasten into her arms.

The wind in the leaves is sighing,
  The oak thus whispers to me:
"What means, thou foolish young horseman,
  "Thy foolish reverie?"

64.

A GLITTERING star is falling
  From its shining home in the air;
The star of love 'tis surely
  That I see falling there.

The blossoms and leaves in plenty
  From the apple tree fall each day
The merry breezes approach them,
  And with them merrily play.

The swan in the pool is singing,
  And up and down doth he steer,
And, singing gently ever,
  Dips under the water clear.

All now is silent and darksome,
  The leaves and blossoms decay,
The star has crumbled and vanish'd,
  The song of the swan died away.

65.

THE Dream-God brought me to a castle vast,
  Where magic fragrance reign'd and lights were
    gleaming,
And through its mazy-winding chambers pass'd
  A chequer'd throng, still onward, onward streaming.
The pale crowd seek the exit-portal fast,
  Wringing their hands, and full of terror screaming,
And knights and maidens mingle in the throng,
And I myself am with them borne along.

But suddenly I stand alone, for, lo,
  The crowd hath vanish'd and from sight departed;
I wander on, and through the chambers go,
  All strangely winding, silent and deserted;
My foot is leaden, and I scarcely know
  How to escape, thus sadden'd and faint-hearted.
At length the farthest portal I descry,
And seek to pass—great heavens, what meets mine eye!

It was my love, who at the door did stand,
  Grief on her lips, her brow in tribulation.
I sought to fly,—she beckon'd with her hand,
  Whether to warn me, or in indignation:

Yet gleam'd her eye like some sweet glowing brand,
  Setting my heart and brain in conflagration
And as she gazed with looks of passion deep,
Blended with sternness, I awoke from sleep.

66.

THE midnight was cold, in plaintive mood
  I wander'd mournfully through the wood;
I shook the trees from out of their sleep,
They shook their heads with pity deep.

67.

BENEATH the crossway buried,
  The suicide lies here,
Where grows a charming blue flow'ret,
  The culprit-flower so dear.

I stood by the crossway sighing,
  The night was chilly and drear,
While slowly moved in the moonlight
  The culprit-flower so dear.

68.

WHERESOE'ER I go, there darkles
  Round me gloom and utter night,
Now that there no longer sparkles
  On me, love, thine eyes' sweet light.

Quench'd are all the golden blisses
  That love's star upon me smil'd;
'Neath my feet the dread abyss is,—
  Night primeval, take thy child!

69.

NIGHT lay upon mine eyelids,
  Upon my mouth lay lead;
I in my grave was lying,
  With frozen heart and head.

How long it was I know not
  That I in slumber lay;
I woke and heard a knocking
  Upon my grave one day.

"Wilt thou not rise up, Henry?
 "The Judgment Day is this,
"The dead have all arisen,
 "To taste of endless bliss."

I cannot rise, my darling,
 For I have lost my sight;
Mine eyes, through very weeping,
 Are veil'd in darkest night.

"I'll kiss away the darkness,
 "My Henry, from thine eyes;
"The angels shalt thou see then,
 "The glory of the skies."

I cannot rise, my darling,
 The wound is bleeding yet,
Made by thee in my bosom
 With one sharp word and threat.

"My hand all gently, Henry,
 "I'll lay upon thy heart;
"It then will bleed no longer,
 "And heal'd will be the smart."

I cannot rise, my darling,
 My head still bleeds amain!
'Twas there the bullet enter'd,
 When thou wert from me ta'en.

"With my long tresses, Henry,
 "I'll stanch the bleeding wound,
"And drive the blood-stream backwards,
 "And make thy head thus sound."

So gently, sweetly pray'd she,
 I could not spurn her prayer;
I sought to rise and hasten
 To join my mistress fair.

Then all my wounds 'gan bleeding,
 Then, wildly rushing, broke
From head and breast the bloodstream,
 And lo!—from sleep I woke.

70.

THE numbers old and evil,
The dreams so harrowing,
Let's bury all together,—
A mighty coffin bring!

I'll place there much, but say not
What 'tis, till all is done;
The coffin must be larger
Than Heidelberg's vast tun.

And also bring a death-bier,
Of boards full stout and sound;
They also must be longer
Than Mayence bridge renown'd.

And also bring twelve giants
Whose strength of limb excels
Saint Christopher's, whose shrine in
Cologne Cathedral dwells.

The coffin they must carry,
And sink beneath the wave;
For such a mighty coffin
Must have a mighty grave.

Why was the coffin, tell me,
So great and hard to move?
I in it placed my sorrows,
And in it placed my love.

THE GODS' TWILIGHT.

FAIR May has come with her bright golden radiance,
And silken gales and fragrant spicy odours,
And kindly lures us with her snowy blossoms,
And from a thousand blue-eyed violets greets us,
And spreads abroad her flowery verdant carpet,
With morning dew and sunshine interwoven,
And summons all her favourite human children.
At her first call the bashful people come;
The men in haste put on their nankeen breeches,
And Sunday coats with golden glassy buttons;
The women don the white of innocence,
The youths take care to curl their spring-mustachios,
The maidens bid their bosoms softly heave;

The city poets cram into their pockets
Paper, lead-pencil, and lorgnette; and gaily
The eddying moving crowd draw near the gateway,
And lie at ease on the green turf beyond,
Amazed to see how much the trees have sprouted,—
Play with the tender colour'd flowerets fair,
List to the song of merry birds above them,
And shout exulting tow'rds the vault of heaven.

* * * * *

To me came also May, and three times knock'd she
Against my door and cried: "Behold sweet May!
"Thou palefaced dreamer, come; I fain would kiss thee!"
But I my door kept bolted, and I cried:
"In vain thou seek'st to tempt me, evil stranger.
"I long have seen thee through, I've seen through also
"The fabric of the world, and seen too much,
"And much too deep, and fled is all my pleasure,
"And endless torments quiver in my heart.
"I see through all the stony hard outsides
"Of human houses and of human bosoms,
"And see in both deceit and woe and falsehood.
"I've learnt to read the thoughts on every face,—
"All evil! In the maiden's shamefaced blushes
"I see the trembling of a secret lust;
"On the inspired and haughty head of youth
"I see the laughing chequer'd fool's cap jingling;
"And caric'tures alone and sickly shadows
"I see upon this earth, and live in doubt
"Whether a madhouse 'tis, or hospital.
"The old earth's crust I see through but too plainly
"As though it were of crystal,—see the horrors
"Which May is vainly striving to conceal
"With pleasing verdure. There I see the dead;
"They lie beneath, in their small coffins prison'd,
"With hands together folded, eyes wide open,
"White is their garment, white their face as well,
"And yellow worms from out their lips are crawling.
"I see the son with his loved mistress sitting
"And toying with her on his father's grave.
"Derisive songs the nightingales are singing,
"The gentle meadow flow'rets laugh with malice,
"And the dead father moveth in his grave,
"While the old mother-earth with pain doth shudder."

O thou poor earth, thy sorrows know I well!
I see the glow that in thy breast is heaving,
Thy thousand veins I see all bleeding freely,
And see thy gaping wounds all, all torn open,
While flames and smoke and blood stream wildly forth
I see thy proud defiant giant-children,
Primeval monsters, from dark gulfs arising
And swinging ruddy torches in their hands.
Their iron scaling-ladders they advance,
And wildly rush to storm the forts of heaven,
And swarthy dwarfs climb after them; with crackling
Each golden star on high like dust is scatter'd.
With daring hand they tear the golden curtain
From God's own tent; the blessed troops of angels
Fall headlong down with howling at the sight.
The pale God sits upon his awful throne,
Tears from his head his crown, and tears his hair.—
Still onward, onward press the savage crew,
The giants fiercely hurl their blazing torches
Into the realms of heaven, the dwarfs strike wildly
With flaming scourges on the angels' backs,
Who twist and writhe in ecstasy of anguish,
And by the hair are seized and whirl'd away.
And my own angel likewise see I there,
With his blond locks, his sweet expressive features,
With everlasting love around his mouth,
And with beatitude in his blue eyes.
A fearful hideous swarthy goblin comes,
Tears him from off the ground, my poor pale angel,
Grins as he ogles his fair noble limbs,
And clasps him firmly in his soft embraces,—
A yell re-echoes through the universe,
The pillars crash, and earth and heaven are hurl'd
Headlong together, and old night is lord.

RATCLIFF.*

THE Dream-God brought me to a landscape fair
Where weeping willows nodded me a welcome
With their long verdant arms, and where the flowers
Gazed on me mutely with wise sisters' eyes,

* See Heine's Tragedy of that name.

Where the birds' twittering resounded sweetly,
Where the dogs' barking seem'd to me familiar,
And voices kindly greeted me, and figures,
Like an old friend; and yet where everything
Appear'd so strange, beyond description strange.
Before a pretty country-house I stood,
My bosom in me moving, but my head
All peaceful, and the dust with calmness shook I
From off my travelling garments; shrilly sounded
The bell I rang, and then the door was open'd.

Inside were men and women, many faces
To me well known. Still sorrow lay on all,
And secret fearful grief. With strange emotion,
Wellnigh with looks of pity, on me gazed they
Till my own soul with terror was pervaded,
As though foreboding some unknown misfortune.
Old Margaret I straightway recognised,
Gazed on her fixedly, but yet she spake not.
"Where is Maria?" ask'd I, yet she spake not,
But softly seized my hand, and led me on
Through many a long and brightly-lighted chamber,
Where splendour, pomp, and deathlike silence reign'd,
And to a darksome room at length she brought me,
And, with her face averted from me, pointed
Toward the form that sat upon the sofa.
"Art thou Maria?" ask'd I. Inwardly
I was myself astounded at the firmness
With which I spoke. Like stone and hollow
Sounded a voice: "That is the name they call me."
A piercing agony straight froze me through,
For that cold hollow tone, alas, was yet
The once enchanting voice of my Maria!
And yonder woman in pale lilac dress,
In negligent attire, with unveil'd bosom,
With glassy staring eyes, like leather seeming
The muscles of the cheeks of her white face,—
Alas, that woman once was the most lovely,
The blooming, pleasing, sweet and kind Maria!
"Your travels have been long," she said aloud
In cold, unpleasing, but familiar accents,-
"You look no longer languishing, my friend,
"You're well in health, your loins and calves elastic

"Show your solidity." A silly smile
Play'd the while round her yellow, pallid mouth.
In my confusion utter'd I these accents:
"I've been inform'd that thou art married now?"
"Ah yes!" she carelessly replied with laughing:
"I have a stick of wood that's cover'd over
With leather, call'd a husband. Still, for all that,
Wood is but wood!" And then she laugh'd perversely
Till chilling anguish through my spirit ran,
And doubt upon me seized:—are those the modest,
The flowery-modest lips of my Maria?
But presently she rose, took quickly up
From off the chair her cashmere shawl, and threw it
Around her neck, my arm took hold of then,
Drew me away, and through the open housedoor,
And led me on through thicket, field, and meadow.

The sun's red glowing disk already downward
Was hast'ning, and its purple rays were beaming
Over the trees and flowers, and o'er the river
That flow'd majestically in the distance.
"See'st thou the large and golden eye that's floating
"In the blue water?" cried Maria quickly.
"Hush, thou poor creature!" said I, as I spied
In the dim twilight a strange wondrous motion.
Figures of mist arose from out the plain,
And with white tender arms embraced each other;
The violets eyed each other tenderly,
The lily cups with yearning bent together;
A loving glow in every rose was gleaming,
The pinks would fain in their own breath be kindled,
In blissful odours revell'd every flower,
And every one wept silent tears of rapture,
And all exulting shouted: Love! Love! Love!
The butterflies were fluttering, and the shining
Gold beetles humm'd their gentle fairy songs,
The winds of evening whisper'd, and the oaks
All rustled, and the nightingale sang sweetly;
And amid all the whispering, rustling, singing,
Prated away, with thin cold soundless voice,
The faded woman hanging on my arm:
"I know your nightly longing for the castle;
"Every long shadow is a simpleton,

"That nods and signs precisely as one wishes;
"The blue coat is an angel; but the red coat
"With his drawn sword, is very hostile to you."
And many other things in this strange fashion
Continued she to say, till, tired at length,
She sat down with me on the mossy bank
That stands beneath the ancient noble oak-tree.
Together there we sat, both sad and silent,
And gazed upon each other, growing sadder.
The oak, as with a dying sigh, was murmuring;
Deep-grieving, sang the nightingale down on us.
But through the leaves a ruddy light was piercing,
And flicker'd round Maria's pallid face,
And lured a glow from out her rigid eyes,
Until with her old darling voice thus spoke she.
"How knewest thou that I am so unhappy?
"I read it lately in thy strange wild numbers.

An ice-cold feeling pierced my breast, I shudder'd
At my own mad delirium, which the future
Saw through, my brain grew giddy with alarm,
And through sheer terror I awoke from sleep.

DONNA CLARA.

In the evening-shaded garden
Rambles the Alcalde's daughter;
Kettle-drums and trumpets loudly
Echo from the lofty castle.

"Wearisome I find the dances,
"And the honied words of flatt'ry,
"And the knights, who so gallantly
"Tell me I the sun resemble.

"Everything is hateful to me
"Since I by the beaming moonlight
"Saw the Knight whose lute allured me
"To the window every evening.

"As he stood, so slim but daring,
"And his eyes shot lightning glances
"From his pale and noble features,
"Truly he Saint George resembled."

In this manner Donna Clara
Thought, and on the ground then looked she;
When she raised her eyes, the handsome
Unknown Knight was standing by her.

Pressing hands with loving whispers
Wander they beneath the moonlight,
And the zephyr gently woos them,
Wondrously the roses greet them

Wondrously the roses greet them,
Like love's messengers all glowing.—
"But, my loved one, prythee tell me
"Why so suddenly thou redden'st?"

"'Twas the flies that stung me, dearest,
"And the flies are, all the summer,
"Quite as much detested by me
"As the long-nosed Jewish fellows."

"Never mind the flies and Jews, dear,"
Said the Knight, with fond caresses.
From the almond-trees are falling
Thousand white and fleecy blossoms.

Thousand white and fleecy blossoms
Their sweet fragrance shed around them.
"But, my loved one, prythee tell me
"Is thy heart devoted to me?"

"Yes, I truly love thee, dearest,
"And I swear it by the Saviour
"Whom the God-detested Jews erst
"Wickedly and vilely murder'd."

"Never mind the Jews and Saviour,"
Said the Knight, with fond caresses.
In the distance snow-white lilies
Dreamily, light-bathed, are bending.

Bathed in light the snow-white lilies
Gaze upon the stars above them:
"But, my loved one, prythee tell me
"Hast thou not a false oath taken?"

"Falsehood is not in me, dearest,
"Since within my breast there flows not
"E'en one single drop of Moor's blood,
"Or of dirty Jew's blood either."

"Never mind the Moors and Jews, dear,
Said the Knight, with fond caresses;
And he to a myrtle bower
Leads the fair Alcalde's daughter.

With the nets of love so tender,
He hath secretly enclosed her!
Short their words and long their kisses,
And their hearts are overflowing.

Like a wedding-song all-melting
Sings the nightingale, the dear one;
Glowworms on the ground are moving,
As if in the torch-dance circling.

Silence reigns within the bower,
Nought is heard except the stealthy
Whispers of the cunning myrtles,
And the breathing of the flowerets.

But soon kettle-drums and trumpets
Echo from the lofty castle,
And, awakening, Clara quickly
From the Knight's arms frees her person.

"Hark, they're calling me, my dearest,
"Yet before we part, thou need'st must
"Thy dear name to me discover
"Which thou hast so long concealèd."

And the Knight, with radiant smiling,
Kiss'd the fingers of his Donna,
Kiss'd her lips and kiss'd her forehead,
And at last these words he uttered:

"I, Señora, I, your loved one,
"Am the son of the much honour'd
"Great and learned scribe, the Rabbi
"Israel of Saragossa."

ALMANSOR.

1.

In fair Cordova's cathedral,
Stand the columns, thirteen hundred,—
Thirteen hundred giant-columns
Bear the mighty dome in safety.

And on dome and walls and columns
From the very top to bottom
The Koran's Arabian proverbs
Twine in wise and flowery fashion.

Moorish Kings erected whilome
This vast house to Allah's glory,
Yet in many parts 'tis alter'd
In the darksome whirl of ages.

On the turret where the watchman
Summon'd unto prayer the people,
Now the Christian bell is sounding
With its melancholy murmur.

On the steps whereon the faithful
Used to sing the Prophet's sayings,
Now baldpated priests exhibit
All the mass's trivial wonders.

How they twirl before the colour'd
Puppets, full of antic capers,
Midst the incense smoke and ringing,
While the senseless tapers sparkle!

In fair Cordova's cathedral
Stands Almansor ben Abdullah,
Viewing silently the columns,
And these words in silence murmuring:

"O ye columns, strong, gigantic,
"Once adorn'd in Allah's glory,
"Now must ye pay humble homage
"To this Christendom detested.

"To the times have ye submitted,
"And ye bear the burden calmly;
"Still more reason for the weaker
"To be patient all the sooner."

And Almansor ben Abdullah
Bent his head with face unruffled
O'er the font so decorated
In fair Cordova's cathedral.

2.

THE cathedral left he quickly,
On his wild steed speeding onward,
While his moist locks and the feathers
In his hat the wind is moving.

On the road to Alcolea,
By the side of Guadalquivir,
Where the snowy almond blossoms,
And the fragrant golden orange,

Thither hastes the merry rider,
Piping, singing, laughing gaily,
And the birds all swell the chorus,
And the torrent's noisy waters

In the fort at Alcolea,
Dwelleth Clara de Alvares;
In Navarre her sire is fighting,
And she revels in her freedom.

And afar Almansor heareth
Sounds of kettle drums and trumpets,
And the castle lights beholds he
Glittering through the trees' dark shadows.

In the fort at Alcolea
Dance twelve gaily trick'd-out ladies
With twelve knights attired as gaily,
But Almansor's the best dancer.

As if wing'd by merry fancies,
Round about the hall he flutters,
Knowing how to all the ladies
To address sweet flattering speeches.

Isabella's lovely hands he
Kisses quickly, and then leaves her,
And before Elvira stands he,
Looking in her face so archly.

He in turns assures each lady
That he heartily adores her;
"On the true faith of a Christian"
Swears he thirty times that evening.

8.

IN the fort at Alcolea
Merriment and noise have ceased now,
Knights and ladies all have vanish'd,
And the lights are all extinguish'd.

Donna Clara and Almansor
In the hall above still linger,
And one single lamp is throwing
On them both its feeble lustre.

On the seat the lady's sitting,
And the knight upon the footstool,
And his head, by sleep o'erpower'd,
On her darling knees is resting.

From a golden flask some rose-oil
Pours the lady, sadly musing,
On Almansor's dark-brown tresses,—
From his inmost bosom sighs he.

With her soft lips then the lady
Gives a sweet kiss, sadly musing,
On Almansor's dark-brown tresses,—
And his brow is clouded over.

From her light eyes tears in torrents
Weeps the lady, sadly musing,
On Almansor's dark-brown tresses,—
And his lips begin to quiver.

And he dreams he's once more standing
With his head bent down and weeping
In fair Cordova's cathedral,
Many gloomy voices hearing.

All the lofty giant-columns
Hears he murmuring full of anger,—
That no longer will they bear it,
And they totter and they tremble.

And they wildly fall together,
Pale turn all the priests and people,
Crashing falls the dome upon them,
And the Christian gods wail loudly.

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

1.

THE mother stood by the window,
  The son in bed lay he.
"Wilt thou not rise up, William,
  "The fair procession to see?"—

"I am so ill, my mother,
  "I neither see nor hear;
"I think of my poor dead Gretchen,
  "My heart is breaking near."

"Arise, let's go to Kevlaar,
  "Take book and rosary too;
"The mother of God will heal thee,
  "And cure thy sick heart anew."

In church-like tones they are singing,
  The banners flutter on high;
At Cologne on the Rhine this happens,
  The proud procession moves by.

The crowd the mother follows,
  Her son she leadeth now,
And both of them sing in chorus:
  "O Mary, blessed be thou!"

2.

THE mother of God at Kevlaar,
  Her best dress wears to-day;
Full much hath she to accomplish,
  So great the sick folks' array.

The sick folk with them are bringing,
  As offerings fitting and meet,
Strange limbs of wax all fashion'd,
  Yes, waxen hands and feet.

And he who a wax hand offers,
  Finds cured in his hand the wound,
And he who a wax foot proffers,
  Straight finds his foot grow sound.

To Kevlaar went many on crutches
  Who now on the tight rope skip,
And many a palsied finger
  O'er the viol doth merrily trip.

The mother took a waxlight,
And out of it fashion'd a heart:
"My son, take that to God's mother,
"And she will cure thy smart."

The son took, sighing the wax-heart,
Went with sighs to the shrine so blest,
The tears burst forth from his eyelids,
The words burst forth from his breast:

"Thou highly-favour'd blest one!
"Thou pure and godlike maid!
"Thou mighty queen of heaven,
"To thee my woes be display'd!

"I with my mother was dwelling
"In yonder town of Cologne,
"The town that many a hundred
"Fair churches and chapels doth own.

"And near us there dwelt my Gretchen,
"Who, alas! is dead to-day;
"O, Mary, I bring thee a wax-heart,
"My heart's wounds cure, I pray.

"My sick heart cure, O cure thou,
"And early and late my vow
"I'll pay, and sing with devotion:
"'O Mary, blessed be thou!'"

3.

THE poor sick son and his mother
In their little chamber slept,
The mother of God to their chamber
All lightly, lightly crept.

She bent herself over the sick one,
Her hand with action light
Upon his heart placed softly,
Smiled sweetly and vanish'd from sight.

The mother saw all in her vision,
Saw this and saw much more;
From out of her slumber woke she,
The hounds were baying full sore.

Her son was lying before her,
And dead her son he lay,
While over his pale cheeks gently
The light of morning did play.

Her hands the mother folded,
She felt she knew not how;
With meekness sang she and softly:
"O Mary, blessed be thou!"

THE DREAM.

(From *Salons*)

A VISION I dreamt of a lovely child,
She wore her hair in tresses.
In the blue nights of summer so calm and mild
We sat in the greenwood's recesses.

In mutual rapture and torture we vied.
We loved and exchanged loving kisses;
The yellow stars in the heavens all sigh'd
And seem'd to envy our blisses.

I now am awake, and around me gaze
In the darkness, alone and despairing;
The stars in the heavens are shedding their rays
In silence and all-uncaring.

NEW POEMS.

1. SERAPHINA.

1.

WHEN at evening in the forest,
In the dreamlike wood I rove,
Ever doth thy slender figure
Close beside me softly move.

See I not thy gentle features?
Is it not thy veil that stirs?
Can it be the moonlight only
Breaking through the gloomy firs?

Can it be mine own tears only
That I hear all-lightly flow?
Or my loved one, dost thou really
Close beside me weeping go?

2.

O'ER the silent strand of ocean
Night appears in gloomy splendour;
From the clouds the moon is breaking,
As the waves these whispers send her:

"Yonder mortal, is he foolish,
"Or is he by love tormented,
"That he looks so sad, yet joyous,
"So distress'd, yet so contented?"

But the moon, with smiles replying,
Loudly said: "Full well I know it;
"He is both in love and foolish,
"And moreover is a poet."

3.

'TIS surely a snowwhite seamew
That I see fluttering there
Just over the darksome billows;
The moon stands high in the air.

The shark and the ray snap fiercely
From out of the wave, and stare;
The seamew is rising and falling,
The moon stands high in the air.

O dear and wandering spirit,
So sad and full of despair!
Too near art thou to the water,
The moon stands high in the air.

4.

I KNEW that thou didst love me,
I knew it long, dear maid;
Yet when thou didst confess it
I felt full sore afraid.

I clamber'd up the mountain
With loud exulting song,
At sunset rambled weeping
The ocean shore along.

The sun my heart resembleth,
So flaming to the sight,
And in a loving ocean
It setteth, great and bright.

5.

HOW curiously the seamew
Looks over at us, dear,
Because against thy lips I
So firmly press my ear!

She maybe would discover
What from thy mouth did flow,—
If words alone or kisses
Thou in my ear didst threw.

O could I but decipher
What 'tis that fills my mind!
The words are with the kisses
So wondrously combined.

6.

AS timid as the roe she fled,
And with its fleetness vying;
She clamber'd on from crag to crag,
Her hair behind her flying.

Where to the sea the cliffs descend,
At length I caught the rover;
And gently there with gentle words
Her coy heart soon won over.

High as the heavens we sat, both fill'd
With heavenly blest emotion;
Beneath us by degrees the sun
Sank in the dark deep ocean.

In the dark sea beneath us far
The beauteous sun sank proudly;
The billows with impetuous joy
Were meanwhile roaring loudly.

Weep not, the sun in yonder waves
Hath not for ever perish'd,
But lieth hidden in my heart,
Where all its glow is cherish'd.

7.

UPON this rock we build the Church
Which (type of our to-morrow)
Proclaims the third New Testament,
And ended is our sorrow.

The twofold nature that so long
  Deceived us, is abolish'd;
Our olden fierce corporeal pangs
  Are now at length demolish'd.

Hear'st thou the God in yon dark sea?
  He speaks with thousand voices;
See'st thou how overhead God's sky
  With thousand lights rejoices?

Almighty God is in the light,
  As in the dark abysses,
And everything there is, is God,
  He is in all our kisses.

8.

GRAY night broodeth o'er the ocean,
  And the tiny stars are sparkling;
Long protracted voices oft-times
  Sound from out the billows darkling.

There the aged north wind sporteth
  With the glassy waves of ocean,
Which like organ pipes are skipping
  With a never-ceasing motion.

Partly heathenish, partly churchlike,
  Strangely doth this music move us,
As it rises boldly upwards,
  Gladdening e'en the stars above us.

And the stars, still larger growing,
  With a radiant joy are gleaming;
And at length around the heavens
  Roam, with sunlike lustre beaming.

To far-reaching strains of music
  They revolve in madden'd legions;
Sunny nightingales are circling
  In those fair and blissful regions.

With a mighty roar and crashing,
  Sea and heaven alike are singing,
And I feel a giant-rapture
  Wildly through my bosom ringing.

9.

SHADOWY love and shadowy kisses,
Shadowy life, how wondrous strange!
Fool, dost think, then, that all this is
Ever true and free from change?

Like an empty dream hath vanish'd
All we loved with love so deep;
Memory from the heart is banish'd,
And the eyes are closed in sleep.

10.

THE maid stood by the ocean.
And long and deep sigh'd she
With heartfelt sad emotion,
The setting sun to see.

Sweet maiden, why this fretting?
An olden trick is here:
Although before us setting,
He rises in our rear.

11.

WITH sails all black my ship sails on
Far over the raging sea;
Thou know'st full well how sad am I,
And yet tormentest me.

Thy heart is faithless as the wind,
And flutters ceaselessly;
With sails all black my ship sails on
Far over the raging sea.

12.

THOUGH shamefully thou didst entreat me,
To no man would I e'er unfold it,
But travell'd far over the billows,
And unto the fishes I told it.

I've left thee thy good reputation
With earth and the beings upon her,
But every depth of the ocean
Knows fully thy tale of dishonour.

13.

THE roaring waves are dashing
High on the strand;
They're swelling and they're crashing
Over the sand.

They come in noisy fashion
Unceasingly,—
At length burst into passion,—
But what care we?

14.

THE Runic stone 'mongst the waves stands high,
There sit I, with thoughts far roaming;
The wind pipes loudly, the seamews cry,
The billows are curling and foaming.

I've loved full many a charming girl,
Loved many a comrade proudly—
Where are they now? The billows curl
And foam, and the wind pipes loudly.

15.

THE sea appears all golden
Beneath the sunlit sky,
O let me there be buried,
My brethren, when I die.

The sea I have always loved so,
It oft hath cool'd my breast
With its refreshing billows,
Each in the other's love blest.

2. ANGELICA.

1.

NOW that heaven my wish hath granted,
Why be dumb, like mutes inglorious,—
I who, when unhappy, chanted
Of my woe with noise uproarious,

Till a thousand youths despairing
Sang like me with voices hollow,
And the song I sang uncaring
Made still greater mischief follow?

O ye nightingale-like chorus,
That I bear within my spirit,
Let your song of joy rise o'er us
Merrily, that all may hear it.

2.

ONCE more behind thee thou wert looking,
Swiftly as thou didst past me glide,
With open mouth, as if inquiring,
And in thy look a stormy pride.

O that I ne'er had sought to grasp it,
That flowing robe of snowy white!
The little foot's enchanting traces,
O that they ne'er had met my sight!

Thy wildness now indeed hath vanish'd,
Like other women tame art thou,
And mild, and somewhat over-civil,
And, ah, thou even lov'st me now.

3.

I'LL not credit, youthful beauty,
What thy bashful lips may say;
Eyes so black and large and rolling
Are not much in virtue's way.

Strip away this brown-striped falsehood—
Well and truly love I thee;
Let thy white heart kiss me, dearest—
White heart, understand'st thou me?

4.

UPON her mouth I give a kiss,
And close her either eye;
She gives me now no peace for this,
But asks the reason why.

From night to morn, because of this,
This is her constant cry:
"When on my mouth thou giv'st a kiss,
"Why close my either eye?"

I tell her not the cause of this,
Nor know the reason why,
Yet on her mouth I give a kiss,
And close her either eye.

WHEN I am made blest with kisses delicious,
And lie in thine arms, O in that happy season
Thou ne'er must discourse of Germany, dearest,—
It spoils my digestion,—there's plenty of reason.

With Germany leave me in peace, I implore thee,
Thou must not torment me with question on question
Of home and relations and manner of living,—
There's plenty of reason,—it spoils my digestion.

The oaks there are green, and blue are the dear eyes
Of German women; they sigh as they please on
The blisses of love and of hope and religion,—
It spoils my digestion,—there's plenty of reason.

6.

WHILST I after other people
And their treasures have been prying,
And with ever-restless yearning,
At strange doors of love been spying,

Probably those other people
Have been taking their own pleasure
Similarly, and been ogling
At my window my own treasure.

This is human! God in heaven
In our every action guard us!
God in heaven give us blessings,
And with happiness reward us!

7.

O YES, thou art my ideal forsooth,
I've often confirmed it till dizzy
With kisses and oaths unnumber'd in truth;—
To-day I however am busy.

Return to-morrow between two and three,
And then a fresh-kindled passion
Shall prove my love, and afterwards we
Will dine in a friendly fashion.

And if I in time the tickets receive,
We'll join in a merry revel,
And go to the Opera, where I believe
They're playing Robert the Devil.

A wondrous magic play is here,
  With devils' loves and curses;
The music is by Meyerbeer,
  By Scribe the wretched verses.

8.

DISMISS me not, although thy thirst
  The pleasant draught has still'd;
Some three months longer keep me on,
  Till I too have been fill'd.

If thou my love canst not remain,
  O be my friend, I pray;
For when one has outloved one's love,
  Friendship may have its way.

9.

THIS wild carnival of loving,
  This delirium of our bosoms
Comes unto an end, and now we
Soberly gape on each other!

Drain'd the cup is to the bottom,
Brimming with intoxication,
Foaming, glowing to the margin;
Drain'd the cup is to the bottom.

And the fiddles too are silent,
Which for dancing gave the signal,
Signal for the dance of passion;
Yes, the fiddles too are silent.

And the lamps too are extinguish'd,
Which their wild light shed so brightly
On the masquerade exciting;
Yes, the lamps too are extinguish'd.

And to-morrow comes Ash-Wednesday,
When I ll sign upon thy forehead
With the cross of ashes, saying:
"Woman, that thou'rt dust, forget not."

10

O HOW rapidly develop
  From mere fugitive sensations
Passions that are fierce and boundless,
  Tenderest associations!

Tow'rds this lady grows the bias
Of my heart on each occasion,
And that I'm enamoured of her
Has become my firm persuasion.

Beauteous is her spirit. Truly
Thus I learn to rise superior
To the overpowering beauty
Of her form and mere exterior.

Ah, what hips! and, ah, what forehead!
Ah, what nose! Could aught serener
Be than this sweet smile she's wearing?
And how noble her demeanour!

11.

AH, how fair art thou, whenever
Thou thy mind disclosest sweetly,
And thy language with the grandest
Sentiments o'erflows discreetly!

When thou tell'st me how thou always
Worthily and nobly thoughtest;
How unto thy pride of heart thou
Greatest sacrifices broughtest!

How with countless millions even
Men could woo and win thee never;
Sooner than be sold for money
Thou wouldst quit this world for ever.

And I stand before thee, listening
To the end with due emotion;
Like an image mute of faith, I
Fold my hands with meek devotion.

12.

HAVE no fear, dear soul, I pray thee,
Thou art safe here evermore;
Fear not lest they'll take away thee,
For I'll forthwith bar the door.

Though the wind may roar around us,
It will do no mischief here;
That a fire may not confound us,
Let us put the light out, dear!

Let me in mine arm, dear small one,
  Thy enchanting neck enfold;
In the absence of a shawl, one
  Gets so very quickly cold.

3. DIANA.

1.

THESE fair limbs, of size so massive,
  Of colossal womanhood,
  Now are, in a yielding mood,
Under my embraces passive.

Had I, with unbridled passion,
  Trusting in my strength drawn near,
  I had soon had cause for fear!
She had thrashed me in strange fashion.

How her bosom, neck, throat charm me
  (Higher I can scarcely see);
  Ere alone I'd with her be,
Pray I that she may not harm me.

2.

'TWAS in the Bay of Biscay
  That she first saw the light;
Two kittens in the cradle
  She squeezed to death outright.

Across the Pyrenees she
  With feet uncover'd ran;
Then for her size gigantic
  Was shown at Perpignan.

She's now the grandest dame in
  The Faubourg Saint-Denis,
Where unto small Sir William
  Some thousand pounds costs she.

3.

OFTEN when I am with thee,
  Much-beloved and noble lady,
The remembrance steals o'er me
  Of Bologna's market shady.

There a massive fount doth stand—
'Tis the Giants' Fountain pretty—
With a Neptune, by the hand
Of Giovanni of that city.

4. HORTENSE.

1.

ONCE I thought each kiss a woman
Gives us, or receives instead,
By some influence superhuman
Was from old predestinèd.

I both took and gave back willing
Kisses then as earnestly
As if I were but fulfilling
Actions of necessity.

Kisses are superfluous,—this I
Have discover'd on life's stage,
And with small concern now kiss I,
Heedless of the surplusage.

2.

BESIDE the corner of the street
We stood in fond communion
For full an hour, and talked about
Our spirits' loving union.

We loved each other—this we said
A hundred times repeating;
Beside the corner of the street
We stood, and went on greeting.

The Goddess of Occasion, brisk
As waiting maids, and sprightly,
Pass'd by that way and saw us stand,
And smiled, and went on lightly.

3.

IN all my dreams by daytime,
In all my watchings nightly,
Thy sweet delicious laughter
Rings through my spirit lightly.

Rememberst Montmorency,
  Where, on the donkey riding,
Thou fell'st among the thistles,
  From off the saddle gliding?

The ass stood still, the thistles
  Demurely looking after,—
I never shall forget, love,
  Thy sweet delicious laughter.

4.

(*She speaks.*)

IN the garden fair a tree stands,
  And an apple hangeth there.
And around the trunk a serpent
  Coils himself, and I can ne'er
From the serpent's eyes enchanting
  Turn away my troubled sight,
And he whispers words alluring,
  And enthrals me with delight.

(*The other one speaks.*)

'Tis the fruit of life thou spyest,—
  Its delicious flavour taste,
That thy life until thou diest
  May not be for ever waste?
Darling dove, sweet child, no sighing!
  Quickly taste, and never fear;
Follow my advice, relying
  On thy aunt's sage counsel, dear

5.

ON my newly-tuned guitar I
  Play new tunes that seem much fitter
Old the text is, for the words are
  Solomon's: A woman's bitter.

To her husband she is faithless,
  And she treats her friend with malice;
Wormwood are the last remaining
  Drops in love's once-golden chalice

Tell me, is the ancient legend
  Of the curse of sin no libel?
Did the serpent bring it on thee,
  As recorded in the Bible?

Creeping on the earth, the serpent
  Lurks in every bush around thee,
Still, as formerly, caresses,
  And her hisses still confound thee.

Ah, how cold and dark 'tis growing!
  Round the sun the ravens hover
Croakingly, and love and rapture
  Now for evermore are over.

6.

THE bliss that thou didst falsely pledge
  For but a short time cheated;
Thine image, like a vision false,
  Soon from my bosom fleeted.

The morning came, the mist soon f
  Before the sun's rays splendid;
And wellnigh ere it had commenced,
  Our passing fondness ended.

5. CLARISSA.

1.

ALL my charming loving offers
  Thou art eagerly declining;
If I say: "Is this refusal?"
  Thou at once beginnest whining.

Seldom pray I, but now hear me,
  Gracious God! O help this maiden!
Dry her sweet tears, and enlighten
  Her poor brains so sorrow-laden!

2.

WHERESOEVER thou mayst wander,
  Thou dost every hour behold me,
And I love thee all the fonder,
  When thou dost rebuke and scold me.

Charming malice will ensnare me,
  While I hate a kindly action;
And the surest way to scare me,
  Is to love me to distraction.

3.

MAY the devil take thy mother
  And thy father, for their cruel
Conduct at the play, in hiding
  Thee from me, my precious jewel!

There they sat, their spreading dresses
  Leaving but few spaces only
Through the which to spy thee sitting
  In the box's rear, all lonely.

There they sat, and saw two lovers
  Both destroy'd, with eyes admiring;
And they clapp'd a loud approval
  When they saw them both expiring.

4.

GO not through the naughty quarters
  Where the pretty eyes are living;
Ah, they fain would spare their lightnings
  With a semblance of forgiving.

From the high bow-window looking
  In a loving way they greet thee,
Smiling kindly (death and devil!)
  Sisterlike their glances meet thee.

But thou'rt on thy way already,
  And in vain is all thy striving;
Thou wilt have a very breastful
  Of distress, when home arriving.

IT comes too late, thy present smiling,
  It comes too late, thy present sigh!
The feelings all long since have perish'd
  That thou didst spurn so cruelly.

Too late has come thy love responsive,
My heart thou vainly seek'st to stir
With burning looks of love, all falling
Like sunbeams on a sepulchre.

This would I learn: when life is ended,
O whither doth our spirit go?
Where is the flame when once extinguish'd?
The wind, when it hath ceased to blow?

6.

WOUNDED, in distress, and sickly,
On a lovely summer's morrow
Men I fly, and bury quickly
In the wood my bitter sorrow.

As I move, in mute compassion
All the noisy birds are vying;
At my grief in wondrous fashion
Each dark linden-tree is sighing.

In the vale I sadly sit on
Some green bank, sweet balm exhaling:
"Kitten! O my pretty kitten!"
And the hills repeat my wailing.

Kitten! O my pretty kitten!
Why delightest thou to do ill?
Sadly is my poor heart smitten
By thy tiger-talons cruel.

For my heart, grown stern and sadden'd,
Long had been to joy a stranger,
Till by new love I was gladden'd
At thy sight, and fear'd no danger.

Thou in secret seem'dst to mew thus:
"Have no fear of being bitten;
"Prythee trust me when I sue thus,
"I'm a very gentle kitten."

*

7.

WHILST sweet Philomel in
Woods at random sings and wildly,
Thou preferrest the canary
Doubtless, as it flutters mildly.

In the cage I see thee feeding
  This small bird, so tame and yellow,
And it picks thy fingers, pleading
  For some sugar, pretty fellow!

Charming is the scene and moving!
  Angels must enjoy the notion!
I myself, with look approving,
  Drop a tear of deep emotion.

8.

WITH wedding gifts the spring has arrived,
  With music and exultation:
It brings the bridegroom and the bride
  Its hearty congratulation.

It brings its violets, rosebuds fair,
  And jasmine and herbs sweet-scented,
And for the bride asparagus too,—
  The bridegroom's with salad contented.

9.

GOD protect thee from o'erheating,
  And thy heart from palpitation,
Keep thee from excessive eating,
  And excessive perspiration.

As upon thy day of marriage
  May thy love be ever blessèd!
Ne'er the bridal yoke disparage!
  Be thy frame with health possessed!

10.

PRETTY maid, if so inclined,
  Thou mayst now thus think anent me:
This man's conduct is unkind,
  For he's seeking to torment me;—

Me, who never said a word
  That could possibly offend him;
Who, when others' blame I heard,
  Did my utmost to befriend him.

Me, who had resolved in fact
  By-and-by to love him dearly,
Had he not begun to act
  As if he were frantic nearly!

ii.

HOW thou snarlest, laughest, broodest.
  How thou in ill humour twistest,
When thou, to all love a stranger,
  Yet on jealousy existest!

'Tis not red and fragrant roses
  Thou dost smell and love so dearly;
No, amongst the thorns thou sniffest,
  Till they scratch thy nose severely.

6. YOLANTE AND MARY.

1.

BOTH these ladies know by instinct
  How a poet well to treat,
For they ask'd me and my genius
  Luncheon with them once to eat.

Ah! the soup was quite delicious,
  And the wine was old and rare,
And the game was really heavenly,
  And well-larded was the hare.

They of poetry kept talking,
  Till I had enough at last,
And I thank'd them for the honour
  Of this very kind repast.

2.

WITH which shall I become enamour'd,
  Since both are loveable and mild?
The mother's still a pretty woman,
  The daughter is a pretty child.

The white and inexperienced members
  Are very pleasant to the view,
And yet the genial eyes that answer
  Our tenderness are charming too.

My heart the jackass grey resembles,
  Who when 'twixt two hay-bundles placed
Eyes them with hesitation, doubting
  Which of the two the best will taste.

3.

THE bottles are empty, the breakfast was good,
The ladies are gay and impassion'd;
They open their corsets in right merry mood,
Methinks they with point lace are fashion'd.

Their bosoms how fair! Their shoulders how white!
My heart is soon trembling all over;
They presently jump on the bed with delight,
And hide themselves under the cover.

The curtains around them before long they pull,
And snore away, free from intrusion;
I stand in the chamber alone, like a fool
And stare at the bed in confusion.

4.

NOW that I'm fast growing older,
Youth's by keener fire replaced,
And my arm, becoming bolder,
Circles many a loving waist.

Though at first they were affrighted,
Yet they soon were reconcil'd;
Modest doubts and wrath united
Were o'ercome by flattery mild.

Yet the best of all is wanting
When I taste my victory;
Can it be my youth's enchanting
Bashful weak stupidity?

5.

THIS tricolour'd flow'r now worn is
In my breast, to show I'm free,
Proving that my heart freeborn is,
And a foe to slavery.

Sweet Queen Mary, who thy quarters
In my heart hast fix'd, pray list:
Many of earth's fairest daughters
There have reign'd, then been dismiss'd.

7. EMMA.

1.

HE stands as firm as a tree stem,
  In heat and tempest and frost;
His toes in the ground are planted,
  His arms are heavenward toss'd.

Thus long is Bagíratha tortured,
  And Brama his torments would end;
He makes the mighty Ganges
  Down from the heavens descend.

But I, my loved one, am vainly
  Tormented and stricken with woe;
From out of thine heavenly eyelids
  No drops of pity e'er flow.

2.

FOUR-and-twenty hours I still must
  Wait, to see my bliss complete,
As her sidelong glances tell me,
  Glances, O how dazzling sweet!

Language is but inexpressive;
  Words are awkward and in vain;
Soon as they are said, the pretty
  Butterfly flies off again.

But a look may last for ever,
  And with joy may fill thy breast,
Making it like some wide heaven,
  Full of starry rapture blest.

3.

NOT one solitary kiss
  After months of loving passion.
So my mouth must still continue
  Dry, in very wretched fashion.

Happiness seem'd once at hand,
  And her breath I e'en felt nigh me
But without my lips e'er touching,
  She, alas! soon fleeted by me.

4.

EMMA, for my satisfaction
Say if I'm distracted driven,
By my love, or is love only
The result of my distraction?

Ah! I'm tortured, charming Emma,
Not alone by my mad loving,
Not alone by loving madness,
But besides by this dilemma.

5.

WHEN I'm with thee, strife and need!
So I on my travels started;
Yet my life, when from thee parted,
Is no life, but death indeed.

Pondering all the livelong night,
I 'twixt death and hell lay choosing—
Ah, methinks this strife confusing
Now has driv'n me mad outright!

6

FAST is creeping on us dreary
Night with many a ghostly shape,
And our souls are growing weary,
And we at each other gape.

Thou art old and I still older,
And our spring has ceased to bloom;
Thou art cold, and I still colder,
At th' approach of winter's gloom.

At the end, how all is sadden'd!
After love's sweet cares are past,
Cares draw nigh, by love ungladden'd,
After life comes death at last.

8. FREDERICA.

1.

O LEAVE Berlin, with its thick-lying sand,
Weak tea, and men who seem so much to know
That they both God, themselves, and all below
With Hegel's reason only understand.

O come to India, to the sunny land,
Where flowers ambrosial their sweet fragrance throw
Where pilgrim troops on tow'rd the Ganges go
With reverence, in white robes, a festal band.

There, where the palm-trees wave, the billows smile,
And on the sacred bank the lotos-tree
Soars up to Indra's castle blue,—yes there,

There will I kneel to thee in trusting style,
And press against thy foot, and say to thee:
"Madam, thou art the fairest of the fair!"

2.

THE Ganges roars; amid the foliage see
The sharp eyes of the antelope, who springs
Disdainfully along; their colour'd wings
The peacocks as they move, show haughtily.

Deep from the bosom of the sunny lea
Rises a newborn race of flowers, sweet things;
With yearning-madden'd voice Cocila sings—
Yes, thou art fair, no woman's like to thee!

God Cama * lurks in all thy features fair,
He dwells within thy bosom's tents so white,
And breathes to thee the sweetest songs he knows.

Upon thy lips Vassant † has made his lair,
I find within thine eyes new worlds of light,
In my own world no more I find repose.

3.

THE Ganges roars; the mighty Ganges swells,
The Himalaya glows in evening's light,
And from the banyan-forest's gloomy night
The elephantine herd breaks forth and yells.

O for a type to show how she excels!
A type of thee, so lovely to the sight,
Thee the incomparable, good and bright,
So that sweet rapture in my bosom dwells.

* The Hindoo god corresponding to Cupid. † Spring.

In vain thou see'st me seek for types, and prate,—
See'st me with feelings struggle, and with rhyme,
And, ah, thou smilest at my pangs of love!

But smile! For when thou smil'st, Gandarvas straight
Seize on the sweet guitar, and all the time
Sing in the golden sunny halls above.

9. CATHERINE.

1.

A BEAUTEOUS star arises o'er my night,
A star which smiles down on me comfort bright,
And new life pledges to supply,—
O do not lie!

As leaps to the moon the sea with sullen roar,
So gladly, wildly, doth my spirit soar
Up to thy blissful light on high,—
O do not lie!

"WILL you not be presented to her?"
The duchess whisper'd once to me.
"On no account! for I to woo her
"Methinks have too much modesty."

How gracefully she stands before me!
I fancy, when I near her go
A newborn life is stealing o'er me,
With newborn joy and newborn woe.

I'm from her kept as though by anguish,
While yearning drives me to draw near;
Her eyes, as they so sweetly languish,
The wild stars of my fate appear.

Her brow is clear, yet in the distance
The future lightning gathers there,
The storm which, spite of all resistance,
My spirit's deepest seat will tear.

Her mouth is lovely, but with terror
I see beneath the roses kiss
The serpents which will prove my error,
With honied scorn and treach'rous kiss.

Impell'd by yearning, still more near I
  Draw to the dear but dangerous place;
Her darling voice already hear I—
  Bright flames her every sentence grace.

"Sir, what's the name"—I hear her utter
  These words—"Of her whose voice I heard?"
I only answer with a stutter:
  "Madam, I did not hear one word!"

3.

YES, I now, a poor magician,
  Like sage Merlin, am held fast
  In my magic ring at last,
In disconsolate condition.

At her feet imprison'd sweetly
  I am lying all the while,
  Gazing on her eyes' sweet smile,
And the hours are passing fleetly.

Thus, for hours, days, weeks behold me!
  Like a vision time has fled,
  Scarcely know I what I said,
And I know not what she told me.

Just as if her lips were dearly
  Press'd to mine, beyond control
  I am stirr'd, till in my soul
I can trace the flames full clearly.

THOU lie'st in my arms so gladly,
  So gladly thou lie'st on my her
I am thy one sole heaven,
  My dearest star thou art.

The foolish race of mortals
  Is swarming far below;
They're shouting and storming and scolding,
  (And each one is right, I well know)

Their cap and bells they jingle,
  And quarrel without a cause,
And with their heavy club-sticks
  They break each other's jaws.

How happy are we, my darling,
That we so far away are;
Thou hidest in thy heaven
Thy head, my dearest star!

5.

I LOVE such white and snowy members,
The thin veil of a spirit tender,
Wild and large eyes, a brow encompass'd
With flowing locks of swarthy splendour.

Thou art indeed the very person
Whom I in every land have sought for,
While girls like thee a man of honour
Like me have always cared and thought for.

The very man thou stand'st in need of
Is found in me. At first thou'lt pay me
Richly with sentiments and kisses,
And then, as usual, wilt betray me.

THE spring's already at the gate
With looks my care beguiling;
The country round appeareth straight
A flower-garden smiling.

My darling sitteth by my side,
In carriage onward fleeting;
She looks on me with tender pride,
Her heart, I feel it beating.

What warbling, what fragrance the sun's light awakes!
Like jewels the verdure is gleaming,
His snowy-blossoming head soon shakes
The sapling with joyous seeming.

The flowers peep forth from the earth to see,
With longing in every feature,
The lovely woman won by me,
And me, the happy creature.

O transient bliss! Across the corn
To-morrow will pass the sickle,
The beauteous spring wither, and I all forlorn
Be left by the woman fickle.

7.

LATELY dreamt I I was walking
In the happy realms of heaven,
Walking with thee, for without thee,
Heaven itself would be a hell.

There I saw th' Elect together,
All the righteous and the godly,
Who had for their souls' salvation
Mortified on earth their bodies.

Fathers of the Church, apostles,
Capuchins and holy hermits,
Strange old fellows, some strange young ones—
'Twas the latter look'd the ugliest!

Very long and saintly faces,
Ample bald pates, also grey beards
(Various Jews were of the number)
Pass'd us, looking stern and solemn.

Not one look upon thee throwing,
Although thou, my pretty darling,
On my arm wert hanging, toying,
Toying, smiling, and coquetting.

One alone upon thee look'd,
And he was the only handsome,
Handsome man of all the number;
And majestic were his features.

Round his lips was human kindness,
In his eyes divine repose,
And he mildly gazed upon thee
As upon the Magdalene.

Ah! I know, he meant it kindly,
None was e'er so pure and noble,
But I, I was notwithstanding
Moved as by an envious feeling;

And, I must confess, I found it
Far from pleasant up in heaven—
May God pardon me! Our Saviour
Jesus Christ I deem'd intrusive

8.

EACH person to this feast enchanting
His mistress takes, and with delight
Roams in the blooming summer night.
I wander alone, for my loved one is wanting.

Like some sick man, I wander all lonely,
And far from the mirth and dancing go,
The music sweet and the lamps' bright glow;
My thoughts are away, and in England only.

I pluck the pinks and I pluck the roses,
Distractedly and full of woe,
And know not on whom the flow'rs to bestow;
My heart soon withers along with the posies.

9.

LONG songless and oppress'd with sadness,
I now compose again with yearning!
Like tears that from us burst with madness
My songs are suddenly returning.

Again I chant, with voice melodious,
Of great love and still greater sorrow;
Of hearts which, to each other odious
To-day, when parted break to-morrow.

I ofttimes think I feel the greeting
Of German oak trees waving o'er me,
With whispers of a glad re-meeting—
A dream! they vanish from before me.

I ofttimes think I hear the singing
Of German nightingales once cherish'd;
Sweetly their notes are round me clinging—
A dream! the vision soon has perish'd.

Where are the roses whose delicious
Perfume once bless'd me? Every blossom
Long since has died! With taint pernicious
Their ghostly scent still haunts my bosom.

10. SONGS OF CREATION.

1.

GOD at first the sun created,
Then each nightly constellation;
From the sweat of his own forehead
Oxen were his next creation.

Wild beasts he created later,
Lions with their paws so furious;
In the image of the lion
Made he kittens small and curious.

Afterwards, the wilds to people,
Man to spring to being bade he,
And in man's attractive image
Interesting monkeys made he.

Satan saw it, full of laughter:
"Copies from himself he's taking!
"In the image of his oxen
"Calves he finally is making."

TO the devil spake the Lord thus:
Copies of myself I'm taking;
After sun come constellations,
After oxen, calves I'm making.

After lions with their furious
Paws, I'm making kittens curious,
After men come monkeys clever:
Thou canst nothing make, however.

3.

I MADE for my glory and edification
Men, lions, and oxen, and sunlight splendid;
But calves, cats, monkeys, and each constellation
For nought but my own delight I intended.

4.

WITH one short week of preparation
The whole of the world was made by me:
And yet I work'd out the plan of creation
For thousands of years full thoughtfully.

Creation itself is a mere act of motion
That's easily done in a very short time;
And yet the plan, the primary notion,—
'Tis that that proves the artist sublime.

Three hundred long years have I been taking
In solving the question by slow degrees
As to which was the proper manner of making
Both Doctors of Law and little fleas.

5.

ON the sixth day spake the Lord thus:
I have finish'd finally
All this vast and fair creation,
And that all is good, I see.

How the sun's rays, golden-roselike,
O'er the ocean brightly gleam!
Every tree is green and glittering,
And enamell'd all things seem.

On the plain yon lambkins sporting
Are like alabaster white;
O how natural and perfect
Nature seemeth to the sight!

Earth and heaven alike are teeming
With my glorious majesty,
And through long and endless ages
Man will praise and worship me.

THE stuff out of which a poem is wrought
Is not to be suck'd from the finger;
No God created the world from nought
Any more than an earthly singer.

'Twas mud primeval that form'd the source
Whence the body of man I created,
And from the ribs of man in due course
Fair woman I separated.

The heavens I form'd from out of the earth,
And angels from women completed;
The raw material first gets its worth
From being artist'cally treated.

7.

THE chiefest reason why I made
The earth, I will confess with gladness:
Within my soul, like fiery madness,
A burning call to do so play'd.

Illness was the especial ground
Of my creative inclination;
I might recover by creation,
Creation made me once more sound.

11. ABROAD.

1.

FROM place to place thou'rt wandering still,
Thou scarcely knowest why;
A gentle word the wind doth fill,—
Thou look'st round wond'ringly.

My loved one, who was left behind,
Is calling softly now.
"Return, I love thee, O be kind,
"My only joy art thou!"

But on, still on, no peace, no rest,
Thou never still mayst be;
What thou of yore didst love the best,
Thou ne'er again shalt see.

2.

THOU art to-day of sadder seeming
Than thou hast been for long before
Mute tears upon thy cheeks are gleaming,
Thy sighs wax louder more and more.

Of thy far home long vanish'd is it
That thou art thinking, full of pain?
Wouldst thou not joyfully revisit
Thy much-loved fatherland again?

Art thinking now of her who sweetly
With tiny rage enchanted thee?
Vex'd by her oft, ye soon completely
Were reconciled, and laugh'd with glee

Art thinking of the friends whom yearning
  Impell'd to fall upon thy breast?
Within the heart the thoughts were burning,
  And yet the lips remain'd at rest.

Or of the sister and the mother
  Art thinking, who approved thy suit?
Methinks within thy breast, good brother,
  Wild passions fast are growing mute.

Of the fair garden art thou thinking,
  Its birds and trees, where love's young dream
Ofttimes sustain'd thy spirits sinking,
  And hope shone forth with trembling beam?

'Tis late. The snow has fallen thickly,
  Bright night illumes the humid mass;
I now must go, and hasten quickly
  To dress for company,—Alas!

3.

OF my fair fatherland I once was proud;
  Beside the stream
The oak soar'd high, the violet gently bow'd;
  It was a dream.

German the kisses were, in German too
  (Sweet then did seem
The sound) they spake the words: "Yes, I love you!"—
  It was a dream.

12. TRAGEDY.

1.

O FLY with me, and be my wife,
  And to my heart for comfort come!
Far, far away hence be my heart,
  Thy fatherland and father's home.

If thou'lt not go, I here will die,
  And all alone abandon thee;
And if thou in thy father's home
  Dost stay, thou'lt seem abroad to be.

2.

(A genuine national song, heard by Heine on the Rhine.)

THERE fell a frost in a night of spring,
  It fell on the tender flowerets blue,
They all soon wither'd and faded.

A youth once loved a maiden full well,
They secretly fled away from the house,
Unknown to father and mother.

They wander'd here and they wander'd there,
And neither joy nor star could they find,
And so they droop'd and they perish'd.

3.

UPON her grave a linden is springing,
Where birds and the evening breeze are singin
And on the green sward under it
The miller's boy and his sweetheart sit.

The winds are blowing so softly and fleetly,
The birds are singing so sadly and sweetly,
The prattling lovers are mute by-and-by,
They weep and they know not the reason why.

13. THE TANNHAUSER.

A LEGEND.

(Written in 1836.)

1.

O ALL good Christians, be on your guard,
Lest Satan's wiles ensnare you!
I'll sing you the song of the Tannhauser bold,
That ye may duly beware you.

The noble Tannhauser, a valiant knight,
For love and pleasure yearning,
To the Venus' mount travell'd, and there he dwelt
Seven years without returning.

" Dear Venus, lovely mistress, farewell!
" Though much thou mayst enchant me;
" No longer will I tarry with thee,
" Permission to leave now grant me."

" Tannhauser, dear and noble knight,
" To-day you have kept from kissing;
" So kiss me quickly and tell me true,
" What is there in me you find missing?

" Have I each day the sweetest wine
" Not pour'd out for you gaily?
" And have I not always crown'd your head
" With fragrant roses daily?"—

"Dear Venus, lovely mistress, in truth
"My soul no longer finds pleasing
"These endless kisses and luscious wine,—
"I long for something that's teasing.

"Too much have we jested, too much have we laugh'd,
"My heart for tears has long panted;
"Each rose on my head I fain would see
"By pointed thorns supplanted."—

"Tannhauser, dear and noble knight,
"You fain would vex and grieve me;
"An oath you have sworn a thousand times
"That you would never leave me.

"Come, let us into the chamber go,
"To taste of love's rapture and gladness,
"And there my fair and lily-white form
"Shall drive away thy sadness."—

"Dear Venus, lovely mistress, thy charms
"Will bloom for ever and ever;
"As many already have glow'd for thee,
"So men will forget thee never!

"But when I think of the heroes and gods
"Who erst have taken their pleasure
"In clasping thy fair and lily-white form
"My anger knows no measure.

"Thy fair and lily-white figure with dread
"Is filling me even this minute,
"When thinking how many in after times
"Will still take pleasure in it!"—

"Tannhauser, dear and noble knight,
"You should not utter such treason;
"'Twere better to beat me, as you have before
"Oft done for many a season.

"'Twere better to beat me, than such harsh words
"Of insult thus to have spoken,
"Whereby, O Christian ungrateful and cold,
"The pride in my bosom is broken.

"Because I love you so much, I forgive
"Your evil words, thankless mortal;
"Farewell, I grant you permission to leave
"I'll open myself the portal."

2.

IN Rome, in the holy city of Rome,
With singing and ringing and blowing
A grand procession is moving on,
The Pope in the middle is going.

The pious Pope Urban is his name,
The triple crown he is wearing,
He wears a red and purple robe,
And Barons his train are bearing.

" O holy Father, Pope Urban, stay!
" I will not move from my station,
" Until thou hast saved my soul from hell,
" And heard my supplication!"—

The ghostly songs are suddenly mute,
The people fall backwards dumbly;
O who is the pilgrim pale and wild
Who bends to the Pope so humbly?

" O holy Father, Pope Urban, to whom
" To bind and to loose not too much is,
" O save me from the pangs of hell,
" And out of the Evil One's clutches!

" By name, I'm the noble Tannhauser call'd;
" For love and pleasure yearning,
" To the Venus' mount I travell'd and dwelt
" Seven years there without returning.

" This Venus is a woman fair
" With charms of dazzling splendour;
" Like light of sun and flowers' sweet scent
" Her voice is gentle and tender.

" As a butterfly flutters around a flower
" And from its calyx sips too,
" So flutters my soul for evermore
" Around her rosy lips too.

" Around her noble features entwine
" Her blooming black locks wildly;
" Thy breath would be gone if once her great eyes
" Were fix'd upon thee mildly.

" If her great eyes upon thee were fix'd
" They surely would harass thee greatly;
" 'Twas with the greatest trouble that I
" Escaped from the mountain lately.

"From out of the mountain I made my escape,
"And yet for ever pursue me
"The looks of the beautiful woman, which seem
"To say 'O hasten back to me!'

"A wretched spectre by day I've become,
"At night I vainly would hide me
"In sleep, for I dream that my mistress dear
"Is sitting and laughing beside me.

"How clearly, how sweetly, how madly she laughs,
"Her white teeth all the while showing!
"Whenever I think of that laugh, in streams
"The tears from my eyes begin flowing.

"I love her indeed with a boundless love
"That scorches me up to a cinder;
"'Tis like a wild waterfall, whose fierce flood
"No barrier ever can hinder.

"It nimbly leaps from rock to rock
"With noisy foaming and boiling;
"Its neck it may break a thousand times,
"Yet on, still on, it keeps toiling.

"If all the expanse of the heavens were mine,
"To Venus the whole I'd surrender;
"I'd give her the sun, I'd give her the moon,
"I'd give her the stars in their splendour.

"I love her indeed with a boundless love,
"Whose flame within me rages;
"O say can this be the fire of hell,
"The glow that will last through all ages?

"O holy Father, Pope Urban, to whom
To bind and to loose not too much is,
"O save me from the pangs of hell,
"And out of the Evil One's clutches!—'

His hands the Pope raised sadly on high,
And sigh'd till these words he had spoken:
"Tannhauser, most unhappy knight,
"The charm can never be broken.

"The Devil whom they Venus call
"Is mighty for hurting and harming;
"I'm powerless quite to rescue thee
"From out of his talons so charming.

"And so thy soul must expiate now
"Thy fleshly lusts infernal;
"Yes, thou art rejected, yes, thou art condemn'd
"To suffer hell's torments eternal."

3.

THE knight Tannhauser roam'd on till his feet
Were sore with his wanderings dreary.
At midnight's hour he came at length
To the Venus' mountain, full weary.

Fair Venus awoke from out of her sleep,
And out of her bed sprang lightly,
And clasp'd her fair and lily-white arms
Around her beloved one tightly.

From out of her nose the blood fell fast,
The tears from her eyes descended;
She cover'd the face of her darling knight
With blood and tears closely blended.

The knight lay quietly down in the bed,
And not one word has he spoken;
While Venus went to the kitchen, to make
Some soup, that his fast might be broken.

She gave him soup, and she gave him bread,
She wash'd his wounded feet, too;
She comb'd his rough and matted hair,
And laugh'd with a laugh full sweet, too.

"Tannhauser, dear and noble knight,
"Full long hast thou been wandering;
"O say in what lands hast thou thy time
"So far from hence been squandering?"

"Dear Venus, lovely mistress, in truth
"In Italy I have been staying;
"I've had some bus'ness in Rome, and now
"Return without further delaying.

"Rome stands on the Tiber, just at the spot
"Where seven hills are meeting;
"In Rome I also beheld the Pope,—
"The Pope he sends thee his greeting.

"And Florence I saw, when on my return,
  "And then through Milan I hasted,
"And next through Switzerland scrambled fast,
  "And not one moment wasted.

"And when I travell'd over the Alps,
  "The snow already was falling;
"The blue lakes sweetly on me smiled,
  "The eagles were circling and calling.

"And when on the Mount St. Gothard I stood,
  "Below me snored Germany loudly;
"Beneath the mild sway of thirty-six kings
  "It slumber'd calmly and proudly.

"In Swabia I saw the poetical school
  "Of dear little simpleton creatures:
"They sat together all ranged in a row,
  "With very diminutive features.

"In Dresden I saw a certain dog,
  "A sprig of the aristocracy,
"His teeth he had lost, and bark'd and yell'd
  "Like one of the vulgar democracy.

"At Weimar, the Muses' widow'd seat,
  "I heard them their sentiments giving;
"They wept and lamented that Goethe was dead,
  "And Eckermann still 'mongst the living!

"At Potsdam I heard a very loud cry,—
  "I said in amaze: 'What's the matter?'—
"'Tis Gans* at Berlin, who last century's tale
  "'Is reading and making this clatter.'

"At Göttingen knowledge was blossoming still,
  "But bringing no fruit to perfection;
"'Twas dark as pitch when I got there at night,
  "No light was in any direction.

"In the bridewell at Zell Hanoverians alone
  "Were confined; at our next Reformation
"A national bridewell and one common lash
  "We must have for the whole German nation.

* The eminent Professor and Editor of Hegel's works. He died in 1839

"At Hamburg, in that excellent town,
 "Many terrible rascals dwell still;
"And when I wander'd about the Exchange,
 "I fancied myself in Zell still!
"At Hamburg I Altona saw; 'tis a spot
 "In a charming situation;
"And all my adventures that there I met
 "I'll tell on another occasion."*

14. ROMANCES.

1. A WOMAN.

THEY loved each other beyond belief,
The woman a rogue was, the man was a thief;
At each piece of knavery, daily
She fell on the bed, laughing gaily.

In joy and pleasure they pass'd the day,
Upon his bosom all night she lay;
When they carried him off to Old Bailey,
At the window she stood, laughing gaily.

He sent her this message: O come to me,
I yearn, my love, so greatly for thee;
I want thee, I pine, and look palely,—
Her head she but shook, laughing gaily.

At six in the morning they hang'd the knave,
At seven they laid him down in his grave;
At eight on her ears this fell stalely,
And a bumper she drank, laughing gaily.

2. CELEBRATION OF SPRING.

O LIST to this spring time's terrible jest!
 In savage troops the maidens fair
 Are rushing along with fluttering hair,
And howls of anguish and naked breast:—
 Adonis! Adonis!

The night falls fast. By torchlight clear
 They sadly explore each forest track,
 Which mournful answers is echoing back
Of laughter, sobs, sighs, and cries of fear:—
 Adonis! Adonis!

* It is with real hesitation that I publish this lame and impotent conclusion to a legend the first two parts of which are in Heine's best style.

That youthful figure, so wondrous fair,
Now lies on the ground all pale and dead;
His blood has dyed each floweret red,
And mournful sighs resound through the air:—
Adonis! Adonis!

3. CHILDE HAROLD.

SLOW and weary, moves a dreary
Stout black bark the stream along;
Visors wearing, all-uncaring,
Funeral mutes the benches throng.

'Mongst them dumbly, with his comely
Face upturn'd, the dead bard lies;
Living seeming, toward the beaming
Light of heaven still turn his eyes.

From the water, like a daughter
Of the stream's voice, comes a sigh,
And with wailing unavailing
'Gainst the bark the waves dash high.

4. THE EXORCISM.

THE young Franciscan friar sits
In his cloister silent and lonely;
He reads a magical book, which speaks
Of exorcisms only.

And when the hour of midnight knell'd,
An impulse resistless came o'er him;
The underground spirits with pallid lips
He summon'd to rise up before him:

"Ye spirits! Go, fetch me from out of the grave
"The corpse of my mistress cherish'd;
"For this one night restore her to life,
"Rekindling joys long perish'd."

The fearful exorcising word
He breathes, and his wish is granted;
The poor dead beauty in grave-clothes white
Appears to his vision enchanted.

Her look is mournful; her ice-cold breast
Her sighs of grief cannot smother;
The dead one sits herself down by the monk,
In silence they gaze on each other.

5. EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

(*The Sun speaks.*)

WHAT matter all my looks to thee?
It is the well-known right of the sun
To shed down his rays on ev'ry one;
I beam because 'tis proper for me.

What matter all my looks to thee?
Thy duties bear in mind, poor elf;
Quick, marry, and get a son to thyself,
And so a German worthy be!

I beam because 'tis proper for me.
I wander up and down in the sky,
From mere *ennui* I peep from on high—
What matter all my looks to thee?

(*The Poet speaks.*)

It is in truth my special merit
That I can bear thy radiant light,
Pledge of an endless youthful spirit,
Thou dazzling beauty, blest and bright!

But now mine eyes are growing weary,
On my poor eyelids fast are falling,
Like a black covering, the dreary
Dark shades of night with gloom appalling.

(*Chorus of Monkeys.*)

We monkeys, we monkeys,
Like impudent flunkies,
Stare at the sun,
Who can't prevent its being done.

(*Chorus of Frogs.*)

The water is better,
But also much wetter
Than 'tis in the air,
And merrily there
We love to gaze
On the sun's bright rays

(Chorus of Moles.)

How foolish people are to chatter
Of beams and sunny rays bewitching!
With us, they but produce an itching,
We scratch it and so end the matter.

(A Glow-worm speaks.)

How boastingly the sun displays
His very fleeting daily rays!
But I'm not so immodest quite,
And yet I'm an important light,—
I mean by night, I mean by night!

THE EVIL STAR.

THE star, after beaming so brightly,
From the sky fell, a vision unsightly,
What is the love by poets sung?
A star amid a heap of dung.

Like a poor mangy dog, when he's dying,
Beneath all this filth it is lying;
Shrill crows the cock, loud grunts the sow
And wallows in the fearful slough.

In the garden O had I descended,
By fair flowerets lovingly tended,
Where I oft yearn'd to find my doom,
A virgin death, a fragrant tomb!

7. ANNO 1829.

GIVE me a wide and noble field
Where I may perish decently!
O let me in this narrow world
Of shops be not condemned to die!

They eat full well, they drink full well,
And revel in their mole like bliss;
Their magnanimity's as great
As any poor-box opening is.

Cigars they carry in their mouths,
Their hands we in their breeches view,
And their digestive powers are great,—
O could we but digest them too!

They trade in every spice that grows
  Upon the earth, yet we can trace,
Despite their spices, in the air
  The odour of a grovelling race.

Could I some great transgressions, yes,
  Colossal bloody crimes but see,—
Aught but this virtue flat and tame,
  This solvent strict morality!

Ye clouds on high, O bear me hence,
  To some far spot without delay!
To Lapland or to Africa,
  To Pomerania e'en—away!

O bear me hence!—They hearken not—
  The clouds on high so prudent are!
They fly above this town, to seek
  With trembling haste some region far.

8. ANNO 1839.

DEAR distant Germany, how often
  I weep when I remember thee!
Gay France my sorrow cannot soften,
  Her merry race gives pain to me.

In Paris, in this witty region,
  'Tis cold dry reason that now reigns;
O bells of folly and religion,
  How sweetly sound at home your strains!

Courteous the men! Their salutation
  I yet return with feelings sad;
The rudeness shown in every station
  In my own country made me glad!

Smiling the women! but their clatter,
  Like millwheels, never seems to cease;
The Germans (not to mince the matter)
  Prefer I, who lie down in peace.

And all things here with restless passion
  Keep whirling, like some madden'd dream;
With us, they move in jog-trot fashion,
  And well-nigh void of motion seem.

Methinks I hear the distant ringing
Of the soft bugle's notes serene;
The watchman's songs I hear them singing,
With Philomel's sweet strains between.

At home the bard, a happy vagrant
In Schilda's oak woods loved to rove;
From moonbeams fair and violets fragrant
My tender verses there I wove.

9. AT DAWN.

ON the Faubourg Saint Marçeau
Lay the mist this very morning,
Mist of autumn, heavy, thick,
And a white-hued night resembling.

Wandering through this white-hued night,
I beheld before me gliding
An enchanting female form
Which the moon's sweet light resembled.

Yes, she was, like moonlight sweet,
Lightly floating, tender, graceful;
Such a slender shape of limbs
I had here in France ne'er witness'd.

Was it Luna's self perchance,
Who with some young dear and handsome
Fond Endymion had to-day
In th' Quartier Latin been ling'ring?

On my way home thus I thought:
Wherefore fled she when she saw me?
Did the Goddess think that I
Was perchance the Sun-God Phœbus?

10. SIR OLAVE.

I.

AT the door of the cathedral
Stand two men, both wearing red coats,
And the first one is the monarch,
And the headsman is the other.

To the headsman spake the monarch:
"By the priest's song I can gather
"That the wedding is now finish'd—
"Keep thy trusty hatchet ready!"

To the sound of bells and organ,
From the church the people issue
In a motley throng, and 'mongst them
Move the gay-dress'd bridal couple.

Pale as death and sad and mournful
Looks the monarch's lovely daughter;
Bold and joyous looks Sir Olave,
And his ruddy lips are smiling.

And with smiling ruddy lips he
Thus the gloomy king addresses:
"Father of my wife, good morning
"Forfeited to-day my head is.

"I to-day must die,—O suffer,
"Suffer me to live till midnight,
"That I may with feast and torch-dance
"Celebrate my happy wedding!

"Let me live, O let me live, sire,
"Till I've drain'd the final goblet,
"Till the final dance is finish'd—
"Suffer me to live till midnight!"

To the headsman spake the monarch:
"To our son-in-law a respite
"Of his life we grant till midnight—
"Keep thy trusty hatchet ready!"

II.

SIR OLAVE he sits at his wedding repast,
And every goblet is drained at last;
Upon his shoulder reclines
His wife and pines—
At the door the headsman is standing.

The dance begins, and Sir Olave takes hold
Of his youthful wife, and with haste uncontroll'd
They dance by the torches' glow
Their last dance below—
At the door the headsman is standing.

The fiddles strike up, so merry and glad,
The flutes they sound so mournful and sad;
Whoever their dancing then saw
Was filled with awe—
At the door the headsman is standing.

And as they dance in the echoing hall,
To his wife speaks Sir Olave, unheard by them all:
"My love will be ne'er known to thee—
"The grave yawns for me—"
At the door the headsman is standing.

III

SIR OLAVE, 'tis the midnight hour,
Thy days of life are number'd,
In a king's daughter's arms instead
Thou thoughtest to have slumber'd.

The monks they mutter the prayers for the dead
The man the red coat wearing
Already before the black block stands
His polish'd hatchet bearing.

Sir Olave descends to the court below,
Where the swords and the lights are gleaming
The ruddy lips of the Knight they smile,
And he speaks with a countenance beaming:

"I bless the sun, and I bless the moon,
"And the stars in the heavens before me;
"I bless too the little birds that sing
"In the air so merrily o'er me.

"I bless the sea and I bless the land,
"And the flow'rs that the meadow's life are;
"I bless the violets, which are as soft
"As the eyes of my own dear wife are.

"Ye violet eyes of my own dear wife,
"My life for your sakes I surrender!
"I bless the elder-tree, under whose shade
"We plighted our vows of love tender."

11 THE WATER NYMPHS.

THE waves were plashing against the lone strand,
The moon had risen lately,
The knight was lying upon the white sand,
In vision musing greatly.

The beauteous nymphs arose from the deep,
Their veils around them floated;
They softly approach'd, and fancied that sleep
The youth's repose denoted.

The plume of his helmet the first one felt,
To see if perchance it would harm her;
The second took hold of his shoulder belt,
And handled his heavy chain armour.

The third one laugh'd, and her eyes gleam'd bright,
As the sword from the scabbard drew she;
On the bare sword leaning, she gazed on the knight,
And heartfelt pleasure knew she.

The fourth one danced both here and there,
And breath'd from her inmost bosom:
"O would that I thy mistress were,
"Thou lovely mortal blossom!"

The fifth her kisses with passionate strength
On the hand of the knight kept planting;
The sixth one tarried, and kissed at length
His lips and his cheeks enchanting.

The knight was wise, and far too discreet
To open his eyes midst such blisses:
He let the fair nymphs in the moonlight sweet
Continue their loving kisses.

12. BERTRAND DE BORN.

A NOBLE pride on every feature,
His forehead stamp'd with thought mature,
He could subdue each mortal creature,
Bertrand de Born, the troubadour.

How wondrously his sweet notes caught her,
Plantagenet the Lion's queen!
Both sons as well as lovely daughter
He sang into his net, I ween.

The father too he fool'd discreetly!
Hush'd was the monarch's wrath and scorn
On hearing him discourse so sweetly,
The troubadour, Bertrand de Born.

13. SPRING.

THE waters glisten and merrily glide,—
How lovely is love midst spring's splendour!
The shepherdess sits by the streamlet's side,
And twines her garlands so tender.

All nature is budding with fragrant perfume,
How lovely is love midst spring's splendour!
The shepherdess sighs from her heart: "O to whom
"Shall I my garlands surrender?"

A horseman is riding beside the clear brook,
A kindly greeting he utters;
The shepherdess views him with sorrowful look,
The plume in his hat gaily flutters.

She weeps and into the gliding waves flings
Her flowery garlands so tender;
Of kisses and love the nightingale sings—
How lovely is love midst spring's splendour!

14. ALI BEY.

ALI BEY, the true Faith's hero,
Happy lies in maids' embraces;
Allah granteth him a foretaste
Here on earth of heavenly rapture.

Odalisques, as fair as houris,
Like gazelles in every motion—
While the first his beard is curling,
See, the second smoothes his forehead.

And the third the lute is playing,
Singing, dancing, and with laughter
Kissing him upon his bosom,
Where the flames of bliss are glowing.

But the trumpets of a sudden
Sound outside, the swords are rattling,
Calls to arms, and shots of muskets—
Lord, the Franks are marching on us!

And the hero mounts his war-steed,
Joins the fight, but seems still dreaming;
For he fancies he is lying
As before in maids' embraces.

Whilst the heads of the invaders
He is cutting off by dozens,
He is smiling like a lover,
he softly smiles and gently.

15. PSYCHE.

IN her hand the little lamp, and
  Mighty passion in her breast,
Psyche creepeth to the couch where
  Her dear sleeper takes his rest.

How she blushes, how she trembles,
  When his beauty she descries!
He, the God of love, unveil'd thus,
  Soon awakes and quickly flies.

Eighteen hundred years' repentance!
  And the poor thing nearly died!
Psyche fasts and whips herself still,
  For she Amor naked spied.

16. THE UNKNOWN ONE.

EVERY day I have a meeting
  With my golden-tressèd beauty
In the Tuileries' fair garden
Underneath the chesnuts' shadow.

Every day she goes to walk there
With two old and ugly women—
Are they aunts? or else two soldiers
Muffled up in women's garments?

Overawed by the mustachios
Of her masculine attendants,
And still further overawed too
By the feelings in my bosom,

I ne'er ventured e'en one sighing
Word to whisper as I pass'd her,
And with looks I scarcely ventured
Ever to proclaim my passion.

For the first time I to-day have
Learnt her name. Her name is Laura,
Like the Provençal fair maiden
Whom the famous poet loved so.

Laura is her name! I've gone now
Just as far as Master Petrarch,
Who the fair one celebrated
In canzonas and in sonnets.

Laura is her name! like Petrarch
I can now platonically
Revel in this name euphonious—
He himself no further ventured.

17. THE CHANGE.

WITH brunettes I now have finish'd,
And this year am once more fond
Of the eyes whose colour blue is,
Of the hair whose colour's blond.

Mild the blond one, whom I love now,
And in meekness quite a gem!
She would be some blest saint's image,
Held her hand a lily stem.

Slender limbs of wondrous beauty,
Little flesh, much sympathy;
All her soul is glowing but for
Faith and hope and charity.

She maintains she understands not
German,—but it can't be so;
Hast ne'er read the heavenly poem
Klopstock wrote some time ago

18. FORTUNE.

MADAM Fortune, thou in vain
Act'st the coy one! I can gain
By my own exertions merely
All thy favours prized so dearly.

Thou art overcome by me,
To the yoke I fasten thee;
Thou art mine beyond escaping—
But my bleeding wounds are gaping.

All my red blood gushes out,
My life's courage to the rout
Soon is put; I'm vanquish'd lying,
And in victory's hour am dying.

19. LAMENTATION OF AN OLD-GERMAN YOUTH.

THE man on whom virtue smiles is blest,
He is lost who neglects her instructions;
Poor youth that I am, I am ruin'd
By evil companions' seductions.

For cards and dice soon dispossess'd
My pockets of all their money;
At first the maidens consoled me
With smiles as luscious as honey.

But when they had fuddled with wine their guest,
And torn my garments, straightway
(Poor youth that I am) they seized me.
And bundled me out at the gateway.

On waking after a bad night's rest,—
Sad end to all my ambition!—
Poor youth that I am, I was filling
At Cassel a sentry's position.

20. AWAY!

THE day's enamour'd of the night,
The springtime loves the winter,
And life's in love with death, --
And thou, thou lovest me!

Thou lov'st me—thou'rt already seized
By fear-inspiring shadows,
And all thy blossoms fade,
To death thy soul is bleeding.

Away from me, and only love
The butterflies, gay triflers,
Who in the sunlight sport—
Away from me and sorrow!

21. MADAM METTE.

(From the Danish.)

SAYS Bender to Peter over their wine:
"I'll wager (though doubtless you re clever)
"That though your fine singing may conquer the world,
"My wife 'twill conquer never."

Then Peter replied: "I'll wager my horse
"To your dog, or the devil is in it,
"I'll sing Madam Mette into my house
"This evening, at twelve to a minute."

And when the hour of midnight drew near,
Friend Peter commenced his sweet singing;
Right over the forest, right over the flood
His charming notes were ringing.

The fir-trees listen'd in silence deep,
  The flood stood still and listen'd,
The pale moon trembled high up in the sky,
  The wise stars joyously glisten'd.

Madam Mette awoke from out of her sleep:
  "What singing! How sweet the seduction!"
She put on her dress, and left the house —
  Alas, it proved her destruction!

Right through the forest, right through the flood,
  She speeded onward straightway:
While Peter, with the might of his song,
  Allured her inside his own gateway.

And when she at morning return'd back home,
  At the door her husband caught her.
"Pray tell me, good wife, where you spent the night?
  "Your garments are dripping with water."

"I spent the night at the water-nymphs' stream,
  "And heard the Future told by them;
"The mocking fairies wetted me through
  "With their splashes, for going too nigh them."

"You have not been to the water-nymphs' stream,
  "The sand there could ne'er make you muddy;
"Your feet, good wife, are bleeding and torn,
  "Your cheeks are also bloody."

"I spent the night in the elfin wood,
  "To see the elfin dances;
"I wounded my feet and face with the thorns
  "And fir-boughs cutting like lances."

"The elfins dance in the sweet month of May
  "On flowery plains, but the chilly
"Bleak days of autumn now reign on the earth,
  "The wind in the forests howls shrilly."

"At Peter Nielsen's I spent the night,
  "He sang so mightily to me,
"That through the forest, and through the flood
  "He irresistibly drew me.

"His song is mighty as death itself,
  "To night and perdition alluring;
"Its tuneful glow still burns in my heart
  "A speedy death insuring."

The door of the church is hung with black,
The funeral bells are ringing,
Poor Madam Mette's terrible death
To public notice bringing.

Poor Bender sighs, as he stands at the bier,—
'Twas sad to hear him call so !—
"I now have lost my beautiful wife,
"And lost my true dog also."

22. THE MEETING.

THE music under the linden-tree sounds,
The boys and the maidens dance lightly;
Amongst them two dance, whom nobody knows,
Of figures noble and sightly.

They float about here, they float about there,
In a way that strange habits expresses;
They smile at each other, they shake their heads,
The maiden the youth thus addresses:

"My handsome youth, upon thy hat
"There nods a lily splendid,
"That only grows in the depths of the sea,—
"From Adam thou art not descended.

"The Kelpie art thou, who the fair village maids
"Would'st allure with thy arts of seduction;
"I knew thee at once, at the very first sight,
"By thy teeth of fish-like construction."

They float about here, they float about there,
In a way that strange habits expresses;
They smile at each other, they shake their heads,
The youth the maid thus addresses:

"My handsome maiden, tell me why
"Thy hand so icy cold is?
"And tell me why thy snow-white dress
"So moist in every fold is?

"I knew thee at once, at the very first sight,
"By thy bantering salutation;
"Thou art no mortal child of man,
"But the water-nymph, my relation."

The fiddles are silent, and finish'd the dance,
 They part like sister and brother,
They know each other only too well,
 And shun now the sight of each other.

23. KING HAROLD HARFAGAR.

THE great King Harold Harfagar
 In ocean's depths is sitting,
Beside his lovely water-fay;
 The years are over him flitting.

By water-sprite's magical arts chain'd down,
 He is neither living nor dead now,
And while in this state of baneful bliss
 Two hundred years have sped now.

The head of the king is laid on the lap
 Of the beautiful woman, and ever
He yearningly gazes up tow'rd her eyes,
 And looks away from her never.

His golden hair is silver grey,
 His cheekbones (of time's march a token)
Project like a ghost's from his yellow face,
 His body is wither'd and broken.

And many a time from his sweet dream of love
 He suddenly is waking,
For over him wildly rages the flood,
 The castle of glass rudely shaking.

He oftentimes fancies he hears in the wind
 The Northmen shouting out gladly;
He raises his arms with joyous haste,
 Then lets them fall again sadly.

He oftentimes fancies he hears far above
 The seamen their voices raising,
The great King Harold Harfagar
 In songs heroical praising.

And then the king from the depth of his heart
 Begins sobbing and wailing and sighing,
When quickly the water-fay over him bends,
 With loving kisses replying.

24. THE LOWER WORLD.

I.

MANY a time poor Pluto sigh'd thus:
"Were I but a single man!
"Since my married life began,
"Hell, I've learnt, was not a hell
"Till I to a wife was tied thus!

"Would that I remain'd still single!
"Since I Proserpine did wed,
"Each day wish I I was dead!
"With the bark of Cerberus
"Her loud scoldings ever mingle.

"Each attempt I make is fruitless
"After peace. There's not a ghost
"Half so sad in all my host,
"And I envy Sisyphus,
"And the Danaid's labour bootless.

ON golden chair in the regions infernal,
Beside her spouse, the monarch eternal,
Queen Proserpine's sitting
With mien ill befitting
Her station, and sadly she's sighing:

"For roses I yearn, and the rapturous blisses
"Of Philomel's song, and the sun's sweet kisses;
"And here 'mongst the pallid
"Lemures and squalid
"Dead bodies, my youth's days are flying.

'I'm firmly bound in the hard yoke of marriage
In this hole, which I'm sure e'en a rat would disparage
"And the spectres unsightly
"Through my window peep nightly,
"Their wails with the Styx's groans vying.

"This very day I've invited to dinner
"Old Charon, the bald-pated spindle-shank'd sinner,—
"And also the Judges,
"Those wearisome drudges—
"Such company's really too trying!"

III.

WHILST these murmurs unavailing
In the lower world found vent,
Ceres on the earth was wailing,
And the crazy goddess went,
With no cap on, with no collar,
And with loose dishevell'd hair,
Uttering, in a voice of dolour,
That lament known everywhere:*

"Is't the beauteous spring I see?
"Hath the earth grown young again?
"Sunlit hills glow verdantly,
"Bursting through their icy chain.
"From the streamlet's mirror blue
"Smiles the now-unclouded sky,
"Zephyr's wings wave milder too,
"Youthful blossoms ope their eye.
"In the grove sweet songs resound,
"While the Oread thus doth speak:
"'Once again thy flow'rs are found,
"'Vain thy daughter 'tis to seek.'

"Ah, how long 'tis since I went
"First in search o'er earth's wide face!
"Titan, all thy rays I sent,
"Seeking for the loved one's trace!
"Of that form so dear, no ray
"Hath as yet brought news to me,
"And the all-discerning Day
"Cannot yet the lost one see.
"Hast thou, Zeus, her from me torn?
"Or to Orcus' gloomy stream,
"Hath she been by Pluto borne,
"Smitten by her beauty's beams?

"Who will to yon dreary strand
"Be the herald of my woe?
"Ever leaves the bark the land,
"Yet but shadows in it go.
"To each blest eye evermore
"Closed those night-like fields remain;

* The three following verses are extracted by Heine *verbatim* from Schiller's well-known "Lament of Ceres." The version of them here given is taken from the translation of Schiller's Poems published by me in 1851.

" Styx no living form e'er bore,
" Since his stream first wash'd the plain.
" Thousand paths lead downward there,
" None lead up again to light;
" And her tears no witness e'er
" Brings to her sad mother's sight."

IV.

" CERES! my good wife's relation!
" Prythee cease to weep and call so!
" I now grant your application—
" I have suffer'd greatly also!

" Comfort take! we'll share your daughter's
" Sweet society, and let her
Have on earth six months her quarters
" Yearly, if you like it better

" She, when men in summer swelter,
" Can assist your rural labours,
" 'Neath a straw hat taking shelter,
" Flow'r-bedizen'd, like her neighbours'.

" She can rant, when colours glowing
" Robe the evening sky in splendour,
" When beside the stream is blowing
" On his flute a bumpkin tender.

" She'll rejoice with lads and lasses
" At the harvest-home's gay dances,
" And amongst the sheep and asses
" Be a lioness, the chance is.

" I'll recruit my spirits sinking
" Here in Orcus in a canter,
" Mingled punch and Lethe drinking,
" And forget my wife instanter!"

V.

" METHINKS at times thy brow is shaded
" With yearnings that in secret dwell;
" Thy hapless lot I know full well;
" Lost love, a life untimely faded!

' Thou nodd'st a sad assent! I never
" Can give thee back thy youthful prime;
" Thy heart's woes cannot heal with time:
" A faded life, love lost for ever!"

15. MISCELLANIES.

1. MULEDOM.

THY father, as is known to all,
  A donkey was, beyond denial;
Thy mother on the other hand
  A noble brood-mare proved on trial.

Thy mulish nature, worthy friend,
  Though little liked, a thing of course is;
Yet thou canst say, with perfect truth,
  That thou belongest to the horses.

Thou spring'st from proud Bucephalus;
  Thy fathers were with the invaders
Who to the Holy Sepulchre
  Of old time went, the famed Crusaders.

Thou countest 'mongst thy relatives
  The charger ridden by the glorious
Sir Godfrey of Bouillon the day
  He took God's town with arm victorious.

Thou canst aver that Bayard's steed
  Thy cousin was, and say (andante)
Thine aunt the knight Don Quixote bore,
  The most heroic Rosinante.

But Sancho's donkey thou'lt not own
  As kin, he being much too lowly;
Thou'lt e'en disown the ass's foal
  That whilome bore the Saviour holy.

And thou art not obliged to stick
  A long-ear surely in thy scutcheon;
Of thine own value be the judge,
  And thou wilt never lay too much on.

2. THE SYMBOL OF MADNESS.

WE'LL now begin to sing the song
  Of a Number of much reputation,
Known by the name of Number Three:
  To joy succeeds vexation.

Though sprung from an old Arabian stock,
  In Christian estimation
Nothing in Europe higher stood
  Than this Number of proud reputation.

A very pattern of modesty,
  How great was her indignation
At finding the man in bed with the maid!
  She gave them a sound castigation.

In summer her coffee at seven A.M.
  She drank with much gratification,
In winter at nine, and slept all night
  Without the least molestation.

But now 'tis time to alter our rhyme,
  To-day is changed to to-morrow,
And, sad to say, poor Number Three
  Must suffer pain and sorrow.

There came a cobbler who said: "The head
  "Of Number Three at present
"Is like a small Seven that's placed on the top
  "Of the moon when she's shaped like a crescent.
"The Seven the mystical number is
  "Of the ancient Pythagoreans;
"The crescent Diana's worship denotes,
  "And also recals the Sabeans.

"The Three herself the famed Shibboleth is
  "Of the senior bonze of Babel,
"Intriguing with whom she at length gave birth
  "To the Holy Trinity's fable."

A tailor came next, with a smile on his face;
  Poor Number Three, he insisted,
Was nought but a name, and nowhere else
  Except upon paper existed.

When poor Three heard these cruel words,
  Like a duck in a state of distraction
She waddled here and waddled there,
  Lamenting with vehement action:

"I'm just as old as the sea and the wold,
  "As the stars that in heaven are blinking;
"I've seen kingdoms ascend, and presently end,
  "And nations rising and sinking.

"I've stood on the ceaselessly whirling loom
  "Of time for many long ages;
"I've peep'd into Nature's fashioning womb,
  "Where everything rushes and rages.

" And nevertheless I withstood all assaults
" Of darkness and sensuality,
" And safely preserved my virgin charms,
" Despite their cruel brutality.

" What use is my virtue now? By the wise
" And the fools I am evil entreated;
" The world is wicked, and ne'er content
" Till every one is cheated.

" But cheer up, my heart! thou still hast lef
" Thy faith and hope and charity,
" With excellent coffee and glasses of rum
" Above the reach of vulgarity."

3, PRIDE.

O COUNTESS GUDEL of Gudelfeld town,
Because you are wealthy, you're held in renown
With not less than four horses contented,
At court you are duly presented;
In carriage of gold you go lightly
To the castle, where waxlights gleam brightly
Up the marble stairs rustle
Your clothes with their bustle,
And then at the top, on the landing
The servants in gay dresses standing
Shout: Madame la Comtesse de Gudelfeld!

Your fan in your hand, talking loudly,
Through the chamber you wander on, proudly;
With diamonds gaily bedizen'd,
In pearls and Brussels lace prison'd,
Your snowy bosom with madness
Is heaving in uncontroll'd gladness.
What smiles, nods, polite interjections!
What curtsies and deep genuflexions!
The Duchess of Pavia
Calls you her *cara mia;*
The nobles and courtiers advancing
Invite you to join in the dancing;
And the heir to the crown (who's thought witty)
Says loudly: How graceful and pretty
Are all the *stern* movements of Gudelfeld!

But if, poor creature, you money did lack,
The world would straightway show you its back;
The very lackeys with loathing
Would spit on your clothing;
'Stead of bows and civility,
Nought but vulgar scurrility;
The Duchess would cross herself rudely,
And the Crown Prince take snuff, and say shrewdly:
She smells of garlic—this Gudelfeld!

4. AWAY!

IF by one woman thou'rt jilted, love
Another, and so forget her;
To pack up thy knapsack, and straight remove
From the town will be still better.

Thou'lt soon discover a blue lake fair,
By weeping willows surrounded;
Thy trifling grief thou'lt weep away there,
Thy pangs so little founded.

Whilst climbing up the hillside fast,
Thou'lt pant and groan full loudly;
But when on the rocky summit at last,
Thou'lt hear the eagle scream proudly.

An eagle thyself thou'lt seem to be,
New life the change will bestow thee;
Thou'lt feel thou hast lost, when thus set fre
Not much in the world below thee.

5. WINTER.

THE cold may burn us sadly
Like fire, and mortals hurry
Amidst the snowdrift madly,
With still-increasing flurry.

O winter stern and chilly,
When frozen are our noses,
And piano-strumming silly
Our ears so discomposes!

I like the summer only
When in the wood I'm roving,
With my own griefs all-lonely,
And scanning verses loving.

6. THE OLD CHIMNEYPIECE.

OUTSIDE fall the snowflakes lightly
Through the night, loud raves the storm;
In my room the fire glows brightly,
And 'tis cosy, silent, warm.

Musing sit I on the settle
By the firelight's cheerful blaze,
Listening to the busy kettle
Humming long-forgotten lays.

And beside me sits a kitten,
Warming at the blaze her feet;
Strangely are my senses smitten
As the flickering flames they meet

Many a dim long-buried story
O'er me soon begins to rise,
But with dead and faded glory,
And in strange and mask'd disguise

Lovely women with shrewd faces
Greet me with a secret smile
Then the harlequins run races
Laughing merrily the while.

Distant marble-gods nod kindly,
Dreamily beside them grow
Fable-flow'rs, whose leaves wave blindly
In the moonlight to and fro.

Magic castles, once resplendent,
Ruin'd now, in sight appear;
Knights in armour, squires attendant
Quickly follow in their rear.

All these visions I discover
As with shadowy haste they pass,—
Ah, the kettle's boiling over,
And the kitten's burnt, alas!

7. LONGING.

THOU beholdest in thy vision
Fable's silent flow'rs before thee,
And a yearning wild steals o'er thee
At their fragrant scent elysian.

But thou from those flow'rs art parted
By a gulf both deep and fearful;
Thou becomest sad and tearful,
And at last art broken-hearted.

How they glitter! how they lure me!
Could I but the gulf pass over!
How the secret to discover,
And a bridge across procure me?

8. HELENA.

THOU hast call'd me forth from out of the grave
By means of thy magic will now,
And fill'd me full of love's fierce glow—
This glow thou never canst still now.

O press thy mouth against my mouth,
Man's breath with heaven is scented;
Thy very soul I'll drain to the dregs,
The dead are never contented.

9. THE WISE STARS.

THE flowerets sweet are crush'd by the feet
Full soon, and perish despairing;
One passes by, and they must die,
The modest as well as the daring.

The pearls all sleep in the caves of the deep,
Where one finds them, despite wind and weather
A hole is soon bored and they're strung on a cord,
And there fast yoked together.

The stars are more wise, and keep in the skies,
And hold the earth at a distance;
They shed their light in the heavens so bright,
In safe and endless existence.

10. THE ANGELS.

FAITHLESS as Saint Thomas, never
Could I in the heaven believe
Which both Jew and Priest endeavour
To compel men to receive.

That the angels, though, are real
I have never held in doubt;
Spotless, and of grace ideal,
On this earth they move about.

Still I doubt if such a being
  Wing'd is, it must be confess'd;
I have recently been seeing
  Wingless angels, I protest.

With their dear and loving glances,
  With their loving hands so white
Men they guard, and all advances
  Of misfortune put to flight.

Every one can comfort borrow
  From their favour and regard;
Most of all that child of sorrow
  Whom the people call a bard.

16. POEMS FOR THE TIMES.

1. SOUND DOCTRINE.

QUICK, beat the drum, and be not afraid,
  The suttler-maiden lovingly kiss;
This is the whole of knowledge, in truth,
  The deepest book-learning lies in this.

Quick, drum the people out of their sleep,
  And drum the réveille with the ardour of youth,
And as you march, continue to drum—
  This is the whole of knowledge, in truth.

All Hegel's philosophy here is found,
  The deepest book-learning lies in this;
I've found it out, because I'm no fool,
  And also because I drum not amiss.

2. ADAM THE FIRST.

GENDARMES of heaven with flaming swords
  Thou sent'st in cruel fashion,
And drov'st me out of Paradise
  Without the least compassion.

In search of another country, I
  And my wife from Eden hasted;
Thou canst not alter the fact that there
  The tree of knowledge I tasted.

Thou canst not alter the fact that I know
 Thy weakness and many blunders,
However mighty thou seemest to be
 When wielding death and thunders.

O heavens, how pitiful is this
 Consilium abeundi!
I call it a Magnificus
 Of earth, a Lumen Mundi.

I shall not miss the spacious realms
 Of Paradise one minute·
It is no genuine Paradise
 When trees forbidden are in it.

I claim my full unfetter'd rights!
 The slightest limitation
Changes my Paradise at once
 To hell and desolation.

3. WARNING.

WORTHY friend, 'twill be perdition
 Books like this to think of printing.
 Wouldst thou money earn or honour
Thou must bend in meek submission.

Never in this manner flighty
 Shouldest thou before the public
 Thus have spoken of the parsons
And of monarchs high and mighty!

Friend, thou'lt be by all forsaken!
 Princes have long arms, the parsons
 Have long tongues, and then the public
Have long ears, or I'm mistaken!

4. TO A QUONDAM FOLLOWER OF GOETHE

(1832.)

HAST thou, then, superior risen
 To the chilly dream of glory
 Which great Weimar's poet hoary
Wove around thee, like a prison?

Are thy old friends bores now voted?—
 Clara, Gretchen,—names familiar,—
 Serlo's chaste maid, and Ottilia,
In the "Wahlverwandschaft" noted?

Thou'rt with Germany enchanted,
Art become a Mignon-hater,
And thou seek'st for freedom greater
Than Philina ever granted.

Like a Luneburgomaster,
Thou dost battle for the nation,
Holding up to execration
Kings, as causing all disaster.

And I hear with pleasure hearty,
What a pitch thy praises grow to,
And how thou'rt a Mirabeau, too,
At each Luneburg tea-party!

5. THE SECRET.

WE sigh not, and the eye's not moisten'd,
We laugh at times, we often smile;
In not a look, in not a gesture
The secret comes to light the while.

Deep in our bleeding spirit hidden,
It lies in silent misery;
If in our wild heart it finds language,
The mouth's still closed convulsively.

Ask of the suckling in the cradle,
Ask of the dead man in the grave;
They may perchance disclose the secret
To which I never utt'rance gave.

6. ON THE WATCHMAN'S ARRIVAL IN PARIS.

"GOOD watchman with face so sad and despairing,
"Why runnest thou hither with headlong speed?
"My dear fellow-countrymen, how are they faring?
"My fatherland, is it from tyranny freed?"

All's going on well, and liberty's blessing
Is showering silently on us its stores,
And Germany, calmly and safely progressing,
Unfolds and develops herself within doors.

Unlike France, superficial are none of her blossoms,—
There freedom but touches the outside of life;
'Tis but in the depths of their innermost bosoms
That freedom with Germans is found to be rife.

They'll finish Cologne's great cathedral, they tell us,
  The Hohenzollerns* have brought this to pass:
A Hapsburg* has shown himself equally zealous,
  A Wittelsbach* gives it some fine painted glass.

That true Magna Charta, a free constitution,
  They've promised, and surely their promise they'll keep;
A king's word's a prize, without circumlocution.
  Like the Nibelung stone in the Rhine it lies deep.

The Brutus of rivers, the free Rhine, they surely
  Can never remove him from out of his bed;
The Dutchman his feet have fasten'd securely,
  The Switzers securely are holding his head.

God will grant us a fleet, if we prove persevering;
  Our patriotic exuberant strength
Will find a vent in sailing and steering,
  The pain of imprisonment ending at length.

The seeds cast their shells and the spring's blooming
      sweetly,
  We draw a free breath at this time of the year;
If permission to print is denied us completely,
  The censorship will of itself disappear.

7. THE DRUM-MAJOR.†

THE old drum-major it is that we see;
    Poor fellow, he's pull'd down sadly!
In the Emperor's time a youngster was he,
  And merrily lived and gladly.

He used to balance his ponderous stick,
  While a smile on his face play'd lightly;
The silver-lace on his tunic so thick
  In the rays of the sun gleam'd brightly.

Whene'er with a mighty roll of the drum
  He enter'd a village or city,
He caused an echo responsive to come
  In the heart of each girl, plain or pretty

* Names for the three royal houses of Prussia, Austria, and Bavaria.

† See the account of the old Drum-Major Le Grand contained in the prose section of Heine's "Pictures of Travel," entitled "Book Le Grand."

He came and saw and conquer'd too
  Each fair one welcomed him in;
His black moustache was wetted through
  With tears of German women.

Resistance was vain! In every land
  That the foreign invaders came to,
The Emperor vanquished the gentlemen, and
  The drum-major each maiden and dame too

Our sorrows full long we patiently bore
  Like oaks, with no one to heed 'em,
Until the Authorities gave us once more
  The signal to battle for freedom.

Like buffaloes rushing on to the fray,
  We toss'd our horns up proudly,
The yoke of France we cast away,
  The songs of Körner sang loudly.

O terrible verses! the tyrant's car
  At their awful sound revolted;
The Emperor and the drum-major in fear
  Precipitately bolted.

They both of them reap'd the wages of sin,
  And came to an end inglorious;
The Emperor Napoleon tumbled in
  The hands of the Britons victorious.

In Saint Helena his time he now pass'd
  In martyrdom, banish'd from France, Sir,
And, after long suff'ring, died at last
  Of that terrible ailment cancer.

The poor drum-major, too, fell in disgrace,
  And lost his situation;
In our hotel he took the place
  Of boots,—what degradation!

He warms the oven, he scours the pots,
  And wood and water fetches;
His grey head wags as he wheezingly trots
  Up the stairs, so weak the poor wretch is.

When Fritz comes to see me, he finds himself
  Inclined to jeer and rally
The comical lanky poor old elf
  And his motions shilly-shally.

O Fritz, a truce to raillery, please!
 The sons of Germany never
Should fallen greatness love to tease,
 Or to torment endeavour.

Such people you ought to regard with pride
 And filial piety rather;
Perchance upon the mother's side
 The old man is your father!

8. DEGENERACY.

HAS Nature's self been going backward,
 And human faults assuming, then?
The very plants and beasts, I fancy,
 Now lie as much as mortal men.

I trust not in the lily's chasteness;
 The colour'd fop, the butterfly,
Toys with her, kisses, round her flutters,
 Till lost is all her purity.

The violet's modesty moreover
 I hold full cheap. The little flower
With the coquettish breezes trifles,
 In secret pants for fame and power.

I doubt if Philomel appreciates
 The tune she sings with pompous mien;
She overdoes it, sobs, and warbles
 Methinks from nought but pure routine.

Truth from the earth is fast departing,
 The days of Faith are also o'er;
The dogs still wag their tails, smell badly
 And yet are faithful now no more.

9. HENRY.

IN Canossa's castle courtyard
 Stands the German Cæsar Henry,
Barefoot, clad in penitential
 Shirt—the night is cold and rainy.

From the window high above him
 Peep two figures, and the moonlight
Gregory's bald head illumines
 And the bosom of Mathilda.

Henry, with his lips all pallid,
Murmurs pious paternosters;
Yet in his imperial heart he
Secretly revolts and speaks thus:

"In my distant German country
"Upward rise the sturdy mountains;
"In the mountain-pits in silence
"Grows the iron for the war-axe.

"In my distant German country
"Upward rise the fine oak-forests;
"In the loftiest oak-stem 'mongst them
"Grows the handle for the war-axe.

"Thou, my dear and faithful country,
"Wilt beget the hero also
"Who in time will crush the serpent
"Of my sorrows with his war-axe."

10. LIFE'S JOURNEY.

WHAT laughter and singing! The sun's rays crossing
Each other gleam brightly; the billows are tossing
The joyous bark, and there I reclined
With friends beloved and lightsome mind.

The bark was presently wreck'd and shatter'd,
My friends were poor swimmers, and soon were scatter'd,
And all were drown'd in our fatherland;
I was thrown by the storm on the Seine's far strand.

Another ship I now ascended,
My journey by new companions attended;
By strange waves toss'd and rock'd, I depart—
How far my home! how heavy my heart!

Once more arises that singing and laughter!
The wind pipes loud, the planks crack soon after—
In heaven is quench'd the last last star—
How heavy my heart! My home how far!

11. THE NEW JEWISH HOSPITAL AT HAMBURG.

A HOSPITAL for Jews who're sick and needy,
For those unhappy threefold sons of sorrow,
Afflicted by the three most dire misfortunes
Of poverty, disease, and Judaism.

The worst by far of all the three the last is,
That family misfortune, thousand years old,
That plague which had its birth in Nile's far valley,
The old Egyptian and unsound religion.

Incurable deep pain! 'gainst which avail not
Nor douche nor vapour-bath, the apparatus
Of surgery, nor all the means of healing
Which this house offers to its sickly inmates.

Will Time, eternal goddess, e'er extinguish
This glowing ill, descending from the father
Upon the son,—and will the grandson ever
Be cured, and rational become and happy?

I cannot tell! Yet in the meantime let us
Extol that heart which lovingly and wisely
Sought to alleviate pain as far as may be,
Into the wounds a timely balsam pouring.

Dear worthy man! He here has built a refuge
For sorrows which by the physician's science
(Or else by death's!) are curable, providing
Cushions, refreshing drinks, and food, and nurses.

A man of deeds, he did his very utmost,
Devoted to good works his hard-earned savings
In his life's evening, kindly and humanely,
Recruiting from his toils by acts of mercy.

He gave with open hand—but gifts still richer,
His tears, full often from his eyes were rolling,
Tears fair and precious, which he wept deploring
His brethren's great, incurable misfortune.

12. GEORGE HERWEGH.*

WHEN Germany first drank her fill,
You then were her obedient vassal,
Believing in each pipe-bowl still,
And in its black-red-golden tassel.

But when the fond delirium ceased,
Good friend, how great your consternation!
The public seem'd a very beast,
After its sweet intoxication!

* A well-known republican poet and writer, born at Stuttgardt; at one time caressed, and afterwards banished, by the King of Prussia. He took an active part in the political troubles of 1848.

Pelted by vile abusive swarms
  With rotten apples, in disorder,
Under an escort of gendarmes
  You reach'd at length the German border

There you stood still. A tear you wiped
  Away, the well-known posts on spying
Which like the zebra's back are striped,
  With heavy heart as follows sighing:—

" Aranjuez, in lightsome mood
  " Once stay'd I in thy halls so splendid,
" When I before King Philip stood,
  " By all his proud grandees attended.

" He gave me an approving smile
  " When I the Marquis Posa acted;
" My prose he could not relish, while
  " My verses his applause attracted."*

13 THE TENDENCY.

GERMAN bard! extol our glorious
  German freedom, that thy lay
May possess our souls, and fire us,
And to mighty deeds inspire us,
Like the Marseillaise notorious.

Be no more, like Werther, tender,
  Who for Lotte sigh'd all day;
Thou shouldst tell the people proudly
What the bells proclaim so loudly,—
Speak of dirks, swords, no surrender

Gentle flutes no more resemble,
  Be not so idyllic, pray!
Fire the mortars, beat to quarters,
Crash, kill, thunder, make them tremble

Crash, kill, thunder like a devil
  Till the last foe flies away;
To this cause devote thy singing,
Thy poetic efforts bringing
To the common public's level.

* See Schiller's Play of "Don Carlos."

14. THE CHILD.

THE good their gifts in dream enjoy,
How did it fare with thee?
Scarce feeling it, you've got a boy,
Poor virgin Germany!

This boy an urchin frolicsome
Ere long shall we behold;
A first-rate archer he'll become,
As Cupid was of old.

He'll pierce the soaring eagle through;
And, proudly though he fly,
The double-headed eagle too
Struck by his bolt, shall die.

But that blind heathen God of love
Will he resemble not
In wearing neither clothes nor glove,
Nor be a sans-culotte.

The seasons in our land combine
With morals and police
To make both old and young incline
To wear their clothes in peace.

15. THE PROMISE.

YOU no more shall barefoot crawl so
Through the dirt, poor German freedom
Stockings (as you find you need 'em)
You shall have, and stout boots also.

As respects your head, upon it
To protect your ears from freezin'
In the chilly winter-season
You shall have a nice warm bonnet.

You shall have, too, savoury messes—
Grand the future that's before you:
Let no Satyr, I implore you,
Lure you onward to excesses!

Do not haste on fast and faster!
Render, as becomes inferiors,
Due respect to your superiors
And the worthy burgomaster.

16. THE CHANGELING.

A CHILD with monstrous pumpkin head,
Grey pigtail, and moustache light red,
With lanky arms and yet stupendous,
No bowels, yet with maw tremendous,—
A changling which a Corporal
Into our cradle had let fall,
On stealing from it our own baby—
This monster, falsehood's child, (or may be
'Twas in reality the son
Of his own favourite dog alone)—
What need to say how much we spurn it?
For heaven's sake, drown it or else burn it!

17. THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.*

MY father was a dreadful bore,
A good-for nothing dandy;
But I'm a mighty Emperor,
And love a bumper of brandy.

These glorious draughts all others surpass
In this, their magical power:
As soon as I have drained my glass,
All China bursts into flower.

The Middle Kingdom bursts into life,
A blossoming meadow seeming;
A man I wellnigh become, and my wife
Soon gives me signs of teeming.

On every side abundance reigns,
The sick no longer need potions;
Confucius, Court-philosopher, gains
Distinct and positive notions.

The ryebread the soldiers used to eat
Of almond cakes is made now;
The very vagabonds in the street
In silk and satin parade now.

The knightly Order of Mandarins,
Those weak old invalids, daily
Are gaining strength and filling their skins,
And shaking their pigtails gaily.

* Evidently a satire on the King of Prussia

The great pagoda, faith's symbol prized,
  Is ready for those who're believing;
The last of the Jews are here baptized,
  The Dragon's order receiving.

The noble Manchoos exclaim, when freed
  From the presence of revolution:
"The bastinado is all that we need,
  "We want no constitution!"

The pupils of Æsculapius perhaps
  May tell me that drink's dissipation
But I continue to drink my Schnaps,
  To benefit the nation.

And so in drinking I persevere;
  It tastes like very manna!
My people are happy, and drink their beer,
  And join in shouting Hosanna!

18. CHURCH-COUNSELLOR PROMETHEUS.

GOOD Sir Paulus,* noble robber,
  All the gods are on thee gazing
With their brows in anger knitted,
  Furious at the theft amazing

Thou hast practised in Olympus—
  Sorry for it they will make thee!
Fear the fate of poor Prometheus
  If Jove's bailiffs overtake thee!

Worse indeed his theft, because he
  Stole the light in heaven dwelling
To enlighten us weak mortals—
  Thou didst steal the works of Schelling,

Just the opposite of light,—nay,
  Darkness we can feel and handle
Like the old Egyptian darkness,—
  Not one solitary candle!

* A famous theological writer, who died in 185[illegible] at the age of ninety. He was formerly Counsellor of the Consistory (*Kirchenrath*) at Würzburg, and for many years Professor of Church History, &c. at Heidelberg.

19. TO THE WATCHMAN

(On a recent occasion).

IF heart and style remain still true,
I'll not object, whatever you do.
My friend, I never will mistake you,
E'en though a Counsellor they make you.

They now are raising a terrible din
Because you've been sworn as a Counsellor in;
From the Seine to the Elbe, regardless of reason,
For months they've declaim'd thus against your sad treason:

His progress onward is changed of late
To progress backward; O, answer us straight—
On Swabian crabs are you really riding?
Is't only court-ladies you now take pride in?

Perchance you are tired, and long for rest;
All night on your horn you've been blowing your best,
And now on a nail you quietly stow it,
No longer for Germany's hobby you'll blow it.

You lie down in bed, and straightway close
Your eyes, but vainly you seek for repose,
Before the window the mockers salute us:
Awake, Liberator! What! sleeping, Brutus?

Ah, bawlers like these can never know why
The best of watchmen ceases to cry;
These young braggadocios cannot discover
Why man his exertions at length gives over.

You ask me how matters are going on here?
No breeze is stirring, the atmosphere's clear;
The weathercocks all are perplex'd, not discerning
The proper direction in which to be turning.

20. CONSOLING THOUGHTS.

WE sleep as Brutus slept of yore,—
And yet he awoke, and ventured to bore
In Cæsar's bosom his chilly dagger!
The Romans their tyrants loved to stagger.—

No Romans are we, tobacco we smoke,
Each nation its favourite taste can invoke;
Each nation its special merit possesses—
The finest dumplings Swabia dresses.

But Germans are we, kindhearted and brave,
We sleep as soundly as though in the grave;
And when we awake, our thirst is excessive,
But not for the blood of tyrants oppressive.

'Tis our great pride to be as true
As heart of oak and linden too;
The land which oaks and lindens gives birth to
Can never produce a Brutus of worth too.

And e'en if amongst us a Brutus were found,
No Cæsar exists in the country round;
Despite all his search, he would find him never,—
We make good gingerbread however.

We've six-and-thirty masters and lords,
(Not one too many!) who wear their swords
And stars on their regal breasts to protect them;
The Ides of March can never affect them.

We call them Father, and Fatherland
We call the country they command
By right of descent, and love to call so—
We love sour-crout and sausages also.

And when our Father walks in the street
We take off our hats with reverence meet;
Our guileless Germany, injuring no man,
Is not a den of murderers Roman.

21. THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.

THE world is topsy-turvy turn'd,
  We walk feet-upwards in it;
The woodcocks shoot the sportsmen down,
  A dozen in a minute.

The calves are seen to roast the cook,
  On men are riding the horses;
On freedom of teaching and laws of light
  The Catholic owl discourses.

The herring is a sans-culotte,
  The truth is told by Bettina,
And puss-in-boots brings Sophocles
  On the stage, with learned demeanour.

An ape for German heroes has built
 A Pantheon, for glory zealous; *
And Massmann has lately been using a comb,
 As German papers tell us.

The German bears, I grieve to say,
 Are atheists unbelieving,
And in their place the parrots of France
 The Christian faith are receiving.

The Moniteur of Uckermark
 With equal frenzy seems smitten;
The dead have on the living there
 The vilest epitaph written. †

Then let us not swim against the stream,
 Good friends! 'twould serve us but badly;
But let us ascend the Templehof hill, ‡
 "Long life to the king!" shouting gladly.

22 ENLIGHTENMENT.

HAVE the scales that dimm'd thy vision
 Fallen, Michael? Canst thou see
How they're stealing in derision
 All the choicest food from thee?

In return, divine enjoyment
 Promise they in realms above,
Where the angels' sole employment
 Is to cook us fleshless love.

Michael, hath thy faith grown weaker,
 Or thy appetite more strong?
Thou dost grasp life's sparkling beaker,
 And thou sing'st a hero-song.

Fear not, Michael! take thy pleasure
 While on earth, and eat what's good;
When thou'rt dead, thou'lt have full leisure
 To digest in peace thy food.

* A polite allusion to the late King of Bavaria and his Walhalla.

† This refers to a poem of Freiligrath's, entitled "The Dead to the Living," for which he was prosecuted, but acquitted, in 1848.

‡ A hill close to Berlin.

23. WAIT AWHILE!

BECAUSE my lightnings are so striking,
You think that I can't thunder too!
You're wrong, for I've a special liking
For thunder, as I'll prove to you.

This will be seen with awful clearness
When the right moment is at hand;
You'll hear my voice in startling nearness,—
The word of thunder and command.

The raging storm will surely shiver
Full many an oak upon that day;
Each palace to its base shall quiver,
And many a steeple proud give way.

24. NIGHT THOUGHTS.

WHEN, Germany, I think of thee
At night, all slumber flies from me,
I cannot close mine eyes for yearning,
And down my cheeks run tears all burning.

How swiftly speeds each rolling year!
Since I have seen my mother dear
Twelve years have pass'd away; the longer
I wait, my yearning grows the stronger.

My yearning's growing evermore;
That woman has bewitch'd me sore!
Dear, dear old woman! with what fervour
I think of her! may God preserve her!

The dear old thing in me delights,
And in the letters that she writes
I see how much her hand is shaking,—
Her mother's heart, how nearly breaking!

My mother's ever in my mind;
Twelve long long years are left behind,
Twelve years have follow'd on each other
Since to my heart I clasp'd my mother.

For ages Germany will stand;
Sound to the core is that dear land;
Its oaks and lindens I shall ever
Find just the same, they alter never.

For Germany I less should care
If my dear mother were not there;
My fatherland will never perish
But *she* may die, whom most I cherish.

Since I my native land saw last,
Into the tomb have many pass'd
Whom I so loved—When of them thinking
How sadly bleeds my spirit sinking!

I needs must count them,—as I count
My sorrows higher, higher mount;
I feel as though each corpse were lying
Upon my breast—Thank God, they're flying!

Thank God! for through the window-pane
France's clear daylight breaks again;
My fair wife enters, sweetly smiling,
And all my German cares beguiling!

NEW SPRING.

PROLOGUE.

SOMETIMES when o'er pictures turning,
You have seen the man perchance,
Who is for the battle yearning,
Well-equipp'd with shield and lance.

Yet young loves are hov'ring round him,
Stealing lance and sword away;
They with flow'ry chains have bound him
Though he struggle in dismay.

I, too, in such charming fetters,
Bind myself with sad delight,
And I leave it to my betters
In time's mighty fight to fight.

1

'NEATH the white tree sitting sadly,
Thou dost hear the far winds wailing,
Seëst how the mute clouds o'er thee
Are their forms in mist fast veiling;

See'st how all beneath seems perish'd,
Wood and plain, how shorn and dreary;
Round thee winter, in thee winter,
Frozen is thy heart and weary.

Sudden downward fall upon thee
Flakes all white, and with vexation
Thou dost think the tree is show'ring
Snow-dust from that elevation.

Soon with joyful start thou findest
'Tis no snow-dust cold and freezing;
Fragrant blossoms 'tis of springtime
Cov'ring thee and fondly teasing.

What a shudd'ring-sweet enchantment!
Into May is winter turning,
Snow hath changed itself to blossoms,
And thy heart with love is yearning.

2.

IN the wood, the verdure's shooting,
Joy-oppress'd, like some fair maiden;
Yet the sun laughs sweetly downward:
"Welcome, young spring, rapture-laden!"

Nightingale! I hear thee also,
Piping, blissful-sad and lonely,
Sobbing tones and long-protracted,
And thy song of love is only!

3.

THE beauteous eyes of the spring's fair night
With comfort are downward gazing:
If love hath made thee so small in our sight,
Yet love hath the power of raising.

Sweet Philomel sits on the linden green,
Her notes melodiously blending;
And as to my soul her song pierceth e'en,
My soul once more is distending.

4.

WHICH flower I love, I cannot discover;
This grief doth impart.
In every calix I search like a lover,
And seek a heart.

The flowers smell sweet in the sun's setting splendour.
The nightingale sings.
I seek for a heart that like my heart is tender,
And like it springs.

The nightingale sings; his sweet song, void of gladness,
Comes home to my breast;
We're both so oppress'd and heavy with sadness,
So sad and oppress'd.

5.

SWEET May hath come to love us,
Flowers, trees, their blossoms don;
And through the blue heavens above us
The rosy clouds move on.

The nightingales are singing
On leafy perch aloft;
The snowy lambs are springing,
In clover green and soft.

I cannot be singing and springing,
Ill in the grass I lie;
I hear a distant ringing,
And dream of days gone by.

6.

SOFTLY through my spirit ring
Blissful tones loved dearly;
Sound, thou little song of spring,
Echoing far and clearly.

Sound, till thou the home com'st nigh
Of the violet tender;
And when thou a rose dost spy,
Say, my love I send her.

WITH the rose the butterfly's deep in love
A thousand times hovering round;
But round himself, all tender like gold.
The sun's sweet ray is hovering found.

With whom is the rose herself in love?
An answer I'd fain receive.
Is it the singing nightingale?
Is it the silent star of eve?

I know not with whom the rose is in love,
  But every one love I:
The rose, the nightingale, sun's sweet ray,
  The star of eve and butterfly.

8.

ALL the trees with joy are shouting,
  All the birds are singing o'er us—
Tell me, who can be the leader
  In this green and forest chorus?

Can it be the grey old plover,
  Wise nods evermore renewing?
Or yon pedant, who is ever
  In such measured time coo-coo-ing?

Can it be yon stork, the grave one,
  His director's airs betraying,
And his long leg rattling loudly,
  Whilst the music's round him playing?

No, the forest concert's leader
  In my own heart hath his station,
All the while he's beating time there,—
  Amor is his appellation.

"THE nightingale appear'd the first,
  "And as her melody she sang,
"The apple into blossom burst,
  "To life the grass and violets sprang.

"She her own bosom then did bite,
  "Her red blood flow'd, and from the blood
"A beauteous rose-tree came to light,
  "To whom she sings in loving mood.

"That blood atones for, to this day,
  "Us birds within the forest here;
"Yet when the rose-song dies away,
  "Will all the wood too disappear."

Thus to his youthful brood doth speak
  The sparrow in his oaken nest;
His mate pips, while she trims her beak,
  And proudly sits and looks her best

She is a homely wife and kind,
  Broods well, and ne'er is seen to pout;
The father makes his children find
  Pastime in studying things devout.

10.

THE warm and balmy spring-night's air
  Hath waken'd every flower,
And take I not the greatest care,
  My heart must succumb to love's power.

But which of all the flowery throng
  Is likely most to snare me?
The nightingales say, in their blissful song,
  Of the lily I ought to beware me.

11.

I'M sore perplex'd, the bells are ringing,
  And by my senses I feel forsaken;
The spring and two fair eyes together
  Against my heart an oath have taken.

The spring and two fair eyes together
  Lure on my heart to a new illusion;
Methinks the nightingales and roses
  Have much to do with all my confusion.

12.

AH! I yearn for tears all-burning,
  Tears of love and gentle woe,
And I tremble lest this yearning
  At the last should overflow.

Ah! love's pangs, that sweetly languish,
  And love's bitter joy, so blest,
Creep again, with heavenly anguish,
  Into my scarce healèd breast.

13.

THE eyes of spring, so azure,
  Are peeping from the ground;
They are the darling violets,
  That I in nosegays bound.

I pluck them, thinking deeply,
And all the thoughts so dear,
That in my heart are sighing,
The nightingale sings clear.

Yes, all my thoughts she singeth
And warbleth, echoing far;
So that my tender secrets
Known to the whole wood are.

14.

WHEN thy dress doth gently touch me,
As thou pass'st before my face,
How my heart exults, how wildly
Follows it thy lovely trace!

Then thou turnest round and gazest
With thy large bright eyes on me,
And my heart doth feel so startled,
That it scarce can follow thee.

15.

THE slender water-lily
Peeps dreamingly out of the lake;
The moon, oppress'd with love's sorrow,
Looks tenderly down for her sake.

With blushes she bends to the water
Once more her head so sweet--
Then sees she the poor pale fellow
Lying before her feet.

16.

IF thou hast good eyes, and look'st
In my songs, when thou hast tried them,
Thou wilt see a fair young maiden
Wandering up and down inside them.

If thou hast good ears as well,
Thou canst hear her voice quite clearly,
And her sighing, laughing, singing
Thy poor heart will madden nearly.

For she will, with look and word,
Thee, like me, make wellnigh crazy:
An enamour'd springtime-dreamer
Thou wilt tread the forest mazy.

17.

WHAT drives thee on, in the spring's clear night?
Thou hast driven the flowers all mad with fright.
The violets tremble and shiver;
The roses are all with shame so red,
The lilies are death-pale, and hang their head,
They mourn, and falter, and quiver.

O darling moon, what an innocent race
Those sweet flowers are! They are right in this case,
I really have acted badly;
Yet how could I tell that in wait she would lie,
When I was addressing the stars on high,
With fierce love raving so madly?

18.

THOU sweetly lookest on me
With eyes so blue and meek;
My senses feel all-dreamy,
And not a word can I speak.

I everywhere am thinking
Of thy blue eyes' sweet smile;
A sea of blue thoughts is spreading
Over my heart the while.

19.

ONCE again my heart is vanquish'd,
And my rancour is subsiding;
Once again hath May breath'd on me
Feelings tender and confiding.

Once more late and early haste I
Through the walks the most frequented,
Under every bonnet seek I
For my fair one's face lamented.

Once more at the verdant river
On the bridge I take my station;
Peradventure she will come there,
And will see my desolation.

In the waterfall's loud music
Hear I once again soft sighing,
And my gentle heart well knoweth
What the white waves are replying.

Once again in mazy pathways
I am lost in dreamy vision,
And the birds in every thicket
Hold the fond fool in derision.

20.

THE rose is fragrant—yet if she divineth
Her own sweet fragrance, if the nightingale
Herself feels what round man's soul softly twineth,
When echoes her sweet song across the vale,—

I cannot tell. Yet man is with vexation
Oft fill'd by truth. If nightingale and rose
The feeling only feign'd, the fabrication
Would still be useful, we may well suppose.

21.

BECAUSE I love thee, be not scornful,
If, flying, I avoid thy face;
How ill accords my visage mournful
With thine, so fair and full of grace!

Because I love thee, every feature
Grows pale and thinner day by day;
Thou'lt find me but a hideous creature,—
I'll shun thee,—be not scornful, pray.

I WANDER 'mid the flowers,
And blossom with them too;
I wander as in vision,
And at each step totter anew.

O hold me fast, my loved one,
Or at thy feet I'll fall,
With love intoxicated,
In the garden, in presence of all!

23.

AS the moon's fair image quaketh
In the raging waves of ocean,
Whilst she, in the vault of heaven,
Moves with silent peaceful motion,

Thus, beloved one, thou art moving,
  Still and peaceful, and nought quaketh
In my heart save thy dear image,
  While my own heart 'tis that shaketh.

24.

THE hearts of us two, my loved one,
  A Holy Alliance have made;
They well understood each other,
  When close together laid.

Alas! the rose so youthful
  That decks thy gentle breast,
Our poor ally and associate,
  To death was wellnigh press'd.

25.

TELL me who first taught clocks to chime,
  Made minutes, hours, divisions of time?
It was a cold and sorrowful elf;
He sat in the winter-night, wrapp'd in himself,
And counted the mouse's squeakings mysterious,
And the wood-worm's regular tick so serious.

Tell me who first did kisses suggest?
It was a mouth all glowing and blest;
It kiss'd and it thought of nothing beside.
The fair month of May was then in its pride,
The flowers were all from the earth fast springing,
The sun was laughing, the birds were singing.

26.

HOW the pinks are breathing fragrance!
  How the thronging stars so tender,
Golden bee like, sadly glimmer
  'Mid the heaven's blue-violet splendour!

Through the gloom of yonder chestnuts
  Gleams the manse, so white and stately,
And I hear the glass door rattling
  While the dear voice thrills me greatly.

Sweet alarm and blissful tremor,
  Soft embraces, terror-bringing—
And the youthful rose is list'ning,
  And the nightingales are singing.

27.

HAVE I not the self-same vision
  Dreamt before of all these blisses?
Were there not these same elysian
  Looks of love, and flowers, and kisses?

By the stream the moon was peeping
  Through the foliage of our bower;
Marble-gods still watch were keeping
  At the entrance in that hour.

Ah! I know how soon is over
  Every sweet and blissful vision,
How the snow's cold dress doth cover
  Heart and tree in sad derision.

How e'en we are fast congealing,
  Careless, and no love possessing,
We, who're now so softly feeling,
  Heart to heart so softly pressing!

28.

KISSES that one steals in darkness,
  And in darkness then returns—
How such kisses fire the spirit,
  If with honest love it burns!

Pensive, and with fond remembrance,
  Then the spirit loves to dwell
Much on days that long have vanish'd,
  Much on future days as well.

Yet methinks that too much thinking
  Dang'rous is, if kiss we will;—
Weep, then, rather, darling spirit,
  For to weep is easier still.

29.

THERE was an aged monarch,
  His heart was sad, his head was g
This poor and aged monarch
  A young wife married one day.

There was a handsome page, too,
  Fair was his hair, and light his m
The silken train he carried
  Of the aforesaid young Queen.

Dost know the ancient ballad?
  It sounds so sweet, it sounds so sad!
They both of them must perish,
  For too much affection they had.

30.

IN my remembrance blossom
  The images long forsaken—
Within thy voice what is there
  By which so deeply I'm shaken?

Say not that thou dost love me!
  I know that earth's fairest treasure,
Sweet love and happy spring time,
  'Twould shame beyond all measure

Say not that thou dost love me!
  A silent kiss I'll bestow thee;
Then smile, when I to-morrow
  The withered roses show thee.

31.

"LINDEN blossoms drunk with moonlight
  "Fly about in fragrant showers,
"And the nightingale's sweet music
  "Fills the air and leafy bowers.

"Ah! how sweet it is, my loved one,
  "'Neath these lindens to be sitting,
"When the glimm'ring golden moonbeams
  "Through the fragrant leaves are flitting.

"If thou lookest on the lime-leaf,
  "Thou a heart's form wilt discover;
"Therefore are the lindens ever
  "Chosen seats of each fond lover.

"Yet thou smilest, as though buried
  "In far distant visions yearning—
"Speak, belovèd, all the wishes
  "That in thy dear heart are burning."

Ah, my darling! I will tell thee
  Whence my thoughts proceed, and whither:
Fain I'd see the chilly north-wind
  Sudden bring white snowstorms hither

So that we, with furs well cover'd,
And in gaudy sledges riding,
Cracking whips, with bells loud ringing,
Might o'er stream and plain be gliding.

32.

THROUGH the forest, in the moonlight,
I the elves saw riding proudly;
And I heard their trumpets sounding,
And I hear their bells ring loudly.

Their white horses had upon them
Golden staghorns, whilst proceeding
Swiftly on—like flights of wild swans
Through the air the train was speeding.

Smilingly the queen bent tow'rds me,
Smiling, as the band rode by me;
Is't a sign that new love's coming,
Or a sign that death is nigh me?

33.

IN the morning send I violets,
Early in the wood discover'd,
And at evening bring I roses
Pluck'd while twilight's hour still hover'd.

Knowest thou the hidden language
By these lovely flowerets spoken?
Truth by day-time, love at night-time—
'Tis of this that they're the token!

34.

THY letter, sent to prove me,
Inflicts no sense of wrong;
No longer wilt thou love me,—
Thy letter, though, is long.

Twelve sides, to tell thy views all!
A manuscript, in fact!
In giving a refusal
Far otherwise we act.

35.

CARE not, if my love I'm telling
Unto all the world around,
When my mouth, thy beauty praising,
Full of metaphor is found.

Anderneath a wood of flowers
Lies, in shelter safe below,
All that deep and glowing secret,
All that deep and secret glow.

If suspicious sparks should issue
From the roses,—fearless be!
This dull world in flames believes not,
But believes them poetry.

36.

DAY and night alike the springtime
Makes with sounding, life all-teeming;
Like a verdant echo can it
Enter even in my dreaming.

Then the birds sing yet more sweetly
Than before, and softer breezes
Fill the air, the violet's fragrance
With still wilder yearning pleases.

E'en the roses blossom redder,
And a child-like golden glory
Bear they, like the heads of angels
In the pictures of old story.

And myself I almost fancy
Some sweet nightingale, when singing
Of my love to those fair roses,
Wondrous songs my vision bringing—

Till I'm waken'd by the sunlight,
Or by that delicious bustle
Of the nightingales of springtime
That before my window rustle.

37.

STARS with golden feet are wand'ring
Yonder, and they gently weep
That they cannot earth awaken,
Who in night's arms is asleep.

List'ning stand the silent forests,
Every leaf an ear doth seem!
How its shadowy arm the mountain
Stretcheth out, as though in dream

What call'd yonder? In my bosom
Rings the echo of the tone.
Was it my beloved one speaking,
Or the nightingale alone?

38.

THE spring is solemn, mournful only
Are all its dreams, each flower appears
Weigh'd down by grief, the song all-lonely
Of Philomel wakes secret tears.

O smile thou not, my darling beauty,
O smile not, full of charming grace!
But weep, that it may be my duty
To kiss a tear from off thy face.

39.

ONCE more from that fond heart I'm driven
Which I so dearly love, so madly;
Once more from that fond heart I'm driven--
Beside it would I linger gladly,

The chariot rolls, the bridge is quaking,
The stream beneath it flows so sadly;
Once more the joys am I forsaking
Of that fond heart I love so madly.

In heav'n rush on the starry legions,
As though before my sorrow flying—
Sweet one, farewell! in distant regions
My heart for thee will still be sighing.

40.

MY cherish'd wishes blossom,
And wither again at a breath,
And blossom again and wither,
And so on until death.

This know I, and it saddens
All love and joy, once so blest;
My heart is so wise and witty,
And bleeds away in my breast.

41.

LIKE an old man's face confounded
Is the sky so broad and airy,
Red, one-eyed, and close surrounded
By the grey clouds' locks all hairy

When upon the earth it gazes,
  Flower and bud grow pale and sickly;
Love and song in all their phases
  Fade away from men's minds quickly.

42.

With sullen thoughts in chilly bosom cherish'd,
  I travel sullen through the world so cold;
The autumn's end hath come, a humid mist doth hold
Deep veil'd from sight the country drear and perish'd.

The winds are piping, hither, thither bending
  The red-tinged leaves, that from the trees fall fast,
  The bare plain steams, the wood sighs 'neath the blast,
The worst of all comes next—the rain descending!

43.

Late autumnal mists all dripping
  Spread o'er hill and valley fair;
Storms the trees of leaves are stripping,
  And they ghostly look and bare.

But one single sad tree only
  Silent and unstripped is seen;
Moist with tears of woe, and lonely,
  Shaketh he his head still green.

Ah! this waste my heart displayeth,
  And the tree, still full of life,
Summer-green, thy form portrayeth,
  Much beloved and beauteous wife!

44.

Grey's the sky and every-day like,
  And the town still looks afflicted;
Ever weak and castaway like,
  In the Elbe its form's depicted.

Long each nose is, and its blowing
  Tedious an affair as ever;
All with pride are overflowing,
  Both at pomp and cringing clever.

Beauteous South! O, how adore I
  All thy gods, thy sky's sweet blisses,
Since these human dregs once more I
  See, and weather foul as this is!

PICTURES OF TRAVEL.

THE RETURN HOME.

1823–4.

1.

ON my life, a life of darkness,
 Once a vision sweet shone bright
Now that vision sweet hath faded,
 And I'm veil'd in utter night.

When in darkness children wander,
 Soon their spirits die away,
And to overcome their terror,
 Some loud song straight carol they.

I, a foolish child, am singing
 In the darkness spread around;
Though my song may give no pleasure
 Yet mine anguish it hath drown'd.

2.

IN vain would I seek to discover
 Why sad and mournful am I;
My thoughts without ceasing brood over
 A tale of the times gone by.

The air is cool, and it darkleth,
 And calmly flows the Rhine;
The peak of the mountain sparkleth,
 While evening's sun doth shine.

Yon sits a wondrous maiden
 On high, a maiden fair;
With bright golden jewels all-laden,
 She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with comb all-golden,
And sings the while a song;
How strange is that melody olden,
As loudly it echoes along!

It fills with wild terror the sailor
At sea in his tiny skiff;
He looks but on high, and grows paler,
Nor sees the rock-girded cliff.

The waves will the bark and its master
At length swallow up, then methought
'Tis Lore-ley who this disaster
With her false singing hath wrought.

3.

MY heart, my heart is mournful,
Yet May is gleaming like gold;
I stand, 'gainst the linden reclining,
High over the Bastion old.

Beneath, the moat's blue water
Flows peacefully along;
A boy his bark is steering,
And fishes, and pipes his song.

Beyond, in pleasing confusion,
In distant and chequer'd array,
Are men, and villas, and gardens,
And cattle, woods, meadows so gay.

The maidens are bleaching the linen,
And spring on the grass, like deer;
The mill-wheel's powd'ring diamonds,
Its distant murmur I hear.

Beside the old grey tower
A sentry-box is set;
A red-accoutred fellow
Walks up and down there yet.

He's playing with his musket,
While gleameth the sun o'erhead;
He first presents and shoulders—
I would that he'd shoot me dead!

4.

WITH tears through the forest I wander,
The throstle's sitting on high;
She, springing, sings softly yonder:
O wherefore dost thou sigh?

"Sweet bird, thy sister the swallow
"Can tell thee the cause of my gloom;
"She dwells in a nest all hollow,
"Beside my sweetheart's room."

5.

THE night is damp and stormy,
No star is in the sky;
In the wood, 'neath the rustling branches
In silence wander I.

A distant light is twinkling
From the hunter's lonely cot;
But within, the scene is but saddening,
And the light can allure me not.

The blind old grandmother's sitting
In her leather elbow-chair,
All-gloomily fix'd like a statue,
Not a word escapeth her there.

With curses to and fro paces
The forester's red-headed son;
With fury and scorn he's laughing,
As he throws 'gainst the wall his gun.

The fair spinning-maiden's weeping,
And moistens the flax with her tears;
The father's terrier, whining,
Curl'd up at her feet appears.

6.

WHEN I, on my travels, by hazard
My sweetheart's family found,
Her sister and father and mother,—
They gave me a welcome all round.

When they for my health had inquired,
They added, all of a breath,
That they thought me quite unalter'd,
Though my face was pale as death.

I ask'd for their aunts and their cousins
And many a tiresome friend;
I ask'd for the little puppy
Whose soft bark knew no end.

And then for my married sweetheart
I ask'd, as if just call'd to mind,
And they answer'd, in friendly fashion,
That she had but just been confin'd.

I gave them my very best wishes,
And lovingly begg'd them apart
That they'd give her a thousand greetings
From the bottom of my heart.

Then cried the little sister:
"The small and gentle hound
"Grew to be big and savage,
"And in the Rhine was drown'd."

That little one's like my sweetheart,
So like when she wears a smile!
Her eyes are the same as her sister's
Which caus'd all my mis'ry the while.

7.

We sat by the fisherman's cottage,
O'er ocean cast our eye;
Then came the mists of evening,
And slowly rose on high.

The lamps within the light-house
Were kindled, light by light,
And in the farthest distance
A ship was still in sight.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
And of the sailor's strange life,
'Twixt sky and water, 'twixt terror
And joy in endless strife.

We spoke of distant regions,
Of North and South spoke we,
The many strange races yonder,
And customs, strange to see.

The air on the Ganges is balmy,
  And giant-trees extend,
And fair and silent mortals
  Before the lotos bend.

In Lapland, the people are dirty,
  Flat-headed, broad-mouthèd, and small;
They squat round the fire, bake fishes,
  And squeak, and speak shrilly, and squall.

The maidens earnestly listen'd,
  At length not a word was said;
The ship from sight had vanish'd,
  For darkness o'er all things was spread.

THOU pretty fisher-maiden,
  Quick, push thy bark to land;
Come hither, and sit beside me,
  And toy with me, hand in hand.

Recline thy head on my bosom,
  Nor be so fearful of me;
Thou trustest thyself, void of terror,
  Each day to the raging sea.

My heart is like the ocean,
  Hath tempest, ebb, and flow,
And many pearls full precious
  Lie in its depths below.

9.

THE moon hath softly risen,
  And o'er the waves doth smile;
Mine arms hold my sweetheart in prison,
  Our hearts both swelling the while.

Blest in her sweet embraces
  I calmly repose on the strand:
Hear'st thou aught in the wind as it races?
  Why shrinks thy snow-white hand?

"O, 'tis not the tempest's commotion,
  "'Tis the song of the mermaids below;
"'Tis the voice of my sisters, whom Ocean
  "Swallow'd up in its depths long ago."

10.

ON the clouds doth rest the moon,
Like a giant-orange gleaming;
Broad her streaks, with golden rays
O'er the dusky ocean beaming.

Lonely roam I by the strand
While the billows white are breaking;
Many sweet words hear I there,
From the water's depths awaking.

Ah! the night is long, full long,
And my heart must break its slumbers;
Beauteous nymphs, come forth to light,
Dance! and sing your magic numbers!

To your bosom take my head,
Soul and body I surrender!
Sing me dead, caress me dead,
Drain my life with kisses tender.

11.

IN their grey-hued clouds envelop'd,
Now the mighty gods are sleeping;
And I listen to their snoring,
Stormy weather o'er us creeping.

Stormy weather! Raging tempests
On the poor ship bring disaster;
On these winds who'll place a bridle,—
On these waves that own no master?

I the storm can never hinder,
Nor the mast and planks from creaking,
So I wrap me in my mantle,
Like the gods for slumber seeking.

12.

THE wind puts on its breeches again,
Its white and watery breeches:
It flogs each billow with might and main,
Till it howls and rushes and pitches.

From the darksome height, with furious might
Pours the rain in wild commotion;
It seems as though the ancient Night
Would drown the ancient Ocean.

To the ship's high mast the sea-mew clings,
With hoarse and shrill shrieking and yelling;
In anxious-wise she flutters her wings,
Approaching disasters foretelling.

13.

THE storm strikes up for dancing,
It blusters, pipes, roars with delight;
Hurrah, how the bark is springing!
How merry and wild is the night!

A living watery mountain
The raging sea builds tow'rd the sky;
A gloomy abyss here is gaping,
There, mounts a white tower on high.

A vomiting, cursing, and praying,
From the cabin bursts forth 'mid the roar;
I cling to the mast for protection,
And wish I was safely on shore.

14.

'TIS evening, darker 'tis getting,
Mist veils the sea from the eye;
The waves are mysteriously fretting,
White shadows are rising on high.

From the billows the mermaid arises,
And sits herself near me on shore;
The veil which her figure disguises
Her snow-white bosom peeps o'er.

She warmly doth caress me,
And takes my breath away:
Too closely dost thou press me,
Thou lovely water-fay!

"My arms thus closely caress thee,
"I clasp thee with all my might;
"In hope of warmth do I press thee,
"For cold indeed is the night."

The moon from her dusky cloister
Of clouds, sheds a paler ray;
Thine eye grows sadder and moister,
Thou lovely water-fay!

"No sadder nor moister 'tis growing,
"Mine eye is moist and wet,
"For when from the wave I was going,
"A drop remain'd in it yet."

The sea-mew mourns shrilly, while ocean
Is growling and heaving its spray;
Thy heart throbs with raging emotion,
Thou lovely water-fay!

"My heart throbs with raging emotion,
"Emotion raging and wild
"For I love thee with speechless devotion,
"Thou darling human child!"

15.

WHEN I before thy dwelling
At morning happen to be,
I rejoice, my little sweet one,
When thee at thy window I see.

With thy dark-brown eyes so piercing
My figure thou dost scan:
Who art thou, and what ails thee,
Thou strange and sickly man?

"I am a German poet,
"Well known in the German land;
"When the best names in it are reckon'd,
"My name amongst them will stand.

"My little one, that which ails me
"Ails crowds in the German land;
"When the fiercest sorrows are reckon'd,
"My sorrows amongst them will stand."

16.

THE gleam o'er the ocean had faded not,
While the eve's last rays were flitting;
We sat by the lonely fisherman's cot,
Alone and in silence sitting.

The waters swell'd, while the mist rose above,
The restless sea-mew was screaming;
From out thine eyes, so full of love,
The tears were quickly streaming.

I saw them falling on thy fair hand,
And on my knees soon sank I,
And then from off thy snow-white hand
The tears with rapture drank I.

Since that hour, my body hath fast decay'd,
My soul is dying with yearning;
I was poison'd, alas! by the hapless maid
With her falling tears so burning.

17.

UP high on yonder mountain
Stands a stately castle alone,
Where dwell three beauteous maidens,
Whose love in turns I have known.

On Saturday Harriet kiss'd me,
While Sunday was Julia's right;
On Monday Cunigund follow'd,
Who well nigh stifled me quite.

To hold a fête in the castle
On Tuesday my maidens agreed;
The neighbouring lords and ladies
All came with carriage or steed.

But I was never invited,
To your great wonder, no doubt;
The whispering aunts and cousins
Observ'd it, and laugh'd right out.

18.

ON the dim and far horizon
Appeareth, misty and pale,
The city, with all its towers,
In evening twilight's veil.

A humid gust is ruffling
The path o'er the waters dark;
With mournful measure, the sailor
Is rowing my tiny bark.

The sun once more ariseth,
And over the earth gleams he,
And shows me the spot out yonder
Where my loved one was lost to me.

19.

ALL hail to thee, thou stately
  Mysterious town, all hail,
Who erst within thy bosom
  My loved one's form didst veil!

O say, ye towers and gateways,
  O where can my loved one be?
To your keeping of yore was she trusted,
  And ye must her bail be to me.

The towers, in truth, are guiltless,
  From their places they could not come down,
When she, with her trunks and boxes,
  So hastily went from the town.

The gates, however, they suffer'd
  My darling to slip through them straight;
A gate is ever found willing
  To let a fool "gang her ain gait."*

20.

ONCE more my steps through the olden path
  And the well-known streets are taken,
Until I come to my loved one's house,
  So empty now and forsaken.

How narrow and close the streets appear!
  How nauseous the smell of the plaster!
The houses seem tumbling down on my head,
  So I haste away, fearing disaster.

21.

ONCE more through the halls I pass'd
  Where her troth to me was plighted:
On the spot where her tears fell fast
  A serpent's brood had alighted.

22.

THE night is still, and the streets are deserted,
  In this house my love had her dwelling of yore;
'Tis long since she from the city departed,
  Yet her house still stands on the spot as before.

* I have here attempted to imitate a wretched pun in the original.

There stands, too, a man, who stares up at her casement,
And wrings his hands with the weight of his woes;
I look on his face with shudd'ring amazement,—
The moon doth the form of myself disclose.

Thou pallid fellow, thou worthless double!
Why dare to mimic my love's hard lot,
Which many a night gave me grief and trouble
In former days, on this very spot?

23.

HOW canst thou sleep in quiet,
And know that I'm still alive?
I burst the yoke that's upon me,
When my olden wrath doth revive.

Dost know the ancient ballad:
How of yore a dead stripling brave
At midnight came to his loved one,
And carried her down to his grave?

Believe me, thou wondrous beauty,
Thou wondrously lovely maid,
I'm alive still, and feel far stronger
Than the whole of the dead's brigade!

24.

THE maiden's asleep in her chamber,
"In peeps the quivering moon;
"Outside is a singing and jingling,
"As though to a waltz's tune.

"I needs must look through my window,
"To see who's disturbing my rest;
"There stands a skeleton ghastly
"Who's fiddling and singing his best:

"Thy hand for the dance thou didst pledge me,
"And then thy promise didst break;
"To-night there's a ball in the churchyard,
"Come with me, the dance to partake.

"He forcibly seizes the maiden,
"And lures her from out her abode;
"She follows the skeleton wildly,
"Who fiddles and sings on the road.

"He hops and he skips and he fiddles,
"His bones they rattle away;
"With his skull he keeps nidding and nodding,
"By the moonlight's glimmering ray."

25.

I STOOD, while sadly mused I,
And her likeness closely did scan,
And her belovèd features
To glow with life began.

Around her lips there gather'd
A sweet and wondrous smile,
And as through tears of sorrow
Her clear eyes shone the while.

And then my tears responsive
Adown my cheeks did pour—
And ah! I scarce can believe it,
That I've lost thee evermore.

26.

UNHAPPY Atlas that I am! I'm doom'd
To bear a world, a very world of sorrows;
Unbearable's the load I bear, and e'en
The heart within me's breaking.

O thou proud heart! thy doing 'twas indeed,
Thou wouldst be happy, utterly be happy,
Or utterly be wretched, O proud heart,
And now in truth thou'rt wretched!

27.

THE years are coming and going,
To the grave whole races descend,
And yet the love in my bosom
Shall never wax fainter or end.

O could I but once more behold thee,
Before thee sink down on my knee,
And die, as these words I utter:
Dear Madam, I love but thee!

28.

I DREAMT: the quivering moon gleam'd above,
And the stars cast a mournful ray;
I was borne to the town where dwelleth my love,
Many hundred miles away

And when I arrived at her dwelling so blest,
  I kiss'd the stones of the stair,
Which her little foot so often had press'd,
  And the train of her garment fair.

The night was long, the night was chill,
  And cold were the stones that night;
Her pallid form from the window-sill
  Look'd down in the moonbeam's light.

29.

WHAT means this tear all-lonely
  That troubles now my gaze?
Of olden times the offspring
  Still in mine eye it stays.

It had its shining sisters,
  Who all have faded from sight,
With all my joys and sorrows,
  Yea, faded in storm and night.

Like clouds have also fleeted
  The stars so blue and mild,
Which into my yearning bosom
  Those joys and sorrows once smiled.

Ah! even my love's devotion
  Like idle breath did decay;
Thou old, old tear all-lonely,
  Do thou, too, pass away!

30.

THE pallid autumnal half-moon
  Looks down from the clouds on high;
The parsonage, silent and lonely,
  By the side of the churchyard doth lie.

The mother is reading her Bible,
  The son on the light turns his eyes,
All-sleepy, the elder daughter
  Doth stretch, while the younger thus cries:

"Good heavens, how dreadfully tedious
  "The days are! I'm quite in despair!
"'Tis only when there's a burial
  "One sees aught of life, I declare!

The mother then says, midst her reading:
  "You're mistaken, four only have died
"Since the time when they buried your father
  "By the gate of the churchyard outside."

The elder daughter says gaping:
  "I'll starve no longer with you;
"I'll go to the Count to-morrow,
  "He's rich and he loves me too."

The son bursts out into laughter:
  "At the tavern drink huntsmen three;
"They're making money, and gladly
  "Would teach the secret to me."

The mother then throws her Bible
  Full hard in his lanky face:
"Wouldst thou dare, thou accursed of heaven,
  "As a robber thy friends to disgrace?"

They hear a knock at the window,
  And see a beckoning hand;
And behold, outside the dead father
  In his black preaching-garment doth stand.

31.

THE weather is bad and stormy,
  With rain and tempest and snow;
I sit at the window, gazing
  On the gloomy darkness below.

One single light I see glimm'ring
  That slowly moves in the street;
'Tis a woman holding a lantern,
  And walking with tottering feet.

I expect that she's making a purchase
  Of meal and butter and eggs;
'Tis to bake a cake for her daughter
  That she is out now on her legs.

The daughter's at home in the arm-chair,
  And sleepily looks at the light,
Her golden locks stray over
  Her face so lovely and bright.

32.

'TIS thought that I am tormented,
  By love's bitter sorrow distress'd,
And at length I myself believe it
  As well as all the rest.

Thou great-eyed little maiden,
  I ever have whisper'd apart:
I love thee beyond expression,
  While love is gnawing my heart.

'Twas but in my lonely chamber
  That I dared my love to proclaim,
And, ah! I have ever been silent,
  When into thy presence I came.

When there, the evil angels
  Appear'd, and my lips they held;
And, ah! 'tis by evil angels
  That my joy hath now been dispell'd.

33.

O THY tender lily-fingers,
  Could I once again but kiss them,
  Press them softly to my heart,
  And then die in silent weeping!

  O thy violet eyes so radiant
  Hover near me day and night,
  And I'm troubled: what forebodeth
  All this sweet, this blue enigma?

34.

"HATH she then no word e'er spoken
  "Of thy passion, hapless lover?
"In her sweet eyes couldst thou never
  "Signs of answering love discover?
"Through her sweet eyes couldst thou never
  "Reach her soul, and so get at her?
"Yet thou art not thought a blockhead,
  "Worthy friend, in such a matter."

35.

THEY loved each other, but neither
  Would be the first to confess;
Like foes, they gaz'd at each other,
  And would die of their love's distress.

They parted at length, and thereafter,
Except in vision, ne'er met;
From life they long have departed,
And scarcely know of it yet.

36.

AND when I to you my grief did confide,
You only yawn'd, and nothing replied;
But when I reduced my sorrow to rhyme,
You praised me greatly, and call'd it sublime.

37.

I CALL'D the devil, and he came,
And with wonder his form did I closely scan;
He is not ugly, and is not lame,
But really a handsome and charming man.
A man in the prime of life is the devil,
Obliging, a man of the world, and civil;
A diplomatist too, well skill'd in debate,
He talks right glibly of church and state.
He's rather pale, but it's really not strange,
For his studies through Sanskrit and Hegel range.
Fouqué is still his favourite poet;
But criticism he'll touch no more,
But has handed that subject entirely o'er
To his grandmother Hecate, that she may know it.
My juridical works did he kindly praise,
His favourite hobby in former days.
He said that my friendship was not too dear,
And then he nodded, and look'd severe,
And afterwards asked if it wasn't the case
We had met at the Spanish ambassador's rout?
And when I look'd him full in the face
I saw him to be an old friend without doubt.

38.

MAN, revile not thou the devil,
For the path of life is short,
And damnation everlasting
Is too true, not mere report.

Man, pay all the debts thou owest,
For the path of life is long,
And thou'lt often have to borrow
Just as usual, right or wrong.

39.

THE three holy kings from the Eastern land
  Inquired in every city:
Where goeth the road to Bethlehem,
  Ye boys and maidens pretty?

The young and the old, they could not tell,
  The kings went onward discreetly;
They follow'd the track of a golden star,
  That sparkled brightly and sweetly.

The star stood still over Joseph's house,
  And they enter'd the dwelling lowly;
The oxen bellow'd, the infant cried,
  While sang the three kings holy.

40.

MY child, we once were children,
  Two children, little and gay;
We crawl'd inside the henhouse,
  And hid in the straw in play.

We crow'd as the cocks are accustom'd,
  And when the people came by,
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"—and they fancied
  'Twas really the cock's shrill cry.

The chests within our courtyard
  With paper we nicely lined,
And in them lived together,
  In a dwelling quite to our mind.

The aged cat of our neighbour
  Came oft to visit us there;
We made her our bows and our curtsies,
  And plenty of compliments fair.

For her health we used to inquire
  In language friendly and soft;
Since then we have ask'd the same question
  Of many old cats full oft.

We used to sit, while we wisely
  Discoursed, in the way of old men,
And lamented that all was better
  In the olden days than then;

How love and truth and religion
  From out of the world had fled,
How very dear was the coffee,
  How scarce was the gold, we said.

Those childish sports have vanish'd,
  And all is fast rolling away;
The world, and the times, and religion,
  And gold, love, and truth all decay.

41.

MY heart is sore oppress'd, with sighing
  I think upon the days of yore;
The world was then in calmness lying,
  And men were peaceful evermore.

All now is changed, in mournful chorus
  Want and confusion round us spread;
The Lord seems dead that erst rul'd o'er us
  Beneath us, is the Devil dead.

All now appears so drear and sadden'd,
  Decay'd and cold, of joy bereft,
That, were we not by love still gladden'd,
  No single resting-place were left.

42.

AS the gleaming moon is piercing
  Through the darksome clouds above,
So from out time's darksome mirror
  Peeps a vision full of love.

All upon the deck were sitting,
  Proudly sailing down the Rhine,
And the shores, in summer verdure,
  In the setting sun did shine.

Thoughtfully was I reclining,
  Bent before a lovely maid;
In her beauteous, pallid features
  Lo, the golden sunlight play'd.

Lutes were sounding, youths were singing,
  Wondrous was our joy that day;
And the heavens became still bluer,
  And our souls soar'd high away.

Hills and castles, woods and meadows,
  Like a vision fleeted by,
And I saw them all reflected
  In the lovely maiden's eye.

43.

IN vision saw I my loved one
  A worn, sad woman one day;
Her once so-blooming figure
  Had wither'd and fallen away.

A child in her arms she carried,
  By the hand another she led,
And grief and poverty plainly
  In her walk, looks, and garments I read.

Across the market she totter'd,
  And then did I meet her eye;
She looked upon me, and gently
  I spake to her thus, with a sigh:

" Come with me to my dwelling,
  " For thou art pale and ill,
" And food and drink I'll
  " By industry and skill.

" I'll also nourish and cherish
  " The children that with thee I see;
" But, my child so poor and unhappy,
  " I'll care the most for thee.

" I never will remind thee
  " That I loved thee so dearly of yore,
" And when at length thou diest,
  " I'll weep at thy grave full sore."

44.

" FRIEND! why always thus endeavour
  " To repeat the same old story?
" Wilt thou brooding sit for ever
  " On love's eggs grown old and hoary?

" Ah! 'tis but the usual custom,
  " Chickens from the shells are crawling;
" In a book thou seek'st to thrust 'em,
  " While they're fluttering and calling!"

45.

PRYTHEE, be not thou impatient
If there still are loudly ringing
Many of my old sad numbers
In the newest songs I'm singing.

Wait awhile, and soon the echo
Will have died away of sorrow,
And a new-born song-spring softly
From the heal'd heart shoot to-morrow.

46.

'TIS now full time that my folly I drop,
And return to sober reason;
This comedy now 'twere better to stop
That we've played for so long a season.

In a gay and highly romantic style
The gorgeous coulisses were painted;
My knight's cloak glitter'd, while I was the while
With the finest sensations acquainted.

And now that I, while more sober I grow,
Am against this toying inveighing,
I feel that I'm still as wretched as though
A comedy still I were playing.

Alas! unconsciously and in jest
Of my feelings was I the narrator;
And I've play'd with my own death in my breast,
The dying gladiator.

47.

THE monarch Wiswamitra
Is restlessly striving now;
He must needs, by fighting and penance,
Obtain Wasischta's cow.

O monarch Wiswamitra,
O what an ox art thou,
To have all this fighting and penance,
And all for nought but a cow!

48.

LET not grief, my heart, come o'er thee
Bear thy lot with faith unshaken,
For what winter may have taken
Will returning spring restore thee

And how much remaineth over!
  And how fair the world is still!
  And, my heart, if 'tis thy will,
Thou of All mayst be the lover!

49.

A FLOW'RET thou resemblest,
  So pure and fair and blest;
But when I view thee, sorrow
  Straight creepeth to my breast

I feel as though inspired
  My hands on thy head to lay,
And pray that God may keep thee
  So blest, fair, pure, for aye.

50.

CHILD! it would be thy perdition,
  And the greatest pains I've taken
Ne'er within thy fond heart tow'rd me
  Loving feelings to awaken.

Now that I've so soon succeeded,
  To my vow I'm wellnigh faithless,
And this thought steals o'er me often:
  Would that thou could'st love me nathless

51.

WHEN on my couch I'm lying
  In night and pillows conceal'd,
A sweet and charming image
  Before me stands reveal'd.

As soon as silent slumber
  Hath closed mine eyes in sleep,
Into my dream this image
  Doth softly, gently creep.

Yet with the dream of morning
  It ne'er doth melt away,
For in mine inmost bosom
  I bear it all the day.

52.

MAIDEN with the mouth so rosy,
  With the eyes so sweet and bright,
O my darling little maiden,
  I of thee think day and night.

Long is now the winter evening,
  Fain would I disperse its gloom,
Sitting by thee, talking with thee
  In thy trusty little room.

To my lips I'd fain be pressing
  Thy dear little snowy hand,
With my falling tears caressing
  Thy dear little snowy hand.

53.

THOUGH outside snow-piles are forming,
  Though 'tis hailing, though 'tis storming,
Rattling 'gainst the window-pane,
Nevermore will I complain,
For within my breast I bear
Spring-joys and love's image fair.

54.

SOME make prayers to the Madonna,
  Others unto Paul and Peter;
  Thee alone, of suns the fairest,
Thee alone will I e'er honour.

Let me be with kisses laden,
  Be thou kindly, be thou gracious,
  'Mongst all maidens sun the fairest,
'Neath the sun the fairest maiden!

55.

DID not my pallid face betray
  My loving woe unto thee?
And wilt thou that my haughty mouth
  With begging words shall woo thee?

Alas! this mouth is far too proud,
  'Twas made but for kissing and sighing;
Perchance it may speak a scornful word,
  While I with sorrow am dying.

56.

WORTHY friend, thou'rt deep in love,
  And beneath new pangs thou'rt fretting;
Darker grows it in thy head,
  In thy heart 'tis lighter getting

Worthy friend, thou'rt deep in love,
And thou fain would'st hide thy yearning;
Yet I see thy heart's fierce glow
Through thy waistcoat hotly burning.

57.

I FAIN would linger by thee,
And rest beside thee too;
Away thou needs must hie thee,
Thou hast so much to do.

I said that I surrender'd
My very soul to thee;
An answering bow was tender'd,
Thou laughedst full of glee.

Thou cruelly didst use me,
And treat my love amiss;
At last thou didst refuse me
The usual parting kiss.

Don't think that I deem it my duty
To shoot myself any the more;
For all of this, my beauty,
Has happen'd to me before

58.

A PAIR of sapphires are thine eyes,
So clear, so sweetly roving;
O three times happy is the man
Whom those fair eyes are loving.

Thy heart, it is a diamond,
A sparkling radiance throwing;
O three times happy is the man
For whom with love 'tis glowing.

Thy lips are very rubies bright,
One never can see fairer;
O three times happy is the man
Who of their love is sharer.

O did I know the happy man!
O could I unattended
Within the green wood meet with him,—
His luck would soon be ended!

59.

WHILE with loving words, but lying,
  I have bound me to thy breast,
Now in my own fetters dying,
  Into earnest turns my jest.

When thou jestingly dost fly me,
  By a rightful impulse led,
Then the powers of hell draw nigh me,
  And I really shoot me dead.

60.

TOO fragmentary is World and Life:
  I'll go to the German professor, who's rife
With schemes for putting Life's pieces together,
  Whereby a passable System's unfurl'd;
Ragged nightcaps and dressing-gowns keep out the weather,
  Stop the gaps in the edifice crack'd of the world.

61.

THIS evening they've a party,
  The house is fill'd with light;
By yonder shining window
  A shadowy form's in sight.

Thou see'st me not, in darkness
  I stand below and apart;
Still less canst thou see ever
  Inside my darksome heart.

My darksome heart doth love thee,
  It loves thee and it breaks,
And breaks, and bleeds, and quivers,
  But thou see'st not how it aches.

62.

I WOULD that my woes all their fulness
  In one single word could convey;
To the merry winds straight would I give it,
  Who would merrily bear it away.

That word so teeming with sadness
  They would carry, my loved one, to thee
Thou wouldst hear it at every moment,
  Wouldst hear it where'er thou mightst be.

As soon as thine eyelids at nighttime
 Are peacefully closèd in sleep,
My word would straightway pursue thee
 Far into thy visions most deep.

63.

THOU hast pearls, thou hast diamonds also,
 Hast all that mortals adore;
Thine eyes are among the fairest,—
 My loved one, what wouldst thou have more?
Upon thine eyes so beauteous
 I've written many a score
Of sweet immortal ballads,—
 My loved one, what wouldst thou have more?
And with thine eyes so beauteous
 Hast thou tormented me sore,
And brought me to utter perdition,—
 My loved one, what wouldst thou have more?

64.

HE who for the first time loveth,
 Though 'tis hopeless, is a God;
But the man who hopeless loveth
For the second time's—a fool.
I, a fool like this, am loving
Once more, with no love responsive;
Sun and moon and stars are laughing,
I, too, join the laugh and—die.

65.

NEVER match'd the timid coldness
 Of thy spirit, from the first,
With my love's untutor'd boldness,
 Which through rocks delights to burst.
Thou in love dost love the highway,
 And I see thee walk through life
With thy husband taking thy way,
 As an honest teeming wife!

66.

COUNSEL they gave me, and good instruction,
 Pour'd on me honours, by way of seduction
Said I had only to wait for a while,
And their protection upon me should smile.

Spite the protection they bid me hold cherish'd,
I before long should of hunger have perish'd,
Had I not happen'd a good man to see,
Who took an interest kindly in me.

Good man indeed! for he gives me my food;
Never can I forget conduct so good.
Pity I cannot with kisses reply,
For the good man is no other than—I!

67.

THIS young man, so good and worthy,
  Cannot be too much respected;
Oft he gives me wine and oysters,
  Gives me liquors well selected.

Coat and trousers fit him neatly,
  His cravat is still more sightly;
And so comes he every morning
  For my health to ask politely.

Of my wide-spread glory speaks he,
  Of my talents and my graces;
Eagerly at my disposal
  All his services he places.

And in company at evening,
  With a face as if inspired
He declaims before the ladies
  All my poems so admired.

O it is indeed most pleasant
  Such a young man to discover
In the present day, when surely
  All things good will soon be over.

68.

I DREAMT that I was Lord of all,
  And sat in heaven proudly;
The angels, ranged around my throne,
  All praised my verses loudly.

And cakes I ate, and comfits too,
  In value many a florin;
And Cardinal I drank the while,
  And had no need of scorin'.

Plagued by ennui, I long'd to be
  On earth, with all its evil;
And were I not the Lord of all,
  I'd fain have been the devil.

Thou long-legg'd Angel, Gabriel, go,
  And hasten downward thither,
And find my worthy friend Eugene,
  And bring him to me hither.

Within the College seek him not,
  But o'er a glass of brandy;
Seek for him not in Hedwig's Church,
  But at Miss Meyer's so handy.

The Angel then spread out his wings,
  And with his whole soul in it
Flew down, and seized my worthy friend,
  And brought him in a minute.

Ay, youth, I am the Lord of all,
  And rule o'er every nation;
I always told thee I should come
  To power and reputation.

Each day I work such miracles
  As greatly would delight thee;
The town of A—— I'll happy make
  To-day, and so excite thee.

The paving stones upon the road
  Shall all be now converted,
And, lo, an oyster, fresh and clear,
  In each shall be inserted.

A constant shower of lemon-juice
  Like dew, shall serve as pickle,
And in the gutters of the streets
  The finest wine shall trickle.

How all the A—er's straight rejoice,
  And to the banquet hasten!
The judges from the gutter drink
  As if it were a basin.

And how at this divine repast
  Rejoice the poets needy!
Lieutenants lick the streets quite dry,
  And ensigns poor and greedy.

The ensigns and lieutenants are
  Wise in their generation;
They always think the present time
  The weightiest in creation.

69.

FROM beauteous lips compell'd to part, and carried
  Away from beauteous arms fast clasp'd around me,
Yet one more day I gladly would have tarried,
  When came the post-boy with his steeds, and found me.

Child, this is very life, an endless wailing,
  An endless farewell-taking, endless parting;
Is then thy heart to clasp mine unavailing?
  Could not thine eye retain me, e'en at starting?

70.

WE travelled alone in the gloomy
  Post-chaise the whole of the night;
Each lean'd on the other's bosom,
  And jested with hearts so light.

When morning dawn'd upon us,
  My child, how we did stare,
For the blind passenger,* Amor,
  Was sitting between us there!

71.

HEAVEN knows where the haughty hussy
  May have will'd to pitch her tent,
Swearing, with the rain fast falling,
  All the city through I went.

From one tavern to another
  Ran I swiftly in the rain,
And to every surly waiter
  Did I turn myself in vain.

Then I saw her at a window,
  Nodding, tittering as well:
Could I tell that thou wouldst live in,
  Maiden, such a grand hotel?

* A "blind passenger" means in German a person who travels without paying his fare.

72.

LIKE da[illegible]ling visions the houses
Are sta[illegible]ing all in a row;
Deep hidden in my mantle,
In silence I o[illegible]ward go.
The high cathedral tower
The hour of twelve doth proclaim:
My love, with her char[illegible] and kisses,
Awaits me with raptur[illegible] flame.
The moon is my attendant,
And kindly gleams in the s[illegible]
And when I arrive at her dwel[illegible]
I joyfully call up on high:
I thank thee, my olden companio[illegible]
That thou hast thus lighted m[illegible] way;
I now at length can release thee,
Light the rest of the world now, [illegible]ray
And find'st thou some mortal enamour
In solitude mourning his fate,
As me thou of old time didst comfort,
Him also O comfort thou straight!

73.

O WHAT falsehood lies in kisses!
In mere show what joy's convey'd!
In betrayal, O what bliss is!
Sweeter still to be betray'd!
Though thou mayst resist me, fairest,
Yet I know what thou allowest;
I'll avow whate'er thou swearest,
I will swear what thou avowest.

74.

UPON thy snowy bosom
My head all-softly I lay,
And secretly can listen
To what thy heart doth say.
The blue hussars are blowing,
And riding in at the gate;
To-morrow my heart-beloved one
Will surely desert me straight.

If thou wilt desert me to-morrow,
  At least to-day thou art mine,
And in thine arms so beauteous
  With twofold bliss I'll recline.

75.

THE blue hussars are blowing,
  And riding out at the gate;
I come then, my loved one, and bring thee
  A nosegay of roses straight.

Those were indeed wild doings,
  Much folk and warlike display!
By far too many were quarter'd
  Within thy bosom that day.

76.

I IN youthful years did languish,
  Suffer'd many a bitter anguish
From love's fiery glow.
  Wood is now so dear, the fire
  Will for lack of fuel expire —
    Ma foi! 'tis better so.

Think of this, O youthful fair one!
Chase away the tears that wear one,
  And all foolish love's alarms;
If thy life may not have perish'd,
O forget thy love once cherish'd—
  Ma foi! within my arms.

77.

THE eunuchs controverted,
  When I raised up my voice;
They grumbled and asserted
  My singing was not choice.

And then they all raised sweetly
  Their voicelets petty and shrill;
They sang so finely and neatly,
  Like crystal sounded their trill.

They sang of love's fierce yearning,
  Of loving effusions and love,
To tears the ladies all turning,
  With tunes so adapted to move.

78.

I LEFT you at first in July at the warmest,
In January now I find you once more;
In the midst of the heat you then were complaining,
And now you are cool'd, and cold to the core.

I shall soon leave again, and when next I'm returning
Neither warm shall I find you, nor yet quite cold;
I shall walk o'er your grave with silent composure,
While my own heart within me is wretched and old.

79.

ART thou then indeed so hostile,
Art thou tow'rds me changed so sadly?
I by all means shall lament it,
Thou hast treated me so badly.

O ungrateful lips, how could ye
Speak with malice cruel-hearted
Of the man who ofttimes kiss'd you
Lovingly, in days departed?

80.

AH! once more the eyes are on me,
Which did greet me once with gladness,
And the lips once more address me,
Which once sweeten'd life's long sadness.

E'en the voice I hear, whose accents
Charm'd me, as they sweetly falter'd;
I alone am not the same one,
Having home return'd, all-alter'd.

By those arms so white and beauteous
Lovingly embraced and closely,
To her heart I now am clinging,
Dull of feeling and morosely.

81.

ON the walls of Salamanca
Soft refreshing winds are playing;
There, with my belovèd Donna,
On a summer's eve I'm straying.

Round the fair one's slender body
Doth my arm with rapture linger,
And her bosom's haughty motion
Feel I with a loving finger.

Yet a whisper fraught with sorrow
  Through the linden trees is moving,
And, beneath, the dusky millstream
  Murmurs sad dreams, disapproving.

"Ah, Señora! a foreboding
  "Tells me, I shall hence be driven
"On the walls of Salamanca
  "Ne'er again to walk 'tis given."

82

THY voice and thine eye, when we first saw each other,
  Convinced me thou saw'st me with heart not estranged;
And had it not been for thy tyrant mother,
  I think that we kisses should straight have exchanged.

To-morrow again I depart from the city,
  And on, in my olden course, wander I;
At the window my fair one is lurking in pity,
  And friendly greetings I throw up on high.

83

OVER the mountains the sun mounts in splendour,
  Afar sound the bells of the lambs as they stray;
My loved one, my lamb, my sun bright and tender,
  How gladly once more would I see thee to-day!

I gaze up on high, with looks fond and loving—
  My child, fare thee well, I must wander from thee;
In vain! for her curtain is still and unmoving—
  She slumbering lieth and dreameth of me.

84.

AT Halle, in the market
  Two mighty lions are standing.
Thou lion-scorn of Halle,
Methinks they've tamed thee finely!

At Halle, in the market,
A mighty giant's standing.
He hath a sword, and moves not,
He's turn'd to stone by terror.

At Halle, in the market,
A mighty church is standing.
The students of each faction
Have there a place for praying.

85.

GLIMM'RING lies the summer even
Over wood and verdant meadows,
And the gold moon, fragrance shedding,
Gleameth from the azure heaven.

Crickets at the brook with shrillness
Chirp; there's motion in the water,
And the wand'rer hears a splashing,
And a breathing in the stillness.

Yonder at the lone stream sparkling,
See, the beauteous elf is bathing;
Arm and neck, so white and lovely,
Glisten in the moonbeams darkling.

86.

ON the strange roads night is lying,
Heart is sick and limbs are weary;
But the moonbeams, softly vying,
Shed their light like blessings cheery.

Ah, sweet moon! thy radiant splendour
Scares away each terror nightly;
All my woes dissolve, and tender
Dew o'erflows my eyelids lightly.

87.

DEATH nothing is but cooling night,
And life is nought but sultry day;
Darkness draws nigh, I slumber
Wearied by day's bright light.

Over my bed ariseth a tree,
There sings the youthful nightingale;
She sings of love exulting,
In dreams 'tis heard by me.

88.

"SAY, where is thy beauteous mistress,
"Whom thou sangest in the hour
"When thy heart was pierced so strangely
"By the flames of magic power?"

All those flames are now extinguish'd,
And my heart is cold and weary,
And this book's the urn that holdeth
My love's ashes sad and dreary.

89.

FULL long have I my head tormented
With ceaseless thinking, day and night;
And yet thy darling eyes compel me
To love thee, in my own despite.

Now stand I, where thine eyes are gleaming,
Charm'd by their sweet expressive light;
That I should love again thus deeply
I scarcely can believe aright.

90.

WHEN thou hast become my wedded wife
Thy joy shall know no measure;
Thou'lt live in happiness all thy life,
In uninterrupted pleasure.

And I will very patient be
E'en 'neath thy reviling and curses;
But we must part most certainly
If thou abusest my verses.

91.

LITTLE by thee comprehended,
Little knew I thee, good brother
When we in the mud descended
Soon we understood each other.

92.

NEAR me dwelleth Don Henriques,
As the "handsome" known and fêted;
Our apartments are adjoining,
By a thin wall separated.

Salamanca's dames are blushing
As he in the streets is walking
Rattling spurs, mustachios twirling,
With his dogs behind him stalking.

But at evening's silent hour he
All alone at home is sitting,
His guitar his fingers twanging,
Sweet dreams through his fancy flitting.

On the chords with vigour plays he,
His wild phantasies beginning—
O it drives me mad to hear him
Keeping up his wretched dinning

THE HARTZ-JOURNEY.

1824.

PREFACE.

IN black coats and silken stockings,
White and courtly frills they hide them,
Gentle speeches and embraces—
Had they only hearts inside them!

Hearts within the breast, and love, too,
In the heart, yea, love all-burning;
Ah! I'm sick of their false prating
Of love's sorrows and love's yearning.

I'll ascend the distant mountains
Where the peaceful huts are standing,
Where the breezes free are blowing,
And the bosom free's expanding.

I'll ascend the distant mountains
Where the dusky firs are springing,
And the haughty clouds are roaming,
Brooks are murmuring, birds are singing.

Fare ye well, ye polish'd chambers,
Polish'd lords and dames beguiling;
To the mountains now ascending
I'll look down upon you, smiling.

1.

ON the mountain stands the cottage
Of the aged mountaineer;
There the dark-green fir is rustling,
And the golden moon shines clear.

In the cottage stands an arm-chair,
Richly carved and wondrously;
He that on it sits is happy,
And the happy one am I!

On the footstool sits the maiden,
On my knee her arms repose;
Eyes are like two stars all azure,
Mouth is like the purple rose.

And the stars so sweet and azure,
  Large as heaven, she on me throws,
And she puts her lily-finger
  Mocking on the purple rose.

No, we're seen not by the mother,
  For with industry she spins;
The guitar the father playing,
  Some old melody begins.

And the maiden whispers softly,
  Softly, in a tone suppress'd:
Many a most important secret
  She to me hath soon confess'd:

"Since the death of aunt, however,
  "We can't go to see the sight
"Of the shooting-match at Goslar,
  "Which was such a great delight.

"Whereas here 'tis very lonely
  "On the mountain-top, you know;
"All the winter we're entirely
  "As though buried in the snow.

"And I am a timid maiden,
  "And as fearful as a child
"Of the wicked mountain spirits,
  "Who at night roam fierce and wild"—

Sudden is the sweet one silent,
  Terrified by what she said,
And her little eyes she covers
  With her little hands in dread.

Louder roars outside the fir-tree,
  And the spinning-wheel loud hums;
Meanwhile the guitar is tinkling,
  And the olden tune it strums:

"Fear thee not, my little darling,
  "At the wicked spirits' might;
"Angels keep, my little darling,
  "Safe watch o'er thee day and night."

2.

FIR-TREE with green finger's knocking
  At the window small and low,
And the moon, the yellow list'ner,
  Through it her sweet light doth throw.

Father, mother, gently snoring,
  In the neighbouring chamber sleep,
Yet we two are gaily talking,
  So that wide awake we keep.

"That thou'rt wont to pray too often,
  "Is a thing I'll credit ne'er,
"For thy lips' convulsive quiv'ring
  "Ill accords with thoughts of prayer.

"Ay, that quiv'ring, cold and evil,
  "Every time affrights me sore,
"Yet thine eyes' mild lustre husheth
  "Thy sad anguish evermore.

"I, too, doubt if thou believest
  "All that is the Christian's boast;
"Dost believe in God the Father,
  "In the Son and Holy Ghost?"—

Ah, my child! when yet an infant
  Sitting on my mother's knee,
I believed in God the Father,
  Ruling all things wondrously;

Who the beauteous earth created,
  And the men that on it move;
Who to suns, moons, stars predestined
  All their tracks wherein to rove.

When, my child, I grew still bigger
  Many more things I conceived,
And my reason wax'd yet stronger,
  And I in the Son believed.

In the Son beloved, who, loving,
  Open'd to us love's door wide,
And who in reward, as usual,
  By the mob was crucified.

Now that I am grown, have read much,
  Wander'd over many a coast,
Doth my heart swell, and in earnest
  I believe the Holy Ghost.

He hath done the greatest marvels,
  And still greater doeth he;
He hath burst the tyrants' strongholds,
  Servants from their yoke set free.

Olden deadly wounds he healeth,
  And renews the olden law:
All men equal are, and noble
  From the earliest breath they draw.

Every evil cloud he chaseth,
  Drives the brain's dark weft away,
That corrupteth love and pleasure,
  Grinning at us night and day.

Thousand knights well arm'd for battle
  Hath the Holy Ghost ordain'd,
All his pleasure to accomplish,
  All by mighty zeal sustain'd.

See, their trusty swords are gleaming!
  See, their noble banners wave!
Ah, my child! hast thou seen ever
  Knights like this, so proud and brave?

Now, my child, look on me boldly,
  Kiss me, look upon me nigh!
Such a daring knight, my fair one,
  Of the Holy Ghost am I!

3.

SILENTLY the moon is hiding
  In the dark green fir-tree's rear
And our lamp within the chamber
  Flickers faint, with glimmer drear.

But my azure eyes are beaming
  With a light that brighter plays,
And the purple rose is glowing,
  And the darling maiden says:

"Little elves and little people
  "Pilfer all our bread and bacon;
"In the drawer at night they're lying,
  "But by morning all is taken.

"Next our cream the little people
  "From the milk are wont to sup,
"Leaving, too, the bowl uncover'd,
  "And the cat the rest drinks up.

"And the cat a witch indeed is,
  "For she crawls, while night-storms lower,
"Up the spirit-mountain yonder
  "To the ancient ruin'd tower.

"There a castle erst was standing,
  "Full of joy and glittering arms;
"Knights and squires, in merry torch-dance,
  "Mingled with the ladies' charms.

"Then a wicked old enchantress
  "Men and castle too bewitch'd;
"Nought remaineth but the ruins,
  "Where the owls their nest have pitch'd.

"Yet my late aunt used to tell us:
  "If the proper word is said
"At the proper hour at nighttime
  "At the proper place o'erhead,

"Then the ruins will be changed
  "To a castle fair once more,
"Knights and squires and ladies gaily
  "Will be dancing as of yore.

"Him by whom that word is spoken
  "Men and castle will obey;
"Drums and trumpets will proclaim him,
  "Heralding his sov'reign sway."

Thus the charming legends issue
  From the mouth so like a rose,
While an azure starry radiance
  From her sweet eyes overflows.

Round my hand the little maiden
  Twines her golden hair with glee,
Calls by pretty names my fingers,
  Kisses, laughs, then mute is she.

All within that silent chamber
  On me looks with trusting eye;
Table, cupboard,—I could fancy
  I had seen them formerly.

Like a friend the house-clock prattles,
  The guitar scarce audibly
Of itself begins to tinkle,
  And as in a dream sit I.

Now's the proper place discover'd,
  Now the proper hour hath sounded;
If the proper word I utter'd,
  Maiden, thou wouldst be astounded.

If that word I straightway utter'd,
  Midnight would grow dim and quake,
Fir and streamlet roar more loudly,
  And the aged mountain wake.

Lute's soft strains and pigmy music
  From the mountain's clefts would burst,
And a flowering wood shoot from them
  As in joyous spring-time erst.

Flowers, all-hardy magic flowers,
  Leaves of size so fabulous,
Fragrant, varied, hasty-quiv'ring,
  As though passion stirr'd them thus.

Roses, wild as flames all-glowing,
  Dart from out the mass like gems;
Lilies, like to crystal arrows,
  Upward shoot tow'rd heaven their stems.

And the stars, like suns in greatness
  Downward gaze with yearning glow;
In the lily's giant-calix
  They their gushing radiance throw.

Yet ourselves, my darling maiden,
  Alter'd more than all we seem;
Gold and silk and torches' lustre
  Joyously around us gleam.

Thou, yea thou, becom'st a princess,
  To a castle turns this cot;
Knights and squires and ladies gaily
  Dance with rapture, tiring not.

Thee and all, both men and castle,
  I, yea I, have gain'd to-day;
Drums and trumpets loud proclaim me,
  Heralding my sov'reign sway!

4.

SHEPHERD boy's a king,—on green hills
  As a throne he sitteth down;
O'er his head the sun all-radiant
  Is his ever golden crown.

At his feet the sheep are lying,
  Gentle fawners, streak'd with red;
Calves as cavaliers attend him,
  Proudly o'er the pastures spread.

Kids are all his court-performers,
  With the birds and cows as well,
And he has his chamber-music
  To the sound of flute and bell.

And it sounds and sings so sweetly,
  And the time so sweetly keep
Waterfall and nodding fir-trees,
  And the king then goes to sleep.

In the meantime acts as ruler
  His prime minister, the hound,
While his loud and surly barking
  Echoes all the country round.

Sleepily the young king murmurs:
  "'Tis a heavy task to reign;
"Ah! right gladly would I find me
  "With my queen at home again!

"In my queen's arms soft and tender
  "Calmly rests my kingly head,
"And my vast and boundless kingdom
  "In her dear eyes lies outspread."

BRIGHTER in the East 'tis growing
  Through the sun's soft glimm'ring motion;
Far and wide the mountain-summits
  Float within the misty ocean.

With the speed of wind I'd hasten,
  If I seven-league boots had only,
Over yonder mountain-summits
  To my darling's dwelling lonely.

Gently would I draw the curtain
  From the bed wherein she's lying,
Gently would I kiss her forehead,
  And her mouth, with rubies vying,

Still more gently would I whisper
In her lily-ear so tender:
"Think in dreams, we love each other,
"And our love will ne'er surrender."

6.

I AM the princess Ilse,
And dwell in Ilsenstein;
Come with me to my castle,
And there 'midst pleasures be mine.

Thy head I'll softly moisten
With my pellucid wave;
Thou shalt forget thine anguish,
Poor sorrow-stricken knave!

Within my arms so snowy,
Upon my snowy breast,
Shalt thou repose, and dream there
Of olden legends blest.

I'll kiss thee and embrace thee,
As I embraced and kiss'd
The darling Kaiser Henry,
Who doth no longer exist.

None live except the living,
The dead are dead and gone;
And I am fair and blooming,
My laughing heart beats on.

And as my heart is beating,
My crystal castle doth ring;
The knights and maidens are dancing,
The squires all-joyfully spring.

The silken trains are rustling,
The spurs of iron are worn,
The dwarfs beat drum and trumpet,
And fiddle and play the horn.

But thee shall my arm hold warmly
As Kaiser Henry it held;
I held him fast imprison'd,
When loudly the trumpet's note swell'd.

THE BALTIC.

PART I. 1825.

1. EVENING TWILIGHT.

BY ocean's pallid strand
Sat I, tormented in spirit and lonely.
The sun sank lower and lower, and threw
Red glowing streaks upon the water,
And the snowy, spreading billows,
By the flood hard-press'd,
Foam'd and roar'd still nearer and nearer—
A wonderful sound, a whisp'ring and piping,
A laughing and murmuring, sighing and rushing,
Between times a lullaby-home-sounding singing,—
Methinks I hear some olden tradition,
Primeval, favourite legend,
Which I erst as a stripling
Learnt from the neighbours' children,
When we, on the summer evenings,
On the house-door's steps all cower'd
Cosily for quiet talking,
With our little hearts all attentive,
And our eyes all wisely curious;—
Whilst the bigger maidens,
Close by their fragrant flowerpots
Sat at the opposite window
Rosy their faces,
Smiling, illumed by the moon.

2. SUNSET.

THE glowing ruddy sun descends
Down to the far up-shuddering
Silvery-grey world-ocean;
Airy images, rosily breath'd upon,
After him roll, and over against him,
Out of the' autumnal glimmering veil of clouds,
With face all mournful and pale as death,
Bursteth forth the moon,
And behind her, like sparks of light,
Misty-broad, glimmer the stars.

Once in the heavens there glitter'd,
Join'd in fond union,
Luna the goddess and Sol the god,
And around them the stars all cluster'd,
Their little, innocent children.

But evil tongues then whisper'd disunion,
And they parted in anger,
That glorious, radiant pair.

Now, in the daytime, in splendour all lonely,
Wanders the Sun-god in realms on high,—
On account of his majesty
Greatly sung-to and worshipp'd
By haughty, bliss-harden'd mortals.
But in the night-time,
In heaven wanders Luna,
Unhappy mother,
With all her orphan'd starry children,
And she gleams in silent sorrow,
And loving maidens and gentle poets
Devote to her tears and songs.

The gentle Luna! womanly minded,
Still doth she love her beautiful spouse.
Towards the evening, trembling and pale,
Peeps she forth from the light clouds around,
And looks at the parting one mournfully,
And fain would cry in her anguish: "Come!
"Come! the children all long for thee—"
But the disdainful Sun-god,
At the sight of his spouse, 'gins glowing
With still deeper purple,
In anger and grief,
And inflexibly hastens he
Down to his flood-chilly widow'd bed.

* * * * *

Evil and backbiting tongues
Thus brought grief and destruction
E'en 'mongst the godheads immortal.
And the poor godheads, yonder in heaven,
Wander in misery,
Comfortless over their endless tracks,
And death cannot reach them,

And with them they trail
Their bright desolation.

But I, the mere man,
The lowly-planted, the blest-with-death one,
I sorrow no longer.

3. THE NIGHT ON THE STRAND.

STARLESS and cold is the night,
The ocean boils;
And over the sea, flat on its belly,
Lies the misshapen Northwind;
With groaning and stifled mysterious voice,
A sullen grumbler, good-humour'd for once,
Prates he away to the waves,
Telling many a wild tradition,
Giant-legends, murderous humorous,
Primeval Sagas from Norway,
And the while, far echoing, laughs he and howls he
Exorcists' songs of the Edda,
Grey old Runic proverbs,
So darkly-daring, and magic-forcible,
That the white sons of Ocean
Spring up on high, all exulting,
In madden'd excitement.

Meanwhile, along the flat shore,
Over the flood moisten'd sand,
Paces a stranger, whose heart within him
Is wilder far than wind and waters;
There where he walks
Sparks fly out, and shells are crackling,
And he veils himself in his dark-grey mantle,
And quickly moves on through the blustering night;—
Guided in safety by yon little light,
That sweetly, invitingly glimmers,
From the lone fisherman's cottage.

Father and brother are out on the sea,
And all all alone is staying
Within the hut the fisherman's daughter,
The wondrously lovely fisherman's daughter.
By the hearth she's sitting,
And lists to the water-kettle's

Homely, sweet foreboding humming,
And shakes in the fire the crackling brushwood,
And on it blows,
So that the lights, all ruddy and flickering,
Magic-sweetly are reflected
On her fair blooming features,
On her tender, snowy shoulder,
Which, moving gently, peeps
From out her coarse grey smock,
And on her little, anxious hand,
Which fastens firmer her under-garment,
Over her graceful hip.

But sudden, the door bursts open,
The nightly stranger entereth in;
Love-secure, his eye reposes
On the snowy, slender maiden,
Who, trembling, near him stands,
Like to a startled lily;
And he throws his mantle to earth,
And laughs and speaks:

"See now, my child, I've kept my word,
"And I come, and with me hath come
"The olden time, when the gods from the heavens
"Came down to earth, to the daughters of mortals,
"And the daughters of mortals embraced they,
"And from them there issued
"Sceptre-bearing races of monarchs,
"And heroes, wonders of earth.

"But start not, my child, any longer
"Because of my godhead,
"And I pray thee give me some tea mix'd with rum,
"For 'tis cold out of doors,
"And amid such night breezes
"Freeze even we, we godheads immortal,
"And easily catch the divinest of colds,
"And a cough that proves quite eternal."

4. POSEIDON.

THE sun's bright rays were playing
Over the wide-rolling breadth of the sea;
Far in the roadstead glitter'd the ship
Destined to home to convey me

But a propitious wind was yet wanting,
And I sat on the white downs all calmly
Hard by the lonely strand,
And I read the song of Odysseus,
The olden, ever-youthful song,
From out whose sea-beflutter'd leaves
Joyfully rose to meet me
The breath of the deities,
And the shining spring-time of mortals,
And the blooming heaven of Hellas.

My generous heart accompanied truly
The son of Laertes in wanderings and troubles,
Placed itself with him, spirit-tormented,
At guestly hearths,
Where beauteous queens were spinning their purple
And help'd him to lie, and succeed in escaping
From giants' caverns and nymphs' embraces,
Follow'd him down to Cimmerian night,
And in tempest and shipwreck,
And with him endured unspeakable torments.

Sighing, spake I: "Thou wicked Poseidon,
"Thine anger is fearful;
"I myself am anxious
"As to my own return."

Scarce breath'd I these words,
When the sea foam'd on high,
And out of the snowy billows arose
The sedge-becrowned head of the seagod,
And scornfully cried he:

"Fear not, little poet!
"I'll not for one moment endanger
"Thy poor little vessel,
"And thy dear life shall not be tormented
"By any critical tossing.
"For thou, little poet, hast never annoy'd me,
"No single turret was injured by thee
"In Priam's sacred fortress,
"No single hair didst thou e'er singe
"In the eye of my son Polyphemus,
"And thou hast ne'er been advised or protected
"By the goddess of wisdom, Pallas Athene!"

Thus cried Poseidon,
And sank 'neath the ocean again;
And at the vulgar seaman's wit
Laugh'd under the water
Amphitrite, the clumsy fishwoman,
And the silly daughters of Nereus.

5. HOMAGE.

YE songs! O my trusty numbers!
Up, up! and on with your arms!
Bid the trumpet to blow,
And raise high on my shield
The youthful maiden,
Who's now to rule my heart,
My undivided heart, as queen.

Hail to thee, youthful queen!

From the sun on high
Tear I his sparkling ruddy gold,
And of it weave a diadem
For thine anointed head.
From the fluttering blue-silken heaven's veil
Wherein night's diamonds are gleaming,
Cut I a costly piece,
And hang, as coronation mantle,
Upon thy regal shoulders.
I give to thee, as courtiers,
Some well-bedizen'd sonnets,
Haughty terzinas and courtly stanzas;
My wit shall serve thee as footman,
And as court-fool my phantasy,
As herald, the laughing tears on my scutcheon,
My humour shall serve thee.
But I, O my queen,
Before thee kneel down,
In homage, on red velvet cushion,
And to thee hand over
The small bit of reason,
Which, out of compassion, was left me
By her who last govern'd thy kingdom.

6. DECLARATION.

ONWARD glimmering came the evening,
Wilder tossed the flood,

And I sat on the strand, regarding
The snowy dance of the billows,
And soon my bosom swell'd like the sea;
A deep home-sickness yearningly seized me
For thee, thou darling form,
Who everywhere surround'st me.
And everywhere call'st me,
Everywhere, everywhere,
In the moan of the wind, in the roar of the ocean,
In the sigh within my own breast.

With brittle reed I wrote on the sand:
"Agnes, I love thee!"
But wicked billows soon pour'd themselves
Over the blissful confession,
Effacing it all.

Ah too fragile reed, ah fast-scatter'd sand,
Ah fugitive billows, I'll trust you no more!
The heavens grow darker, my heart grows wilder,
And with vigorous hand from the forests of Norway
Tear I the highest fir-tree,
And plunge it deep
In Etna's glowing abyss, and thereafter
With fire-imbued giant-pen
I write on the dark veil of heaven:
"Agnes, I love thee!"
Every night gleams thenceforward
On high that eternal fiery writing,
And all generations of farthest descendants
Read gladly the heavenly sentence:
"Agnes, I love thee!"

7. IN THE CABIN AT NIGHT.

THE sea its pearls possesseth,
And heaven its stars containeth,
But, O my heart, my heart,
My heart its love hath also.

Vast is the sea and the heavens,
Yet vaster is my heart,
And fairer than pearls or the stars
Glitt'reth and beameth my love.

Thou little youthful maiden,
Come to my heart so vast;
My heart and the sea and the heaven
For very love are dying.

* * * *

'Gainst the azure veil of heaven,
Where the beauteous stars are twinkling,
Fain I'd press my lips with ardour,
Press them wildly, madly weeping.

Yonder stars the very eyes are
Of my loved one, thousand-changing
Glimmer they and greet me kindly
From the azure veil of heaven.

Tow'rd the azure veil of heaven,
Tow'rd the eyes of my beloved one,
Lift I up my arms in worship,
And I pray, and thus beseech them:

Beauteous eyes, ye lights of mercy,
O make happy my poor spirit,
Let me die, and as my guerdon,
Win both you and all your heaven!

* * * *

From those heavenly eyes above me
Light and trembling sparks are falling
Through the night, and then my spirit
Loving-wide and wider stretcheth.

O ye heavenly eyes above me!
Weep yourselves into my spirit,
That my spirit may run over
With those tears so sweet and starry!

* * * *

Cradled by the ocean billows,
And by thoughts that seem like visions
Silent lie I in the cabin,
In the dark bed in the corner.

Through the open hatchway see I
There on high the stars all-radiant,
Those sweet eyes so dearly cherish'd
Of my sweet and dearly loved one.

Those sweet eyes so dearly cherish'd
Far above my head are watching,
And they tinkle and they beckon
From the azure veil of heaven.

Tow'rd the azure veil of heaven
Gaze I many an hour with rapture,
Till a white and misty curtain
From me hides those eyes so cherish'd.

'Gainst the boarded side of the ship,
Where my dreaming head is lying,
Rave the billows, the furious billows.
They roar and they murmur
Thus soft in my ear:
"O foolish young fellow!
"Thine arm is short, and the heavens are wide,
"And yonder stars are firmly nailed there;
"In vain is thy yearning, in vain is thy sighing,
"The best thou can'st do is to sleep!"

* * * *

I dreamt, and dreaming saw a spacious heath,
Far overspread with white, with whitest snow,
And 'neath that white snow buried I was lying,
And slept the lonesome, chilly sleep of death.

Yet from on high, from out the darkling heavens,
Look'd down upon my grave those eyes all-starry,
Those eyes so sweet! In triumph they were gleaming,
In calm and radiant but excessive love.

8. STORM.

THE tempest is raging,
It floggeth the billows,
And the billows, fierce-foaming and rearing,
Rise up on high, and with life are all heaving
The snowy watery mountains,
And the small bark climbs o'er them,
Labouring hastily,
And suddenly plungeth it down
In the black, wide-gaping abyss of the flood.—

O sea!
Mother of beauty, the foam-arisen one!
Grandmother of love! O spare me!
Already flutters, corpse-scenting,

The snowy, spirit-like sea-mew,
And wetteth his beak 'gainst the mast,
And longs,—eager to taste,—for the heart
Which proclaimeth the fame of thy daughter,
And which thy grandson, the little rogue,
Chose for his plaything.

In vain my entreaties and prayers!
My cry dies away in the blustering storm,
In the wind's battle-shout;
It roars and pipes and crackles and howls,
Like a madhouse of noises!
And, between times, I audibly hear
Harp-strains alluring,
Songs all wild and yearning,
Spirit-melting and spirit-rending,
And the voice I remember!

Far away, on the rock-coast of Scotland,
Where the old grey castle projecteth
Over the wild raging sea,
There at the lofty and arched window,
Standeth a woman, beauteous but ill,
Softly-transparent and marble-pale,
And she's playing her harp and she's singing,
And the wind through her long locks forceth its way
And beareth her gloomy song
Over the wide and tempest-toss'd sea.

9. CALM AT SEA.

CALM at sea! His beams all radiant
Throws the sun across the water,
And amid the heaving jewels,
Furrows green the ship is tracing.

Near the steersman lies the boatswain
On his stomach, snoring gently;
Near the mast, the sails repairing,
Squats the cabin-boy, all-tarry.

But behind his cheeks so dirty
Red blood springs, a mournful quiv'ring
Round his wide mouth plays, and sadly
Stare his eyes, so large and handsome.

For the captain stands before him,
Raving, cursing, "thief" exclaiming.
"Thief! a herring you have stolen
"From the barrel, O you rascal!"

Calm at sea! From out the waters
Lifts himself a clever fishkin:
In the sun his head he warmeth,
Splashing with his tail so gaily.

But the sea-mew, soaring over,
Shooteth down upon the fishkin,
And his sudden prize fast holding
In his bill, again mounts upward.

10. THE OCEAN SPECTRE.

BUT I upon the ship's edge was lying,
And gazed with my eyes all dreamy
Down on the glassy pellucid water,
And gazed yet deeper and deeper—
Till, deep in the ocean's abysses,
At first like a glimmering mist,
Then, bit by bit, with hues more decided,
Domes of churches and towers appeared,
And at last, clear as sunlight, a city,
Antiquarian Netherlandish,
And swarming with life.
Reverent men, in garments of black,
With snowy frills and chains of honour,
And lengthy swords and lengthy faces,
Over the crowded market are pacing
Tow'rd the high-stair'd council-chamber,
Where Emperors' stony images
Keep guard with sceptre and sword:—
Hard by, in front of the long row of houses,
With mirror-like glistening windows,
Stand the lindens all trimm'd into pyramids,
And silken rustling maidens are wandering,
A golden band round their slender bodies,
Their blooming faces neatly surrounded
By head-dresses velvet and black,
From whence their abundant locks are escaping.
Gay young fellows, in Spanish costume,
Proudly are passing and nodding.

Aged women,
In garments all brown and strange-looking,
Psalm-book and rosary in hand,
Hasten with tripping step
Tow'rd the cathedral church,
Impell'd by the sound of the bells,
And the rushing notes of the organ.

Mysterious awe seizeth me too,
Caused by the distant sound;
A ne'er-ending yearning and sadness deep
Steal o'er my heart,
My scarcely heal'd heart;
It seems as though its bitter wounds
By dear lips were kiss'd open,
And once again were bleeding
With drops hot and ruddy,
Which long and slowly downward fall
Upon an ancient house below
In yon deep-ocean city,
Upon an ancient and high-gabled house,
Where sits in lonely melancholy
A maiden at the window,
Her head on her arm reclined,
Like to some poor, forgotten child,
And I know thee, thou poor, forgotten child!

Thus deep, thus deep, then
Thou hidd'st thyself from me
In some childish conceit,
And couldst not reascend,
And sattest strange, among strange people,
Five hundred years,
And I meanwhile, with soul full of grief,
Sought thee over all the earth,
And ever sought thee,
Thou ever-beloved one,
Thou long-time-lost one,
Thou finally-found one,—
I've found thee at last, and again behold
Thy countenance sweet,
Thine eyes so prudent and faithful,
Thy smile so dear—
And never again will I leave thee,

And downward hasten I to thee,
And with wide-spreading arms
Throw myself down on thy heart.

But just in time
I was seized by the foot by the Captain,
And torn from the side of the ship,
While he cried, laughing bitterly:
"Why, Doctor, are you mad?"

11. PURIFICATION.

REMAIN thou in thy ocean-depths,
Delirious dream,
That erst so many a night
My heart with false joy hast tormented,
And now, an ocean-spectre,
E'en in bright daylight threaten'st me—
Remain below, eternally,
And I'll throw down to thee there
All my sins and my sorrows,
And folly's cap and bells
That round my head so long have rattled,
And the cold and glistening serpent-skin
Of hypocrisy,
Which so long hath twined round my spirit,
My sickly spirit,
My God-denying, angel-denying
Unhappy spirit—
Hoiho! hoiho! Here comes the wind!
Over the plain so destructive when smooth
Hastens the ship,
And my rescued spirit rejoices.

12. PEACE.

HIGH in the heavens there stood the sun
Cradled in snowy clouds,
The sea was still,
And musing I lay at the helm of the ship,
Dreamily musing,—and half in waking
And half in slumber, I gazed upon Christ,
The Saviour of man.
In streaming and snowy garment
He wander'd, giant-great,
Over land and sea;

His head reach'd high to the heavens,
His hands he stretch'd out in blessing
Over land and sea;
And as a heart in his bosom
Bore he the sun,
The sun all ruddy and flaming,
And the ruddy and flaming sunny-heart
Shed its beams of mercy
And its beauteous, bliss-giving light,
Lighting and warming
Over land and sea.

Sounds of bells were solemnly drawing
Here and there, like swans were drawing
By rosy bands the gliding ship,
And drew it sportively tow'rd the green shore,
Where men were dwelling, in high and turreted
O'erhanging town.
O blessings of peace! how still the town!
Hush'd was the hollow sound
Of busy and sweltering trade.
And through the clean and echoing streets
Were passing men in white attire,
Palm-branches bearing,
And when two chanced to meet,
They view'd each other with inward intelligence,
And trembling, in love and sweet denial,
Kiss'd on the forehead each other,
And gazed up on high
At the Saviour's sunny-heart,
Which, glad and atoningly
Beam'd down its ruddy blood,
And three times blest, thus spake they:
"Praisèd be Jesus Christ!"

* * * *

Couldst thou this vision have only imagined,
What wouldst thou not give for it,
My dearest friend!
Thou who in head and loins art so weak,
And so strong in thy faith,
And the Trinity worship'st in Unity,
And the dog and the cross and the paw
Of thy lofty patroness daily kissest.

And hast work'd thy way upward by canting
As an Aulic Counsellor, Magistrate,
And at last as a Government Counsellor
In the pious town *
Where flourish both sand and religion,
And the patient water of sacred Spree
Washes souls and dilutes the tea—
Couldst thou this vision have only imagined,
My dearest friend!
Thou hadst borne it up high, to the market place,
Thy countenance pallid and blinking
Had been dissolved in devotion and lowliness,
And her Serene Highness,
Enchanted and trembling with rapture,
Had with thee sunk in prayer on the knee,
And her eyes, beaming brightly,
Had promised, by way of increase of salary,
A hundred Prussian dollars sterling,
And thou, with folded hands, wouldst have stammer'd:
"Praisèd be Jesus Christ!"

PART II. 1826.

1. SEA SALUTATION.

THALATTA! Thalatta!
Hail to thee, O thou Ocean eterne!
Hail to thee ten thousand times
From hearts all exulting,
As formerly hail'd thee
Ten thousand Grecian hearts,
Misfortune-contending, homeward-aspiring,
World-renown'd Grecian hearts.

The billows were heaving,
They heaved and they bluster'd,
The sun shed hastily downwards
His light so sportive and rosy-hued;
The sudden-startled flocks of sea-mews
Flutter'd along, loud screaming,
The horses were stamping, the bucklers were ringing,
And afar there resounded triumphantly:
Thalatta! Thalatta!

* Berlin.

Hail to thee, O thou Ocean eterne!
Like voices of home thy waters are rushing,
Like visions of childhood saw I a glimmering
Over thy heaving billowy-realm,
And olden remembrance again tells me stories
Of all the darling, beautiful playthings,
Of all the glittering Christmas presents,
Of all the ruddy coral branches,
The gold fish, pearls and colour'd shells
Which thou mysteriously dost keep
Down yonder in bright crystal house.

O how have I languish'd in drear foreign lands!
Like to a wither'd flower
In the tin case of a botanist,
Lay in my bosom my heart;
Methought whole winters long I sat
An invalid, in darksome sick room,
And now I suddenly leave it,
And with dazzling rays am I greeted
By emerald springtime, the sunny-awaken'd,
And the snowy blossoming trees are all rustling,
And the youthful flowers upon me gaze
With eyes all chequer'd and fragrant; [laughing.
There's a perfume and humming and breathing and
And the birds in the azure heavens are singing—
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Thou valiant retreating heart!
How oft, how bitter-oft, wast thou
Hard press'd by the Northern barbarian women!
From large victorious eyes
Shot they their burning arrows;
With words both crooked and polish'd
They threatened to cleave my breast,
With cuniform billets-doux harass'd they
My poor distracted brain—
In vain I held my shield to resist them,
The arrows whizz'd and the blows crash'd heavily,
And by the Northern barbarian women
Back to the sea was I driven.
And freely breathing I hailed the sea,
The darling life-saving sea,
Thalatta! Thalatta!

2. THUNDERSTORM.

HEAVILY lies on the ocean the storm,
And through the darksome wall of clouds
Quivers the forkèd lightning flash,
Suddenly gleaming and suddenly vanishing,
Like a thought from the head of Cronion.
Over the desert, far-heaving water
Afar the thunders are rolling,
The snowy billowy horses are springing,
Which Boreas' self did engender
Out of the beautiful mares of Erichton,
And the seafowl are mournfully fluttering,
Like shadowy corpses by Styx,
By Charon repulsed from his desolate bark.

Poor, but merry little ship,
Yonder dancing the strangest dance!
Æolus sends it his briskest attendants,
Who wildly strike up for the frolicsome dance;
The one is piping, another is blowing,
The third is beating the hollow double-bass—
And the staggering sailor stands at the rudder,
And on the compass is steadily looking,
That trembling soul of the vessel,
And raises his hands in entreaty to heaven;
" O rescue me, Castor, thou hero gigantic,
"And thou, knight of the ring, Polydeuces!"

3. THE SHIPWRECKED ONE.

HOPE and love! All crumbled to atoms!
And I myself, like to a corpse
Thrown up by the growling sea,
Lie on the strand,
The dreary, naked strand.
Before me, the watery waste is heaving,
Behind me lie but sorrow and misery,
And over me high are passing the clouds,
The formless grey-hued daughters of air,
Who out of the sea, in misty buckets,
Draw up the water,
And wearily drag it and drag it,
Then spill it again in the sea,
A mournful and tedious business,
And useless as e'en my own life.

The billows murmur, the sea-mews are screaming,
Olden remembrances over me drift,
Dreams long forgotten and images perish'd,
Painfully sweet come to light.

In the North a woman is living,
A beauteous woman, royally fair.
Her slender figure, like a tall cypress,
By an alluring white robe is embraced;
Her dark and flowing tresses,
Like to a blissful night, are streaming
Down from her lofty, braid-crownèd head,
And dreamily-sweetly form ringlets
Over her sweet pale face;
And out of her sweet pale face,
Large and o'erpowering, beams an eye
Like a black sun in radiance.

O thou black sun, how often,
Enchantingly often, I drank from thee
Wild flames of inspiration
And stood and reel'd, all drunk with fire,—
Then hover'd a mild and dovelike smile
Round the high-contracted haughty lips,
And the high-contracted haughty lips
Breath'd forth words as sweet as moonlight,
And tender as the rose's fragrance—
And then my spirit ascended,
And flew, like an eagle, straight up unto heaven!

Peace, ye billows and sea-mews!
All is now over, happiness, hope.
Hope, ay, and love! I lie on the shore,
A lonely and shipwreckèd man,
And press my countenance glowing
Deep in the humid sand.

4. SUNSET.

THE beauteous sun
Hath calmly descended down to the sea;
The heaving waters already are dyed
By dusky night;
Nought but the evening's red
With golden light still spreadeth o'er them,
And the rushing force of the flood

'Gainst the shore presseth the snowy billows
Which merrily, hastily skip,
Like wool-cover'd flocks of lambkins
Whom the singing sheep-boy at even
Homeward doth drive.

"How fair is the sun!"—
So spake, after long silence, my friend,
Who with me wander'd along the strand,
And half in sport and half in sad earnest
Assured he me that the sun was only
A lovely woman,* whom the old sea-god
Out of convenience married;
All the day long she joyously wander'd
In the high heavens, deck'd out with purple,
And glitt'ring with diamonds,
And all-beloved and all-admired
By every mortal creature,
And every mortal creature rejoicing
With her sweet glances' light and warmth;
But in the evening, impell'd all-disconsolate,
Once more returneth she home
To the moist house and desert arms
Of her grey-headed spouse.

"Believe me"—here added my friend,
With laughter and sighing and laughter again:
"They're living below in the tenderest union!
"Either they're sleeping or quarrelling fiercely,
"So that up here e'en the ocean is roaring,
"And the fisherman hears in the rush of the waves
"How the old man's abusing his wife:
"'Thou round wench of the universe!
"'Beaming coquettish one!
"'All the day long thou art glowing for others,
"'At night for me thou art frosty and tired.'
"After this curtain lecture
"As a matter of course the proud sun
"Bursts into tears, lamenting her misery,
"And cries so sadly and long, that the sea-god
"Suddenly springs from his bed all distracted,
"And hastily swims to the surface of ocean,
"To recover his breath and his senses.

* It will be remembered that the sun is feminine in German

"I saw him myself, in the night just past,
"Rising out of the sea as high as his bosom;
"A jacket of yellow flannel he wore,
"And a lily-white nightcap,
"And a face all wither'd and dry."

5. THE SONG OF THE OCEANIDES.

SHADOWS of evening o'er ocean are falling,
And lonely, with none but his lonely soul with him,
Sits there a man on the dreary strand,
And looks, with death-chilly look, up on high
Tow'rd the spacious, death-chilly vault of heaven,
And looks on the spacious billowy main,
And over the spacious billowy main
Like airy sailors, his sighs are floating,
Returning again despondingly,
For they have found fast closed the heart
Wherein they fain would anchor—
And he groans so loud, that the snowy sea mews,
Startled away from their sandy nests,
Flutter around him in flocks
And he speaks unto them these laughing words

"Ye black-leggèd birds,
"With snowy pinions o'er the sea fluttering,
"With crooked beaks the sea water sucking up,
"And train-oily seal's flesh devouring,
"Your life is bitter as is your food!
"But I, the happy one, taste nought but sweetness!
"I taste the rose's sweet exhalation,
"The moonlight-nourished bride of the nightingale;
"I taste, too, the sweetness of all things:
"Loving and being loved!

"She loves me! she loves me! the beauteous maiden!
"Now stands she at home in her house's high balcony,
"And looks in the twilight abroad, o'er the highway,
"And darkens, and for me doth yearn—I assure you!
"In vain she looketh around and she sigheth,
"And sighing descends she down to the garden,
"And wanders in fragrance and moonlight,
"And speaks to the flowers and telleth them
"How I, the beloved one so precious am,
"So worthy of love—I assure you!

"And then in bed, in slumber, in dream,
"My darling form around her sports blissfully,
"And then at morning at breakfast
"Upon her glistening bread and butter
"Sees she my countenance smiling,
"And she eats it for love—I assure you!"

Thus is he boasting and boasting,
And betweentimes the sea-mews are screaming,
Like old ironical chuckling;
The mists of twilight rise up on high;
Out of the violet clouds, all-gloomily,
Peepeth the grass-yellow moon;
High are roaring the billows of ocean,
And from the depths of the high-roaring sea,
Mournful as whispering gales of wind,
Soundeth the song of the Oceanides,
The beauteous compassionate sea-nymphs,
And loudest of all the voice so enthralling
Of Peleus' spouse, the silvery-footed one,
And they're sighing and singing:

"O fool, thou fool! thou hectoring fool!
"Thou sorrow-tormented one!
"Cruelly murder'd are all thy bright hopes,
"Thy bosom's frolicsome children,
"And ah! thy heart, thy Niobe-heart
"Through grief turn'd to stone!
"Within thy head 'tis now night,
"And through it are flashing the lightnings of frenzy.
"And thou boastest of sorrow!
"O fool, thou fool! thou hectoring fool!
"Headstrong art thou as thy forefather,
"The lofty Titan, who heavenly fire
"Stole from the gods and gave unto mortals,
"And, vulture-tormented, chain'd to the rock,
"Defied e'en Olympus, defied, groaning loudly,
"So that in ocean's far depths did we hear it,
"And to him came with a comforting song.
"O fool, thou fool! thou hectoring fool!
"But thou art more powerless even than he,
"And thou would'st do well to honour the deities,
"And patiently bear the burden of sorrow,
"And patiently bear with it, long, ay, full long,

"Till Atlas himself his patience hath lost,
"And the heavy world from his shoulders throws off
"Into eternal night."

Thus sounded the song of the Oceanides,
The beauteous compassionate water-nymphs,
Till still louder billows at last overpower'd it -
Then went the moon in the rear of the clouds,
And night 'gan to yawn,
And long I sat in the darkness, with weeping.

6. THE GODS OF GREECE.

FULL-BLOSSOMING moon! In thy fair light
Like liquid gold, the ocean gleams:
Like daylight's clearness, yet charm'd into twilight,
Over the strand's wide plain all is lying;
In the starless clear azure heavens
Hover the snowy clouds,
Like colossal figures of deities
Of glittering marble.

No, 'tis not so, no clouds can they be!
'Tis they themselves, the Gods of old Hellas,
Who once so joyously ruled o'er the world,
But now, tormented and perish'd,
Like monster spectres are moving along
Over the midnight heaven.

Wond'ring and strangely blinded, observed I
The airy pantheon,
The solemnly mute and fearfully moving
Figures gigantic.

He yonder's Cronion, the monarch of heaven;
Snow-white are the locks of his head,
Locks so famous for shaking Olympus;
He holds in his hand his extinguishèd bolt,
And in his face lie misfortune and grief,
And yet without change his olden pride.
Those times indeed were better, O Zeus,
When thou didst take pleasure divinely
In youths and in nymphs and in hecatombs!
But even the Gods can reign not for ever,
The younger press hard on their elders,
As thou didst once on thy grey headed father

And all thy Titan uncles hard press,
Jupiter Parricida!
Thee, too, I recognise, haughty Here!
Spite of all thy jealous anxiety,
Hath another thy sceptre obtain'd,
And thou art no longer the queen of the heavens,
And fixed is now thy beaming eye,
And powerless lie thy lily-white arms,
And never more thy vengeance can reach
The God-impregnated virgin,
And the wonder-working son of the deity.
Thee, too, I recognise, Pallas Athene!
With shield and wisdom couldest thou not
Avert the destruction of deities?
Thee, too, I recognise, thee, Aphrodite!
Erst the golden one! now the silver one!
True thou'rt still deck'd with the charms of thy girdle,
Yet I secretly tremble at thought of thy beauty,
And would I enjoy thy bountiful charms,
Like heroes before me, of fear I should die,
To me thou appearest the goddess of corpses,
Venus Libitina!
No longer with love is tow'rd thee looking,
Yonder, the terrible Ares;
And sadly is looking Phœbus Apollo,
The stripling. His lyre is silent
That sounded so joyous at feasts of the Gods.
Still sadder appeareth Hephaestus,
And truly, the lame one! no longer
Fills he the office of Hebe,
And busily pours, in the Gods' congregation,
The nectar delicious—And long is extinguish'd
The inextinguishable laughter of deities.

O ye Gods, I never could love you,
For ever distasteful I've found the Grecians,
And e'en the Romans I greatly hate.
Yet holy compassion and shuddering pity
Stream through my heart.
When I now behold you on high,
Godheads deserted,
Dead and night-wandering shadows,
Misty and weak, scared by the very wind—

And when I bethink me how airy and cowardly
The godheads are, who overcame you,
The new, now-ruling, mournful godheads,
The mischievous ones in the sheepskin of meekness,
Then over me steals a glorious resentment,
And fain would I break the new-born temples,
And fight on your side, ye ancient deities,
For you, and your good ambrosial rights,
And before your lofty altars,
The once-more-restored, the sacrifice steaming,
Fain would I kneel down and pray,
And, praying, raise tow'rd you my arms.—

For evermore, ye ancient deities,
Have ye been wont, in the combats of mortals,
To join yourselves to the side of the victor,
And therefore is man more high-minded than ye,
And in combats of deities deem I it right
To take the part of the vanquish'd deities.

* * * *

Thus did I speak, and visibly redden'd
Yon pale cloudy figures on high,
And on me they gazed like dying ones,
Sorrow-illumined, and suddenly vanish'd.
The moon, too, hid herself
Behind the clouds that darkly came over her;
High up roarèd the sea,
And then triumphantly stood in the heavens
The stars all-eternal.

7. QUESTIONS.

BY the sea, by the desert night-cover'd sea
Standeth a youth,
His breast full of sadness, his head full of doubtings,
And with gloomy lips he asks of the billows:

" O answer me life's hidden riddle,
" The riddle primeval and painful,
" Over which many a head has been poring,
" Heads in hieroglyphical nightcaps,
" Heads in turbans and swarthy bonnets,
" Heads in perukes, and a thousand other
" Poor and perspiring heads of us mortals—

"Tell me what signifies man?
"From whence doth he come? And where doth he go?
"Who dwelleth amongst the golden stars yonder?"

The billows are murm'ring their murmur eternal,
The wind is blowing, the clouds are flying,
The stars are twinkling, all-listless and cold.
And a fool is awaiting an answer.

8. THE PHŒNIX.

THERE comes a bird who hath flown from the west-ward,
He flies tow'rd the east,
Tow'rd the eastern garden-home,
Where the spices so fragrant are growing,
And palms are waving and wells are cooling—
And, flying, the wondrous bird thus singeth
She loves him, she loves him!
His image she bears in her little bosom,
And bears it sweetly and secretly hidden,
Nor knows it herself!
But in her vision, before her he stands,
She prays, and she weeps, and she kisses his hands,
And calls on his name,
And calling awakes she and lieth all-startled,
And rubbeth her beauteous eyes in amazement—
She loves him! she loves him!

9. ECHO.

'GAINST the mast reclining, and high on the lofty deck
Stood I and heard I the song of the bird.
Like black-green steeds, with silvery manes,
The white and curling billows were springing;
Like flocks of swans were sailing past us,
With glittering sails, the men of Heligoland,
The nomads bold of the Baltic.
Over my head, in the azure eterne,
Snowy clouds were fluttering on,
While sparkled the sun everlasting,
The rose of the heavens, the fiery-blooming one,
Who joyfully mirror'd himself in the ocean;
And heaven and ocean and with them my heart
In echo resounded:
She loves him! She loves him!

10. SEA-SICKNESS.

THE dark-grey clouds of the afternoon
Deeper are sinking fast over the sea,
Which darkly seemeth to rise to meet them,
And between them the ship drives on.

Sea-sick sit I unmoved by the mast,
And make observations respecting myself,
Primoval, ash-grey observations,
Which Father Lot of old did make
When he had drunk too much of the grape,
And afterwards found himself amiss.
At times I bethink me of olden stories:
How cross-mark'd pilgrims of olden days
In stormy journeys the comforting image
Religiously kiss'd of the Holy Virgin;
How knights, when sick in such sea-misery,
The darling glove of their worshipp'd mistress
Press'd to their lips and then were comforted—
But I am sitting, and chew with vexation
An ancient herring, the comforter salty
After hard drinking or indigestion!

All this time the ship is fighting
With the furious, heaving flood;
Now like a rearing battle-steed stands it
On its hinder part, so that the rudder cracks;
Now it plunges headforward down again
In the howling abyss of the waters;
Again, as though carelessly love-faint,
Thinks it to lay itself down
On the black breast of the billow gigantic,
Who mightily onward roars,
And sudden, a desolate ocean-waterfall,
In snowy curlings plunges down headlong,
And covers me over with foam.

All this swaying and hov'ring and tossing
Is quite unendurable!
In vain doth my eye keep watch and seek for
The German coast. But, alas, nought but water!
Evermore water, fast-moving water!

As the winter-wanderer at evening
Longs for a comforting warm cup of tea,

So now doth long my heart for thee,
My German Fatherland!
For ever may thy sweet soil be cover'd
With whims and hussars and horrible verses,
And lukewarm slender treatises;
For ever may thy stately zebras
Feed upon roses instead of on thistles;
For ever may thy noble baboons
In idle adornment trick themselves out,
And think themselves better than all the other
Lowminded heavy and lumbering cattle;
For ever may thy assemblage of snails
Look on themselves as immortal,
Because they creep so slowly along.
And may they daily collect men's opinions
Whether the cheesemite belongs to the cheese?
And hold for a long time grave consultations
How the Egyptian sheep to improve,
So that their wool may be better in quality,
And the shepherd may shear them like all other sheep,
Without a distinction—
For evermore may folly and wrong
Cover thee, Germany, utterly!
Still am I yearning for thee,
For thou art *terra firma* at least!

11. IN HARBOUR.

HAPPY the man who arrives safe in harbour,
And behind him hath left the ocean and tempests,
And now so warmly and quietly sits,
In the townhall-cellar of Bremen!
See how the world is truly and lovingly
In the bumper fully depicted,
And how the heaving microcosm
Sunnily flows to the thirsty heart?
All I discern in the glass,
Olden and new traditions of nations,
Turks and Greeks, and Hegel and Gans,*
Citron-forests and watch parades,
Berlin and Schilda and Tunis and Hamburg,

* Edward Gans, a distinguished German professor, and pupil of Hegel, whose works he edited. He died in 1839.

But most of all the form of my loved one,
That angel-head on the Rheinish wine's gold ground.

O, how fair, how fair art thou, loved one!
Thou art a very rose,
Not like the rose of fair Schiras,
The nightingale's bride, of whom Hafis once sang;
Not like the rose of Sharon,
The sacred and red one, the prophet honour'd one;
But thou'rt like the rose in the cellar at Bremen!*
That is the rose of all roses,
The older she grows, the fairer she blossoms,
And her heavenly fragrance hath gladden'd my bosom,
Hath served to inspire me, served to enchant me.
And did the head of the cellar of Bremen
Not hold me fast, yes fast by my hair,
I surely had tumbled!

The worthy man! we sat together,
And drank like brethren,
We spoke of lofty mysterious things,
We sigh'd and sank in the arms of each other,
And he did convert me to love's religion,
I drank to the health of my bitterest enemies,
And every wretched poet I pardoned
As I myself for pardon would hope;
I wept with devotion, and lastly
The doors of the place were unto me open'd
Where the twelve apostles, the sacred tuns,
Silently preach, though understood plainly
By every nation.

True men indeed!
In wooden coats, from without all-invisible,
Inwardly are they more radiant and fairer
Than all the haughty priests of the temple,
And Herod's satellites cringing and courtiers,
All glitt'ring in gold and clothèd in purple;
Ever my wont is to say
Not amongst the mere common people,

* One section of the famous Bremen Cellar is called the Rose, and is said to contain hock of between two and three centuries old. Another part is called the Apostles' Cellar, and has in it twelve vats, known as the Twelve Apostles, also full of very old wine.

No, in the best and politest society,
Constantly lived the monarch of heaven.

Hallelujah! How sweetly wave round me
The palm-trees of Bethel!
How fragrant the myrrh is of Hebron!
How Jordan is roaring, and reeling with rapture,
While my immortal soul also is reeling,
And I reel with it, and whilst thus reeling,
I'm brought up the stairs and into the daylight
By the worthy head of the cellar of Bremen.

Thou worthy head of the cellar of Bremen!
See where sit on the roofs of the houses
The angels, all well-drunken and singing;
The glowing sun high up in the heavens
Is nought but the red and drunken nose
Which the World-Spirit sticks out,
And round the World-Spirit's red nose
Whirleth the whole of the drunken world.

12. EPILOGUE.

AS on the plain shoot up the wheatstalks
So do the thoughts in the spirit of man
Grow up and waver;
But the gentle thoughts of the poet
Are as the red and blue-colour'd flowers
Merrily blooming between them.

Red and blue-colour'd flowers!
The surly reaper rejects you as useless,
Wooden flails all-scornfully thresh you,
Even the needy traveller,
Whom your sight rejoices and quickens,
Shaketh his head,
And calleth you pretty weeds;
But the rustic virgin,
The twiner of garlands,
Doth honour and pluck you,
And with you decketh her beauteous locks,
And thus adorn'd, makes haste to the dance,
Where pipes and fiddles sweetly are sounding,
Or to the silent beech-tree,
Where the voice of the loved one still sweeter doth sound
Than pipes or than fiddles.

MONOLOGUE.

(From Book "Le Grand.")

IN olden legends, golden castles stood
Where harps were sounding, beauteous maidens danced,
And spruce attendants flash'd, and jessamine
And rose and myrtle shed their fragrance round—
And yet one single word of disenchantment
Made all this splendour in a moment vanish,
And nought remain'd behind but olden ruins
And croaking birds of night and drear morass.
So have I, too, with but one single word,
All Nature's blooming glories disenchanted.
There lies she now, as lifeless, cold, and pale
As some bedizen'd regal corpse might be,
Whose cheekbones have been colour'd red by art,
And in whose hand a sceptre hath been placed.
His lips however wither'd look and yellow,
For they forgot to dye them red as well;
And mice are springing o'er his regal nose,
And ridicule the pond'rous golden sceptre.

ATTA TROLL,

A SUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

CAPUT I.

HEMM'D close in by gloomy mountains
Proudly o'er each other rising,
Lull'd to sleep by wildly-dashing
Cataracts, like some fair vision,

In the valley lies the charming
Cauterets. Its snow-white houses
All have balconies; upon them
Stand fair ladies, laughing loudly.

Laughing loudly, downward look they
On the chequer'd-noisy market,
Where there dance a male and female
Bear, to sound of bagpipe-music.

Atta Troll and his dear wife 'tis
(Her they call the swarthy Mumma),
Who are dancing, and with wonder
The Biscayans are rejoicing.

Stately, and with solemn grandeur,
Dances noble Atta Troll;
Yet his shaggy partner's wanting
Both in dignity and manners.

Yes, I have a shrewd suspicion
That she is too much accustom'd
To the vulgar shameless dances
At the Grand' Chaumière at Paris.

E'en the excellent bear-leader,
Who with chain conducts the couple
Seems the immorality
Of her dance to notice plainly.

And he oft bestows upon her
With his whip fast-falling lashes,
And the swarthy Mumma howls then,
And awakes the mountain echoes.

This bear-leader six Madonnas
Wears upon his pointed hat,
To protect his head from bullets
Or from lice perchance it may be.

O'er his shoulder there is hanging,
Many-hued, an altar covering,
Doing office as a mantle;
Knife and pistol lurk beneath it.

He had been a monk when younger,
Then became a robber-captain.
Then, to join the two vocations,
Took the service of Don Carlos.

When Don Carlos had to scamper
With the knights of his round table,
And his paladins were driven
To pursue some honest calling,

(Thus Schnapphahnski turn'd an author)
Then our knight became bear-leader,
And across the country travell'd
Leading Atta Troll and Mumma.

And in sight of all the people,
In the market, they must dance now;
Atta Troll must in the market
Of this city dance in fetters!

Atta Troll, who once was dwelling
Like a haughty desert-monarch
On the airy mountain, dances
In a valley to the rabble!

And for filthy lucre merely
He must dance, who formerly
In the majesty of terror
Felt himself so high exalted!

When his younger days recals he,
His lost lordship of the forest,
Then growl forth despairing noises
From the soul of Atta Troll.

Gloomy looks he, like a swarthy
Moorish prince of Freiligrath;*
As the latter drums but badly,
So with rage he badly dances.

But instead of pity, wakes he
Only laughter. Even Juliet
From the balcony laughs downward
At his leaps of desperation.—

Juliet has not in her bosom
Any feelings; French by nation,
Outwardly she lives; her outside
Is delightful and enchanting.

Her sweet looks compose a blissful
Net of rays, within whose meshes
Is our heart fast held in prison,
Like a fish, and gently struggles.

CAPUT II.

THAT a swarthy Freiligrathian
Moorish prince with anxious longing
On the big drum's skin should rattle,
Till with violence 'tis broken,

Is a very drum-affecting
And a drumskin-breaking matter—
But just fancy the confusion
When a bear has burst his fetters!

Both the music and the laughter
Straight are hush'd; with screams of terror
Rush the people from the market,
Pale as death turn all the ladies.

Yes, from out his slavish fetters
Atta Troll has freed himself
Suddenly, and springing wildly,
Through the narrow streets he hastens—

(Each one civilly makes way),
Up the rocks he nimbly clambers,
Then looks down, as if in scorn,—then
Vanishes within the mountains.

* See Freiligrath's Poems.

On the empty market stand now
Swarthy Mumma, and bear-leader
All alone. In angry fury
On the ground his hat he flingeth,

Trampling on it,—the Madonnas
Trampling also, tears the covering
From his ugly naked body,
Swears at such ingratitude,

Such black bear's ingratitude!
For he constantly had treated
Atta Troll in friendly fashion,
And instructed him in dancing

All he had to him was owing,
E'en his very life. In vain they
Offer'd him a hundred dollars
For the skin of Atta Troll!

Then upon the poor black Mumma,
Who, a form of silent sorrow,
On her hinder paws imploring,
Stood before the much enraged one,

Fell the much enraged one's fury
With redoubled strength. He beats her,
Calls her even Queen Christina,
Madame Muñoz and Putana.—

All this happen'd in a beauteous
Sultry summer afternoon,
And the night which then succeeded
To that day was quite superb.

Almost half that night consumed I
On the house's balcony;
Juliet was beside me standing,
Gazing on the stars above us.

Sighing said she: "Ah, in Paris
"Fairest are the stars of all,
"When they on a winter evening
"In the street mud are reflected!"

CAPUT III.

SUMMER-NIGHT'S dream! All-fantastic
Aimless is my song. Yes, aimless
As our love and as our living,
As Creator and creation!

His own will alone obeying,
Galloping along or flying,
Revels in the realms of fable
My belovèd Pegasus.

He's no serviceable, virtuous
Carthorse of the citizens,
Nor a battle-steed of party,
With pathetic neighs and stamping!

Golden-mounted are the hoofs all
Of my white and wingèd charger,
Cords of pearls the guiding reins are,
And at will I let him wander.

Bear me whereso'er thou wouldest!
Over steep and merry hill-paths,
Where cascades with mournful shrieking
Warn 'gainst madness's abysses!

Bear me on through silent alleys,
Where the solemn oaks are standing,
While primeval sweet traditions
From their knotted roots have birth!

Let me drink there, while I moisten
My dim eyes,—ah, now I languish
For the sparkling wondrous water
That imparts both sight and knowledge!

All my blindness goes! my gaze
Pierces to the deepest rock-cleft,
To the cave of Atta Troll,
And I understand his language!

Strange 'tis how familiar to me
This bear-language now appeareth!
In my dear home have I never
Heard those sounds in earlier days?

CAPUT IV.

RONCEVAL, thou noble valley!
Whensoe'er I hear thy name,
That blue flower so long departed
O'er my bosom sheds its fragrance!

Then the glitt'ring dream-world rises
Which for thousand years had faded,
And the mighty spirit-eyes
Gaze upon me, till I'm awe-struck!

Rattling sounds awake. There struggle
Saracen and Frankish knight;
As though bleeding and despairing
Ring Orlando's bugle-notes

In the vale of Ronceval,
Hard beside Orlando's gap—
Christen'd thus, because the hero,
Seeking how to force a passage,

With his trusty sword Duranda
Struck with such death-dealing fury
On the wall of rock, that plainly
To this day are seen its traces

There within a gloomy hollow
Close surrounded by a thicket
Of wild fir-trees, safely hidden
Lies the cave of Atta Troll.

In the bosom of his fam'ly
Rests he after all the hardships
Of his flight and the distresses
Of his public show and travels.

Sweet the meeting! all his young ones
Found he in that happy cavern
Where with Mumma he begot them.—
Four his sons, and daughters two.

Well-lick'd maidens were the latter.
Fair their hair, like parsons' daughters
Brown the youths, the youngest only
With the single ear is black.

Now this youngest was the darling
Of his mother, who when playing
Happen'd once to bite his ear off,
And for very love she ate it.

He's a very genial stripling,
At gymnastics very clever
And he turns a somersault
Like the posture-master Massmann.

Sprig of autochthonic humour,
He his mother-tongue loves only,
And has never learnt the jargon
Of the Grecian and the Roman.

Fresh and free and good and merry,
Soap he holds in detestation,
(Luxury of modern washing,)
Like the posture-master Massmann.

But our young friend is most genial
Where upon the tree he clambers,
Which along the steepest rock-side
From the deep abyss upriseth,

And extendeth to the summit,
When the family at night-time
Gather all around their father,
Toying in the evening coolness.

Then the old one loves to tell them
What he in the world has witness'd;
How he many men and cities
Had beheld, and greatly suffer'd,

Like Laertes' noble offspring,
But in one thing still unlike him, —
Namely, that his wife went with him,
His dear black Penelope.

Atta Troll then also tells them
Of the wondrous approbation
That he, by his skill in dancing,
Had acquired in ev'ry quarter.

He assured them young and old
Had exultingly admired him,
When he danced upon the market
To the sweet notes of the bagpipe.

In particular the ladies,
Those dear connoisseurs of all things,
Had with vehemence applauded,
And had ogled him with favour.

O the vanity of Artists!
Our old dancing bear with simpers
Calls to mind the time when late he
To the public show'd his talent.

Overcome by self laudation,
He would fain by act exhibit
That he's no mere boaster only,
But a really first rate dancer.

From the ground then sudden springs he,
On his hinder paws upstanding,
And, as formerly, he dances
The gavotte, his favourite dance.

Mute, with muzzles gaping open,
The young bears look on with wonder,
While their father in the moonlight
Capers here and there thus strangely.

CAPUT V.

IN the cavern, by his young ones,
Sick at heart, upon his back lies
Atta Troll, while thoughtful sucks he
At his paws, and sucks, and growls:

"Mumma, Mumma, swarthy jewel,
"Whom I out of life's wide ocean
"Once did fish, in life's wide ocean
"Once again I now have lost thee!

"Shall I ne'er again behold thee,
"Or beyond the grave p'rhaps only,
"Where, set free from earthly trammels,
"Thy dear soul is glorified?

"Would that I, alas! could once more
"Lick thy well-belovèd muzzle,
"My dear Mumma, which so sweetly
"Stroked me over, as with honey!

"Would that I again could snuffle
"That sweet smell, thy own peculiar,
"O my dear and swarthy Mumma,
"Charming as the scent of roses!

"But, alas! my Mumma's pining
"In the fetters of those rascals,
"Who, the name of men adopting,
"Deem themselves creation's masters.

"Death and hell! These men unworthy
"Aristocracy's arch emblems,
"Look down on the an'mal kingdom
"Proudly and disdainfully,

" Take away our wives and children,
" Fetter us, ill-treat us, even
" Kill us, for the sake of selling
" Our poor hide and our poor carcass!

" And they think themselves permitted
' Wicked deeds like this to practise
" 'Gainst us bears especially,
" And the rights of man they call it!

" Rights of man indeed! Fine rights these!
" Tell me who bestow'd them on you?
" Nature certainly ne'er did so,
" For she's not unnatural!

" Rights of man indeed! Who gave you
" This great privilege, I wonder?
" Reason certainly ne'er did so,
" For she's not unreasonable!

" Men, pray are ye any better
" Than we others, just for eating
" All your dinners boil'd or roasted?
" In a raw state we eat ours,

" Yet is the result the same
" To us both.—No, food can never
" Make one noble; he is noble
" Who both nobly feels and acteth.

" Men, pray are ye any better
" Just because the arts and science
" With success ye follow? We now
" Never give ourselves the trouble.

" Are there not such things as learnèd
" Dogs, and horses too, who reckon
" Just like councillors of Commerce?
" Do not hares the drum play finely?

" Are not many beavers adepts
" In the art of hydrostatics?
" Were not clysters first invented
" By the cleverness of storks?

" Write not asses criticisms?
" Are not apes all good comedians?
" Is there any greater mimic
" Than Batavia, long-tail'd monkey?

"Are not nightingales good singers?
"And is Freiligrath no poet,
"Who can sing of lions better
"Than his countryman the Camel?

"I myself the art of dancing
"Have advanced as much as Raumer
"That of writing. Writes he better
"Than I dance,—yes, I the bear?

"Men, why are ye any better
"Than we others? Upright hold ye,
"It is true, your heads, but in them
"Low-born thoughts are ever creeping.

"Men, pray are ye any better
"Than are we, because your skin is
"Smooth and glist'ning? This advantage
"Ye but share with every serpent.

"Human race, two legged serpents!
"Well I see the reason why ye
"Breeches wear; with foreign wool ye
"Hide your serpent nakedness!

"Children, guard yourselves against those
"Hairless and misshapen creatures!
"My dear daughters, never marry
"Any monster that wears breeches!"

More than this I'll not report now,
How the bear in his wild mania
For equality, kept reasoning
All about the human race.

For, to say the truth, I also
Am a man, and never will I
Tell again such foolish libels,
Which are, after all, offensive.

Yes, I am a man, and better
Than the other sucking creatures,
And the interests of the race
Ne'er will I renounce promoting.

In the fight with other creatures
Faithfully I'll ever struggle
For humanity,— the holy
Rights of man that he is born to.

CAPUT VI.

YET perchance 'tis beneficial
For us men, who form the higher
Kind of livestock, to discover
How they reason down below us.

Yes, below us, in the gloomy
Mournful spheres of fellowship,
In the beasts' inferior strata,
Brood resentment, misery, pride.

That which natural hist'ry ever,
Equally with common custom,
Has for centuries admitted
Is denied with impious muzzle.

That false doctrine by the aged
In the young ones' ears is grumbled
Which assails both cultivation
And humanity on earth.

"Children!" Atta Troll thus growl'd.
As he hither roll'd and thither
On his carpet-wanting couch:
"Unto us belongs the Future!

"If each bear but thought as I do,
"If all beasts but thought so too,
"With united forces would we
"Take up arms against the tyrants.

"Then the bear would form alliance
"With the horse, the elephant
"Twine his trunk in loving fashion
"Round the valiant ox's horn.

"Bear and wolf of every colour,
"Goat and monkey, e'en the hare
"For a time would work in common,
"And our triumph would be certain.

"Union, union is the' essential
"Requisite; alone, we're conquer'd
"Easily, but join'd together
"We would overreach the tyrants.

"Union! union! and we'll triumph,
"And Monopoly's vile sway
"Be o'erthrown, and we'll establish
"A just kingdom for us beasts.

"Full equality for all, then,
"Of God's creatures, irrespective
"Of their faith, or skin, or odour,
"Be its fundamental maxim!

"Strict equality! Each donkey
"Be entitled to high office;
"On the other hand, the lion
"Carry to the mill the sack.

"As respects the dog, indeed he
"Is a very servile rascal,
"Since for centuries has man
"Like a dog ne'er ceased to treat him.

"Yet in our free state we'll give him
"Once again his olden rights,
"His prescriptive birthright, and he
"Soon again will be ennobled.

"Yes, the Jews shall then enjoy too
"All the rights of citizens,
"And by law be made the equals
"Of all other sucking creatures.

"Only dancing in the market
"For the Jew shall not be lawful;
"This amendment I insist on
"In the interest of my art.

"For a sense of style, of rigid
"Plastic art in motion's wanting
"To that race, who really ruin
"What there is of public taste."

CAPUT VII.

GLOOMY, in his gloomy cavern,
Squats, in his belov'd home-circle,
Atta Troll, the misanthrope,
And he shows his teeth, and growls thus:

"Men, the pert and vulgar fellows!
"Smile away! From all your smiling
"And from your offensive yoke too
"Shall the coming day release us!

"I am always most offended
"By that sour-sweet kind of quiv'ring
"Round the mouth,—these smiles of man
"Find I really past all bearing!

"When I in his pallid visage
"See display'd that fatal quiv'ring,
"All my entrails in my body
"Turn right round with indignation.

"More impertinently even
"Than by words, a man lays open
"By his smile the deepest hidden
"Insolence of his vile spirit.

"They are always smiling! Even
"When by decency is needed
"Real solemnity of feature,—
"E'en in love's most solemn moment!

"They are always smiling! Even
"When they're dancing. In this manner
"They degrade this noble science,
"Which should be a kind of worship.

"Yes, the dance throughout all ages
"Was a pious act of faith;
"Solemnly around the altar
"Turn'd the priests in mystic circle.

"Thus in olden time King David
"Danced before the ark of cov'nant;
"Dancing was an act of worship,
"Was a prayer upon the legs!

"I have ever understood thus
"Dancing, when upon the market
"To the people I was dancing,
"Who with their applause repaid me.

"This applause, I must confess it,
"Often made me feel quite happy;
"For extorting admiration
"From one's foes is very sweet!

"But in their enthusiasm
"Still they smile. The art of dancing
"Powerless is to make them better,
"And they frivolous remain."

CAPUT VIII.

MANY a very virtuous burgher
Smells but badly, whilst the servants
Of a king with ambergris
Or else lavender are scented.

Virgin spirits may be met with
Which of green soap bear the odour,
Whilst the criminal with rose-oil
May have wash'd himself demurely.

Do not therefore turn your nose up,
Gentle reader, if the cave of
Atta Troll may not remind you
Of Arabia's sweetest spices.

Tarry in that recking circle,
'Mid those miserable stenches,
Where to his young son the hero
As from out a cloud thus speaks:

"Child, my child, thou youngest offspring
"Of my loins, now place thy one ear
"Close beside thy father's muzzle,
"And suck in my solemn words!

"Guard against man's ways of thinking,
"They destroy both soul and body;
"'Mongst all men there's no such thing as
"Any ordinary man.

"E'en the Germans, once so noble,
"E'en the very sons of Tuisco,
"Our own primitive relations,
"They too have degenerated.

"They've become now faithless, godless,
"Even preaching atheism—
"Child, my child, be on thy guard,
"'Gainst both Feuerbach and Bauer! *

"Never be an Atheist,
"Monster void of all respect for
"The Creator—a Creator
"'Twas who made this universe!

* Well-known German writers.

"High above us, sun and moon
"And the stars too (both the tail-less
"And all those with tails provided)
"Are reflections of His power.

"Down below us, land and sea
"Are the echo of His glory,
"And each living creature praises
"Evermore His excellencies.

"E'en the smallest silver-louse that
"In the aged pilgrim's beard
"In life's pilgrimage is sharer,
"Sings the great Eternal's praises!

"In yon starry bright pavilion,
"On the golden seat of power,
"World-directing and majestic,
"Sits a mighty polar bear

"Free from spot and snow-white glitt'ring
"Is his skin; his head is cover'd
"With a crown of diamonds,
"Which illumines all the heavens.

"In his face is harmony,
"And the silent deeds of thinking;
"If he signs but with his sceptre,
"All the spheres resound with singing.

"At his feet bear-saints are sitting
"Piously, who meekly suffer'd
"While on earth, and in their paws they
"Hold the palms of martyrdom.

"Ofttimes one amongst them rises,
"Then another,—by the Spirit
"Seeming mov'd, and straightway dance they
"Their most solemn sacred dance—

"Sacred dance, where mercy's radiance
"Renders talent quite superfluous,
"And the soul for very rapture
"From the skin attempts to leap!

"O shall I, unworthy Troll,
"E'er partake this great salvation?
"And from earth's debasing sorrows
"To the realms of bliss soar upwards?

"O shall I, all-drunk with heaven,
"In the stars' pavilion yonder,
"With the palm and with the glory,
"Dance before the Master's throne?"

CAPUT IX.

LIKE the tongue as red as scarlet,
Which a swarthy Freiligrathian
Moorish prince with scornful fury
From his sullen mouth protruded,

So the moon from out the gloomy
Clouds of heaven advanced. Afar off
Cataracts are roaring, sleepless
And morosely through the night.

Atta Troll upon the summit
Of his fav'rite rock stands lonely,
Lonely, and to the abyss
Downward howls he in the nightwind:

'Yes, I am a bear, I am so,—
'Him ye christen shaggy bear,
'Growler, Isegrim, and Bruin,
'And heav'n knows how many others!

"Yes, I am a bear, I am so,
'The uncouth and boorish creature,
"I'm the awkward dromedary
"Of your scorn and cruel laughter.

"I'm the butt of all your wit,
"I'm the bugbear, with whose terrors
"Ye at night your children frighten,
"Human children, when they're naughty.

"I'm the joke of all your idle
"Nurs'ry stories, well I know it,
"And I now proclaim it loudly
"To man's paltry world below.

"Hear it, hear; a bear am I,
"My descent I'm not ashamed of,
"But am proud of it, as though I
"Sprang from Moses Mendelssohn!"

CAPUT X.

TWO dark figures, wild and surly,
And upon their all-fours gliding,
Force their way across the gloomy
Grove of firs at midnight's hour.

This is Atta Troll, the father,
And his son, young master one-ear.
Where the wood grows somewhat lighter
By the stone of blood they halted.

"This old stone"—growl'd Atta Troll,—
"Is the altar where the Druids
"In the days of superstition
"Human sacrifices offer'd.

"O their cruelty accursèd!
"All the hair upon my back
"Bristles when I think upon it;
"Blood was pour'd out to God's honour!

"Now these men are more enlighten'd,
"And no longer kill each other
"Merely in excessive zeal
"For the interests of heaven.

"'Tis no longer pious fancies,
"Madness, nor enthusiasm,
"But mere vanity and self-love
"Makes them now commit their murders.

"On the good things of the earth
"Eagerly they're ever seizing;
"'Tis an endless round of fighting,
"For himself each person stealeth!

"Yes! the heritage of all
"Is the individual's booty;
"Of the rights, then, of possession
"Speaks he, thinking of his own!

"Of his own! Possession's rights too!
"O, the cruel theft, the lying!
"None but man could have invented
"Such commingled fraud and madness.

"Private property was never
"Made by Nature; pocketless,
"With no pockets in our skins, we
"Ev'ry one the world first entered.

"Not a single one amongst us
"At his birth had such a pocket
"In his body's outer skin,
"Where he might conceal his robb'ries.

"Man alone, that smooth-skinn'd being,
"Who with foreign wool so nicely
"Clothes himself, had e'er the sharpness
"To provide himself with pockets.

"Pockets! They're as much 'gainst nature
"As is private property,
"As possession's rights themselves are—
"Men in fact are but pickpockets!

"Fiercely hate I them! My hatred
"Unto thee, my son, bequeath I;
"Here upon this altar shalt thou
"Swear to mān undying hatred!

"Be implacably the death-foe
"Of those wicked vile oppressors
"To the very end of life,—
"Swear it, swear it here, my son!"

And the youngster swore, as once did
Hannibal. The moon, all yellow,
On the stone of blood look'd wildly,
And the pair of misanthropes.

By-and by we'll tell the story
How the young bear ever faithful
To his oath remain'd. Our lyre shall
In another Epic praise him.

As respects friend Atta Troll,
We will leave him for the present,
Presently to come across him,
All the surer, with a bullet.

All thy stealthy machinations,
Traitor 'gainst man's majesty,
Now at length are terminated,
And thy hour will sound to-morrow!

CAPUT XI.

LIKE some drowsy bayaderes
Look the mountains, standing shiv'ring
In their snowy sheets of clouds,
Flutt'ring in the breeze of morning.

Yet they soon become enliven'd
By the sun-god stripping from them
All the veil that's hanging o'er them,
Lighting up their naked beauty!

Early in the morn I started
With Lascaro on our journey
Bound to hunt the bear. At noonday
We arrived at Pont d'Espagne.

So they call the bridge which leadeth
Out of France and into Spain,
To the land of west-barbarians,
Who're a thousand years behind us,—

Yes, a thousand years behind us
In all modern civ'lisation;
My barbarians to the eastward
But a hundred years behind are.

Slowly, almost trembling, left I
France's sacred territory,
Blessèd fatherland of freedom
And the women that I love!

On the middle of the bridge
A poor Spaniard sat. Deep mis'ry
Lurk'd behind his tatter'd mantle,
Misery in his eyes was lurking.

An old crazy mandoline
With his wither'd fingers pinch'd he;
Shrill the discord which re-echoed
From the rocks, as in derision.

Oftentimes his figure bent he
Downward tow'rd the' abyss with laughter,
Tinkling harder then than ever,
While the following words he sang:

" In the middle of my bosom
" Stands a little golden table;
" Round the little golden table
" Stand four little golden chairs.

" On the golden chairs are sitting
" Little ladies, golden arrows
" In their hair,—at cards they're playing,
" But 'tis only Clara wins.

"As she wins, she laughs with slyness;
"Ah! within my bosom, Clara,
"Thou'lt be ev'ry time a winner,
"For thou holdest nought but trumps."

Wand'ring onward, to myself I
Spoke: "'Tis singular that madness
"Sits and sings upon yon bridge,
"That from France to Spain leads over.

"Is this madman but the emblem
"Of the interchange 'mongst nations
"Of their thoughts? or his own country's
"Wild and crazy title-page?"

We arrived not until evening
At the wretched small posada,
Where an olla-podrida
In a dirty dish was smoking.

There I swallow'd some *garbanzos*,
Heavy, large as musket-bullets,
Indigestible to Germans,
Though to dumplings they're accustom'd.

Fit companion to the cooking
Was the bed. With insects pepper'd
It appear'd. The bugs, alas! are
Far the greatest foes of man.

Fiercer than the wrath of thousand
Elephants, I find the hatred
Of one tiny little bug,
When across my bed it crawleth.

One must let them bite in quiet,—
This is bad enough,—still more 'tis
If one crushes them. The stink then
Keeps one all night long in torment.

Yes, the fiercest earthly trouble
Is the fight with noxious vermin,
Who a stench employ as weapons,—
Is a duel with a bug!

CAPUT XII.

HOW they rave, the race of poets,
E'en the tame ones, singing ever
And exclaiming: "Nature's surely
"The Creator's mighty temple—

"Is a temple all whose glories
"To our Maker's fame bear witness,
"Sun and moon and stars all hanging
"In its cupola as lamps."

Well and good, my worthy people!
Yet confess that in this temple
Are the stairs uncomfortable,
Bad and inconvenient stairs!

All this up-and-down-stairs going,
Mountain-climbing and this jumping
Over rocks is very tiring
To the legs as well as spirit.

Close beside me walk'd Lascaro,
Pale and lanky, like a taper;
Never spoke he, never laugh'd he,
He, the dead son of the sorc'ress.

Yes, 'tis said that he's a dead man,
Dead long since, but yet his mother
Old Uraca's magic science
Kept him living in appearance.—

That accursèd temple-staircase!
It exceeds my comprehension
How my neck escaped from breaking,
Stumbling o'er a precipice.

How the cataracts were shrieking!
How the tempest flogg'd the fir-trees
Till they howl'd! The clouds began too
Crashing suddenly—bad weather!

In a little fishing cottage
By the Lac-de-Gobe soon found we
Shelter and some trout for luncheon;
Most delicious were the latter.

In an arm-chair was reclining,
Ill and grey, the ferryman;
On him his two pretty nieces,
Like a pair of angels, waited.

Stoutish angels, rather Flemish,
Seeming from a frame descended
Of a Rubens; gold their tresses,
Full of health their eyes, and liquid.

Their vermilion cheeks were dimpled,
With a secret slyness in them;
Strong their limbs were, and voluptuous,
Giving pleasure to the fancy.

Dear, affectionate young creatures,
Keeping up a sweet discussion,
As to which drink would be relish'd
Most of all by their sick uncle.

If the one the cup should bring him
Full of well-boil'd linden blossoms,
Then the other hastes to feed him
With an elder-flow'r decoction.

"I'll not drink of either of them,"
Cried impatiently the old man;
"Fetch some wine, that I may offer
"To my guests some better drink!"

Whether it was wine they gave me
At the Lac-de-Gobe, I really
Cannot say. Methinks in Brunswick
By the name of Mum they'd call it.

Of the very best black goat-skin
Was the wine-skin, stinking foully;
Yet the old man drank with pleasure,
And he seem'd quite well and joyous.

He recounted the achievements
Of the smugglers and banditti,
Merrily and freely living
In the Pyrenean forests.

Many old traditions also
Well he knew; amongst the others
Were the battles of the giants
With the bears in times primeval.

Yes, the bears then and the giants
Struggled fiercely for the mast'ry
Of these mountains and these valleys,
Ere by man they were discover'd.

But when man arrived, the giants
Fled away from out the country
Stupified, for little brains
Are contain'd in heads gigantic.

And 'tis said the silly fellows,
On arriving at the ocean,
And observing how the heavens
In its azure depths were mirror'd,

Cleverly supposed the ocean
To be heaven, and plunged down in it,
Full of godlike confidence,
And were drown'd, the whole together.

As respects the bears, however,
They are gradually being
Kill'd by man, their numbers yearly
In the mountain still decreasing.

" Thus on earth" exclaim'd the old man,
" One gives place unto another,
" And when men are put an end to,
" Then the dwarfs will be the masters.

" Yes, the clever little people,
" Who the mountain's womb inhabit,
" 'Mongst the golden mines of riches
" Digging and collecting nimbly.

" How they from their hiding-places
" With their small sly heads keep peeping!
" Oft I've seen them in the moonlight,
" And then trembled at the future;

" At the power their gold will give them;
" Ah, I fear lest our descendants
" Fly for refuge, like the stupid
" Giants, to the watery heaven!"

CAPUT XIII.

IN the black and rocky caldron
Rest the waters deep of ocean;
Stars, all pale and melancholy,
Peep from heaven. Night reigns, and silence.

Night and silence. Oars are moving.
Like a splashing wondrous secret
Floats the bark. The old man's nieces
Play the part of ferrymen,

Joyously and nimbly rowing;
Ofttimes glisten in the darkness
Their stout naked arms, illumined
By the stars,—their great blue eyes, too.

By my side Lascaro sitting
Is as pale and mute as usual,
And the fearful thought shoots through me:
Is he but a very corpse then?

I myself,—am I dead also,
And embarking on my journey
With my ghostly comrades by me
To the chilly realm of shadows?

And this lake, can it be Styx's
Gloomy flood? Has Proserpina,
In default of Charon's presence,
Sent her waiting-maids to fetch me?

No! I am not yet departed
And extinguish'd; in my spirit
Is the living flame of life still
Glowing, blazing, and exulting.

And these maidens, gaily pulling
At their oars, and o'er me splashing
With the water dripping from them,
Full of merriment and laughter,—

These two fresh and sprightly damsels
Are most certainly not ghostly
Chambermaids in hell residing,
Waiting-maids of Proserpina!

That I might be fully certain
Of their upper-worldliness,
And by practical experience
Ascertain my own existence,

Hastily my lips applied I
To their rosy cheeks' soft dimples,
And then framed this syllogism;
Yes, I kiss, and so I'm living!

When we reach'd the shore, again I
Kiss'd the pair of kindly maidens;
In this coin, and no other,
Would they take the passage-money.

CAPUT XIV.

VIOLET-COLOUR'D mountain summits
Smile from out the sunny gold-ground;
To the slope a village clingeth,
Seeming like a daring bird's nest.

When I climb'd up to it, found I
That the old ones all had flown,
And that none were now remaining
Save the young, who could not fly yet;

Pretty boys, and little maidens,
Almost hidden in their scarlet
Or white woollen caps, whilst playing
At a marriage, in the market.

Still they play'd regardless of me,
And I saw how the enamour'd
Mouse-prince knelt pathetically
To the fair cat-emperor's daughter.

Poor young prince! Alas! he's married
To the beauty. She morosely
Wrangles, bites him, and then eats him;
When he's dead, the game is over.

Almost all the day I linger'd
With the children, and we chatted
Like old friends. They fain would ask me
Who I was, and what my business.

"Dear young friends, my native country
"Is call'd Germany," I told them:
"Bears are found there in abundance,
"And my business is bear-hunting.

"There I've torn the skin from many
"Of their bearish ears, and sometimes
"Found myself full sorely handled
"By the paws of Master Bruin.

"Yet with ill-lick'd doltards daily
"I was forced to keep on wrangling
"In my own dear home, and found it
"Get at length beyond all bearing.

"And accordingly here came I,
"Some more noble prey desiring,
"And I fain would try my forces
"'Gainst the mighty Atta Troll.

" He's a noble adversary,
" Worthy of me. Ah! I often
" Have in Germany been victor,
" When my victory ashamed me."

When I took my leave, around me
Danced the pretty little beings
In a rondo, whilst thus sang they:
" Girofflino, Girofflette!"

Full of charming impudence
Stepp'd at last the youngest tow'rds me,
Bowing lowly twice, thrice, four times,
While with pleasing voice thus sang she:

" When the king I chance to meet with,
" Then I make him two low curtsies;
" When the queen I chance to meet with,
" Then I make her curtsies three.

" But whene'er the devil happens
" With his horns to come across me,
" Then I curtsey twice, thrice, four times—
" Girofflino, Girofflette!"

" Girofflino, Girofflette!"
Sang the chorus, and with bant'ring
Round my legs kept gaily whirling
With their circling dance and sing-song.

Whilst descending to the valley
That sweet echo still pursued me
Evermore, like birds' soft chirping:
" Girofflino, Girofflette!"

CAPUT XV.

ROCKY blocks, of size gigantic,
All-misshapen and distorted,
Gaze upon me like fierce monsters
Turn'd to stone, from times primeval.

Strange the sight! Grey clouds are hov'ring
High above me, like their double;
They're the pallid counterfeit
Of those wild and stony figures.

In the distance roars the streamlet,
And the wind howls through the fir-trees;
'Tis a noise inexorable,
And as wretched as despair.

Solitude most terrible!
Troops of jackdaws black are sitting
On the batter'd crumbling fir-trees,
Fluttering with their lame wings strangely.

Close beside me goes Lascaro,
Pale and silent,—I myself, too,
Looking like incarnate madness,
With grim death as my companion.

Wild and wretched is the country;
Lies it 'neath a curse? Methinks I
On the roots of yonder stunted
Tree can marks of blood discover.

It o'ershadoweth a cottage,
Which is modestly half-hidden
In the earth; with meek entreaty
Seems its thatch to gaze upon thee.

They who this poor cot inhabit
Are *Cagots*,* surviving relics
Of a race that deep in darkness
Lives a sad despised existence.

In the hearts of the Biscayans
Still is rooted fast the loathing
Of Cagots, dark heritage
From dark days of superstition.

In Bagnères cathedral even
Is a narrow grated entrance;
This, the sacristan inform'd me,
Was the door Cagots went in at.

Once to them all other ingress
To the church was interdicted,
And by stealth they had to enter
In God's holy house, like felons.

There, upon a lowly footstool,
Sat the poor Cagots, and pray'd there
All alone,—as though infected,
Sever'd from the congregation.

* A race not unlike the *Crétins*.

But the consecrated tapers
Of this century flare brightly,
And their lustre scares the evil
Shadows of the middle ages!

So outside remained Lascaro,
Whilst I the Cagot's poor cottage
Enter'd, and my hand extended
Kindly to my suff'ring brother.

And I also kiss'd his infant,
Who close-clinging to the bosom
Of his wife, suck'd greedily,
Looking like a sickly spider.

CAPUT XVI.

WHEN thou see'st yon mountain summits
From a distance, they are gleaming
As though deck'd with gold and purple,
Proud and princely in the sunlight.

But when close at hand this splendour
Vanishes, and all in other
Earthly loveliness and glory,
'Tis the play of lights deceived thee.

What to thee seem'd gold and purple
Is, alas! but common snow,
Common snow, which, pale and wretched,
Lives a weary life and lonely.

Just above me heard I plainly
How the hapless snow was crackling,
To the heartless cold winds telling
All the tale of its white sorrows.

"O, how slowly pass here," sigh'd it,
"In the desert waste the hours!
"O these hours that seem quite endless,
"Like eternities hard frozen!

"Hapless snow! O had I only,
"'Stead of on these mountain summits,
"Fallen into yonder valley,
"Yonder vale, where flow'rs are blooming.

"Then should I have softly melted,
"And become a brook, whilst fairest
"Village maidens in my waters
"Would have washed their smiling faces.

"Yes, perchance I should have floated
"To the ocean, there becoming
"Some fair pearl, and so be destin'd
"To adorn a monarch's crown!"

When I heard this pretty language,
Said I: "Darling snow, I'm doubtful
"Whether such a brilliant future
"Would have met thee in the valley.

"Comfort take! But few amongst you
"Turn to pearls; thou wouldst have fallen
"Probably in some small puddle,
"And become a piece of dirt!"

Whilst I in this friendly fashion
With the snow held conversation,
Came a shot, and from above me
Fell to earth a tawny vulture.

'Twas a joke of friend Lascaro,
Sportsman's joke; and yet his features
Still continued fix'd and solemn,
His gun-barrel only smoking.

He in silence tore a feather
From the bird's tail, and then stuck it
On the top of his peak'd felt-hat,
And then hasten'd on as usual.

Wellnigh ghostly 'twas to see him,
As his shadow with the feather
On the white snow of the mountain,
Black and long, was onward moving.

CAPUT XVII.

LIKE a street there runs a valley,
Known by name of Spirit-Hollow;
Rugged cliffs on either side of't
Rise to giddy elevation.

On the widest, steepest slope there,
Peers Uraca's daring cottage
Like a watch-tow'r o'er the valley;
Thither follow'd I Lascaro.

With his mother held he counsel
In mysterious signal-language,
As to how great Atta Troll
Might be best allur'd and vanquish'd.

For we had explored his traces
Carefully, and he no longer
Could escape us. Now are number'd,
Atta Troll, thy days on earth!

As to whether old Uraca
Was in truth a mighty witch
Of distinction, as the people
In the Pyrenees asserted,

I'll not venture to determine;
This much know I, her exterior
Was suspicious, and suspicious
Was her red eyes' constant dripping.

Evil was her look, and squinting,
And the poor cows ('tis reported)
Whom she look'd on, in their udders
Had the milk dried suddenly.

It is even said that many
Fatted swine and strongest oxen
She had put to death, by merely
Stroking with her wither'd hands.

She at times for such offences
Was exposed to accusations
To the justice. But the latter
Was a follower of Voltaire,

Just a modern, shallow worldling,
Void of faith and penetration,
And the' accusers sceptically
Were dismiss'd, wellnigh with insult.

Publicly Uraca follow'd
Quite an honest occupation,
Namely, selling mountain-simples
And stuff'd birds to those who sought them.

Full her cottage was of suchlike
Curiosities, and frightful
Was the smell of fungi in it,
Cuckoo-flow'rs and elderberries.

There was quite a fine collection
Of the vulture tribe display'd there,
With their wings extended fully,
And their monstrous beaks projecting.

Was't the strange plants' smell that mounted
To my head and stupified me?
Wondrous feelings stole across me,
As I gazed upon those birds.

They're perchance enchanted mortals,
Who, by magic art o'erpower'd,
To the wretched stuff'd condition
Of poor birds have been converted.

Fixedly they gaze upon me,
Sadly, yet with much impatience;
Often they appear to throw
Tow'rd the witch shy glances also.

But the latter, old Uraca,—
Close beside her son Lascaro
Cowers in the chimney corner,
Melting lead and casting bullets,—

Bullets that by fate are destined
To destroy poor Atta Troll.
How the flames with hasty motion
Quiver o'er the witch's features!

She incessantly keeps moving
Her thin lips, but nothing says she;
Mutters she the witches' blessing,
That the casting be successful?

Oft she chuckles and oft nods she
To her son, but he continues
Earnestly his occupation,
And as silently as Death.

Swelt'ring 'neath my awe-struck feelings,
To the window went I, seeking
For fresh air, and then look'd downward
O'er the valley far below me.

What I saw on that occasion
'Tween the hours of twelve and one,
I will faithfully and neatly
Tell you in the following chapters.

CAPUT XVIII.

AND it was the time of full moon
On St. John the Baptist's evening,
When the wild hunt's apparition
Rush'd along the Spirit-Hollow.

From the window of Uraca's
Witchlike hut I excellently
Could observe the spirit-army
As it sped along the valley.

Capital the place I stood in
For observing what was passing;
I enjoy'd a full sight of the
Grave-arisen dead men's pastime.

Cracking whips, and shouts and halloing,
Yelping dogs and neighing horses,
Notes of hunting-horns and laughter,
How they joyously re-echoed!

On in front by way of vanguard
Ran the wondrous game they hunted,
Stag and sow, in herds enormous,
With the pack of hounds behind them.

Huntsmen out of every region
And of every age were gather'd;
Hard by Nimrod of Assyria,
For example, rode Charles X—.

High upon their snowy horses
On they rush'd; on foot there follow'd
The piqueurs, the leashes holding,
And the pages with the torches.

Many in the wild procession
Seem'd to me well-known. The horseman
In the golden glist'ning armour,—
Was he not the great King Arthur?

And Sir Ogier, he of Denmark,
Wore he not his green and glancing
Coat of ringèd mail, that gave him
All the' appearance of a frog?

In the long train also saw I
Many intellectual heroes;
There I recognized our Wolfgang,
By his eyes' exceeding lustre.

Being damn'd by Hengstenberg,
In his grave he cannot slumber,
But his earthly love for hunting
With the heathen throng continues.

By his mouth's sweet smile I also
Knew again the worthy William,*
Whom the Puritans had likewise
Cursed with bitterness; this sinner

Needs must join at night that savage
Army, on a black steed mounted;
On an ass, and close beside him
Rode a man,—and, O good heavens,

By his weary, praying gestures,
By his pious snow-white nightcap,
By his grief of soul, I straightway
Knew our old friend, Francis Horn!

Just for writing commentaries
On the world-child Shakespear, must he
After death, poor fellow, with him
Ride amidst the wild hunt's tumult!

Ah! he now must ride, poor Francis,
Who to walk was well-nigh frighten'd;
Who ne'er moved, except when praying,
Or when chatting o'er the tea-tray!

Would not all the aged maidens,
Long accustomed to caress Him,
Shudder if they came to hear that
Francis was a savage huntsman!

When he breaks into a gallop,
The great William with derision
Looks on his poor commentator
Who at donkey's pace goes after,

* Shakespear.

Helplessly and wildly clinging
To the pommel of his donkey,
Yet in death as well as lifetime
Following faithfully his author.

Many ladies saw I also
In the spirits' wild procession,
Many beauteous nymphs amongst the
With their slender, youthful figures.

They astraddle sat their horses,
Mythologically naked;
Yet their long and curling tresses
Fell low down, like golden mantles.

Garlands on their heads they carried,
And with saucy backward-bending
Supercilious wanton postures
Leafy wands kept ever swinging.

Hard beside them saw I certain
Closely-button'd dames on horseback,
On their ladies' saddles sitting
With their falcons on their fists.

As in parody behind them
On their knackers, lanky ponies,
Rode a troop of gay bedizen'd
Women, looking like comedians.

Full of beauty were their features,
But perchance a little bold;
Madly were they shouting with their
Cheeks so full and wanton-painted.

How they joyously re-echoed,
Notes of hunting-horns and laughter,
Yelping dogs and neighing horses,
Cracking whips and shouts and halloi

CAPUT XIX.

But, resembling beauty's trefoil,
In the midst of the procession
Figures three I noticed; ne'er I
Can forget those lovely women.

Easily the first one knew I
By the crescent on her forehead;
Like a statue pure, all-proudly
Onward rode the mighty goddess.

High up-turn'd appear'd her tunic,
Half her breast and hip disclosing;
Torchlight, moonlight both were playing
Gaily round her snowy members.

White as marble were her features,
Cold as marble too; and fearful
Was the numbness and the paleness
Of that face, so stern and noble.

Yet within her black eye plainly
Terribly but sweetly sparkled
A mysterious, glowing fire,
Spirit-dazzling and consuming.

O, how alter'd was Diana
Who, with haughty chastity,
To a stag once turn'd Acteon,
And as prey to dogs abandon'd!

Does she expiate this crime now
Join'd to these gallant companions?
Like a wretched spectral creature
Nightly through the air she travels.

Late, indeed, but all the stronger
She to thoughts of lust awakens,
And within her eyes 'tis burning,
Like a very brand of hell.

All the lost time now laments she,
When mankind were far more handsome,
And by quantity perchance she
Now makes up for quality.

Close beside her rode a beauty
Whose fair features were not chisell'd
In such Grecian mould, yet glisten'd
With the Celtic race's charms.

This one was the fay Abunde,
Whom I easily distinguish'd
By the sweetness of her smile,
And her mad and hearty laughter!

Hale and rosy were her features,
As though limn'd by Master Greuze;
Heart-shaped was her mouth, and open,
Showing teeth of dazzling whiteness.

Night-dress blue and flutt'ring wore she,
That the wind to lift attempted;
Even in my brightest visions
Never saw I such fair shoulders!

Scarcely could I keep from springing
Out of window to embrace them;
Ill should I have fared, however,
For my neck should I have broken.

She, alas! would but have titter'd
If before her feet all-bleeding,
In the deep abyss I tumbled,—
Ah! a laugh like this well know I!

And the third of those fair women,
Who so deeply stirr'd thy bosom,—
Was she but a female devil
Like the other two first mention'd?

Whether devil she or angel,
Know I not; in case of women
One knows never where the angel
Ceases, and the deuce commences.

On her glowing sickly features
Lay an oriental charm,
And her costly robes reminded
Of Schehezerade's sweet stories.

Soft her lips, just like pomegranates,
And her nose a bending lily,
And her members cool and slender
As the palms in the oasis.

On a snowy palfrey sat she,
Whose gold bridle by two negroes
Was conducted, who on foot
By the princess' side were walking.

And in truth she was a princess,
Was the queen of far Judæa,
Was the lovely wife of Herod,
Who the Baptist's head demanded.

For this deed of blood she also
Was accurs'd, and as a spectre
With the wild hunt must keep riding,
Even to the day of judgment.

In her hands she evermore
Bears the charger with the Baptist's
Head upon it, which she kisses,—
Yes, the head she kisses wildly.

For she once loved John the Baptist;
In the Bible 'tis not written,
Yet in popular tradition
Lives Herodias' bloody love.

Otherwise there's no explaining
That strange fancy of the lady,—
Would a woman ever ask for
That man's head for whom she cared not?

She was somewhat angry, may be,
With him,—had him, too, beheaded;
But when she upon the charger
Saw the much-loved head lie lifeless,

Sore she wept, and lost her senses,
And she died of love's delirium.
(Love's delirium! Pleonasm!
Love must always be delirium!)

Every night arising, bears she
As I've said, the bloody head
In her hand as she goes hunting,
Yet with foolish woman's fancy

She at times the head hurls from her
Through the air, with childish laughter
And then catches it again
Very nimbly, like a plaything.

And as she was riding by me,
On me look'd she, and she nodded
So coquettishly and fondly,
That my inmost heart was shaken.

Three times up and downward moving
The procession pass'd, and three times
Did the lovely apparition
Greet me, as she rode before me.

When the train at last had faded,
And the tumult was extinguish'd,
Still that loving salutation
Glow'd within my inmost brain.

And throughout the livelong night
I my weary limbs kept tossing
On the straw (for feather beds
Were not in Uraca's cottage),

And methought: What meaning was there
In that strange, mysterious nodding?
Wherefore didst thou gaze upon me
With such tenderness, Herodias?

CAPUT XX.

'TWAS the sunrise. Golden arrows
Shot against the white mist fiercely,
Which turn'd red, as though sore wounded,
And in light and glory melted.

Finally the victory's won,
And the day, the triumphator,
Stood, in full and beaming splendour,
On the summit of the mountain.

All the birds in noisy chorus
Twitter'd in their secret nests,
And a smell of herbs arose too,
Like a concert of sweet odours.

At the earliest dawn of morning
To the valley we descended,
And whilst friend Lascaro follow'd
On the traces of the bear,

I the time to kill attempted
With my thoughts, and yet this thinking
Made me at the last quite weary,
And a little mournful even.

Weary, then, and mournful sank I
On the soft moss-bank beside me.
Under yonder mighty ash-tree,
Where the little streamlet flow'd,

Which, with its mysterious plashing
So mysteriously befool'd me,
That all thoughts and power of thinking
From my spirit pass'd away.

And a raging yearning seized me
For a dream, for death, for madness,
For that woman-rider, whom I
In the spirit-march had seen.

O yė lovely nightly faces,
Scared away by beams of morning,
Tell me, whither have ye fleeted?
Tell me, where ye dwell at daytime?

Under olden temples' ruins,
Far away in the Romagna
(So 'tis said) Diana refuge
Seeks by day from Christ's dominion.

Only in the midnight darkness
From her hiding place she ventures,
And rejoices in the chase
With her heathenish companions.

And the beauteous fay Abunde
Of the Nazarenes is fearful,
And throughout the day she lingers
Safe within her Avalun.

This fair island lies deep-hidden
Far off, in the silent ocean
Of romance, that none can reach save
On the fabled horse's pinions.

Never there casts care its anchor,
Never there appears a steamer,
Full of wonder-seeking blockheads,
With tobacco-pipes in mouth.

Never reaches there the languid
Sound of bells, so dull and tedious,—
That incessant bim-bom clatter
Which the fairies so detest.

There, in never-troubled pleasure,
And in youth eternal blooming,
Still resides the joyous lady,
Our blond dame, the fay Abunde.

Laughingly her walks there takes she
Under lofty heliotropes,
With her talking train beside her,
World-departed Paladins.

Well, and thou, Herodias, prythee
Say where art thou? Ah, I know it,
Thou art dead, and liest buried
By the town Jerusalem!

Stiffly sleeps by day thy body,
In its marble coffin prison'd:
Yet the cracking whips and halloing
Waken thee at midnight's hour.

And the wild array thou followest
With Diana and Abunde,
With thy merry hunting comrades,
Who hold cross and pain detested.

O what sweet society!
Could I hunt with you by night-time
Through the forests! By thy side
Always would I ride, Herodias!

For 'tis thee I love the dearest!
More than yonder Grecian goddess,
More than yonder Northern fairy,
Love I thee, thou Jewess dead!

Yes, I love thee! Well I know it
By the trembling of my spirit;
Love thou me, and be my darling,
Sweet Herodias, beauteous woman!

I'm the very knight thou wantest!
Little truly it concerns me
That thou'rt dead and damn'd already,
For I'm free from prejudices.

My own happiness 'tis only
That concerns me, and at times I
Feel inclined to doubt it truly
To the living I belong!

Take me as thy knight, I pray thee,
As thy Cavalier servente,
And thy mantle will I carry
And e'en all thy whims put up with.

Every night I'll ride beside thee,
With the army wild careering;
Merrily we'll talk and laugh then
At my frenzied conversation.

Thus the time I'll shorten for thee
In the night; but yet by day-time
All our joy will fly, and weeping
On that grave I'll take my seat.

Yes, I'll sit by day-time weeping
On the regal vault's sad ruins,
On the grave of thee, my loved one,
By the town Jerusalem.

Aged Jews, who chance to pass me,
Then will surely think I'm sorrowing
For the temple's desolation,
And the town Jerusalem.

CAPUT XXI.

ARGONAUTS without a ship,
Who on foot the mountain visit,
And instead of golden fleeces
Aim at nothing but a bear's skin,—

We're, alas! poor devils only,
Heroes of a modern fashion,
And no classic poet ever
Will in song immortalize us.

Yet we notwithstanding suffer'd
Serious hardships! O what rain
Fell upon us on the summit,
Where no tree or hackney-coach was!

Fierce the storm, its bonds were broken,
And in buckets it descended;
Jason surely was at Colchis
Never drench'd in such a show'r-bath!

"An umbrella! Gladly would I
"Give you six-and-thirty kings*
"For the loan of one umbrella!"
Cried I,—and the water dripp'd still.

* Alluding to the large number of petty states into which Germany is divided.

Fagg'd to death, and out of temper.
We return'd, like half-drown'd puppies
Late at night, as best we could,
To the witch's lofty cottage.

There beside the glowing fire-place
Sat Uraca, busy combing
Her great fat and ugly pug-dog;
Quickly she dismiss'd the latter,

To attend to us instead,
And my bed she soon got ready,
Loosening first my espardilles,
That uncomfortable foot-gear—

Help'd me to undress, my stockings
Pulling off; I found them sticking
To my legs, as close and faithful
As the friendship of a blockhead.

"Quick! a dressing-gown! I'd give you
"Six-and-thirty kings for only
"One dry dressing-gown!" exclaim'd I,
As my wet shirt steam'd upon me.

Freezing and with chattering teeth, I
Stood awhile upon the hearth;
By the fire then driven senseless
On the straw at length I sank.

But I slept not. Blinking look'd I
On the witch, who by the chimney
Sat, and held the head and shoulders
Of her son upon her lap,

Helping to undress him. Near her
Stood upright her ugly pug-dog,
And he in his front paw managed
Cleverly to hold a pot.

From the pot Uraca took some
Reddish fat, and with it rubb'd the
Ribs and bosom of her son,
Rubbing hastily, with trembling.

And while rubbing him and salving,
She a cradle-song was humming
Through her nose, whilst strangely crackled
On the hearth the ruddy flames.

Like a corpse, all yellow, bony,
On his mother's lap the son lay,
Sorrowful as death, wide open
Stared his hollow, pallid eyes.

Is he truly but a dead man
Who each night by love maternal
Hath a life enchanted giv'n him
By the aid of strongest witch-salve?

Wondrous the half-sleep of fever,
Where the leaden limbs feel weary
As though fetter'd, and the senses
O'er-excited, wide awake!

How the herb-smell in the chamber
Troubled me! With painful effort
Thought I where I had already
Smelt the same, but vain my thoughts were.

How the wind a-down the chimney
Gave me pain! Like sighs it sounded
Of dejected dried-up spirits,—
Like the sound of well-known voices.

Most of all was I tormented
By the stuff'd birds, which were standing
On a shelf above my head,
Near the place where I was lying.

Th[illegible] their wings were slowly flapping
And with awful motion, bending
Downward tow'rd me, forward pushing
Their long beaks, like human noses.

Ah! where have I seen already
Noses such as these? At Hamburg,
Or at Frankfort, in the Jews' street?
Sad the glimmering recollection!

I at last was overpower'd
Quite by sleep, and in the place of
Wakeful, terrible phantasmas,
Came a healthful, steady dream.

And I dreamt that this poor cottage
Suddenly became a ball-room
Which by columns was supported,
And by candelabra lighted.

Some invisible musicians
Play'd from out Robert-le-Diable
That fine crazy dance of nuns;
All alone I walk'd about there.

But at length the doors were open'd,
Open'd wide and then advanced
With a step both slow and stately
Guests of wonderful appearance.

They were solely bears and spirits!
Walking bolt upright, each bear
Led a spirit as his partner,
In a snow-white grave-cloth hidden.

In this manner pair'd, began they
Waltzing up and down with vigour
In the hall. The sight was curious,
Laughable, but also fearful!

For the awkward bears soon found it
Difficult to keep in step
With the white and airy figures,
Who whirl'd round with easy motion.

But those poor unhappy creatures
Were inexorably driven,
And their snorting overpower'd
E'en the' orchestral double bass.

Oftentimes one couple jostled
'Gainst another, and the bear
Gave the spirit that had push'd him
Some hard kicks on his hind quarters.

Often in the dance's bustle
Would a bear tear off the shroud
From the head of his companion,
And a death's head was disclosed then.

But at length with joyous uproar
Crash'd the trumpets and the cymbals,
And the kettle-drums loud thunder'd,
And there came the gallopade.

To the end of this I dreamt not,—
For a stupid clumsy bear
Trod upon my corns, and made me
Cry aloud, and so awoke me.

CAPUT XXII.

PHŒBUS in his sunny droschka
Lash'd his flaming horses onwards,
And had half his course already
Through the spacious heavens completed,

Whilst I still in slumber lay,
And of bears and spirits, strangely
Intertwining with each other
In quaint arabesque, was dreaming.

Midday 'twas ere I awaken'd,
And I found myself alone;
Both my hostess and Lascaro
For the chase had started early.

In the hut the pug-dog only
Still remain'd. Beside the hearth he
Stood upright before the kettle,
While his paws a spoon were holding.

Admirably had they taught him
Whensoe'er the broth boil'd over
Hastily to stir it round,
And to skim away the bubbles.

But am I myself bewitch'd?
Or still blazes there the fever
In my head? I scarce can credit
My own ears—the pug-dog's talking!

Yes, he's talking, and his accent
Gentle is and Swabian; dreaming,
As though buried in deep thought,
Speaks he in the foll'wing fashion:

"Poor unhappy Swabian poet!
"In a foreign land I sadly
"Languish, as a dog enchanted,
"And a witch's kettle watch!

"What a shameful sin is witchcraft!
"O how sad, how deeply tragic
"Is my fate,—with human feelings
"Underneath a dog's exterior!

"Would that I at home had tarried
"With my trusty school companions!
"They're at any rate no wizards,—
"Ne'er bewitch'd a single being!

"Would that I at home had tarried
"With Charles Mayer, with the fragrant
"Wallflow'rs of my native country,
"With its pudding-broth delicious!

"I'm half dead now with nostalgia—
"Would that I could see the smoke
"Rising from the chimneys where they
"Vermicelli cook at Stukkert!"

When I heard this, deep emotion
Came across me; quickly sprang I
From the couch, approach'd the fireplace,
And address'd him with compassion:

"Noble bard, say how it happens
"That thou'rt in this witch's cottage?
"Tell me wherefore have they changed thee
"Cruelly into a pug-dog?"

But with joy exclaim'd the other:
"Then thou'rt really not a Frenchman,
"But a German, understanding
"All my silent monologue?

"Ah, dear countryman! how sad that
"Counc'llor-of-legation Kolle,
"When we o'er our pipes and glasses
"Held discussions in the beershop,

"Always harp'd upon the thesis
"That by travelling alone we
"Could obtain that polish, which he
"Had from foreign lands imported!

"So, that I might wipe away all
"That raw crust which stuck upon me,
"And like Kolle might acquire
"Elegant and polish'd manners,

"From my country I departed,
"And while thus the grand tour making,
"Came I to the Pyrenees,
"To the cottage of Uraca.

" I an introduction brought her
" From Justinus Kerner*, never
" Thinking that this so-called friend
" Was in wicked league with witches.

" Kindly welcomed me Uraca,
" Yet, to my alarm, her friendship
" Kept on growing, till converted
" At the last to sensual passion.

" Yes, immodesty still flicker'd
" Wildly in the wither'd bosom
" Of this wretched, worthless woman,
" And she now must needs seduce me!

" Yet implored I: ' Ah, excuse me,
" ' Worthy madam! I'm no friv'lous
" ' Goethe's pupil, but belong
" ' To the poet-school of Swabia.

" ' Modesty's the muse we worship,
" ' And the drawers she wears are made of
" ' Thickest leather—Ah, good madam,
" ' Do not violate my virtue!

" ' Other poets boast of genius,
" ' Others fancy, others passion,
" ' But the pride of Swabian poets
" ' Is especially their virtue.

" ' That's the only wealth we boast of!
" ' Do not rob me of the modest
" ' And religious simple garment
" ' Which my nakedness doth cover!

" Thus I spoke, and yet the woman
" Smiled ironically; smiling
" She a switch of mistletoe
" Took, and then my head touch'd with it.

" Thereupon I felt a chilly
" Strange sensation, like a goose-skin
" Being o'er my members drawn;
" Yet in truth a goose-skin 'twas not—

* A well-known poet and physician, born in 1786, and founder of the so-called Modern Swabian School of Poetry.

" On the contrary, a dog-skin
" Was it rather ; since that fearful
" Moment have I been converted
" As thou see'st me, to a pug-dog!"

Poor young fellow! Through his sobbing
Not a word more could he utter ;
And he wept with so much fervour,
That in tears wellnigh dissolved he.

" Listen now," I said with pity :
" Can I possibly relieve you
" Of your dog-skin, and restore you
" To humanity and verses ?"

But the other raised his paws up
In the air disconsolately
And despairingly ; at length he
Spake with sighing and with groaning :

" Till the Judgment Day, alas! I
" In this dog-skin must be prison'd,
" If I'm freed not from enchantment
" By a virgin's self-devotion.

" Yes, a pure unsullied virgin,
" Who ne'er touch'd a human being,
" And the following condition
" Truly keeps, alone can free me

" This unsullied virgin must,
" In the night of Saint Sylvester,
" Read Gustavus Pfizer's* poems,
" And not go to sleep one moment!

" If she keeps awake while reading,
" And her modest eye ne'er closes,—
" Then shall I be disenchanted,
" Be a man,—yes, be undogg'd!"

" In that case, good friend," replied I,
" I at any rate can never
" Undertake to disenchant you,
" For I'm no unsullied virgin ;

* A voluminous writer, born at Stuttgardt in 1807. He attacked Heine's School of Poetry and was repaid by Heine in the same coin.

" And still less should I be able
" To fulfil the task of reading
" All Gustavus Pfizer's poems,
" And not fall asleep instanter !"

CAPUT XXIII.

FROM the witch's entertainment
To the valley we descended,
And our footsteps to the region
Of the Positive return'd.

Hence, ye spirits! Nightly spectres!
Airy figures! Fev'rish visions!
We find rational employment
Once again with Atta Troll.

In the cavern, by his young ones,
Lies the old bear, soundly sleeping,
With the snore of conscious virtue,
And at length he wakes with gaping.

Near him squats young Master One-ear,
And his head he's gently scratching,
Like a bard whose rhyme is wanting,
And upon his paws he's scanning.

Likewise by their father's side
On their backs are dreaming lying
Innocent four-footed lilies,
Atta Troll's belovèd daughters.

Say, what tender thoughts are pining
In the softly blooming spirits
Of these snowy young bear-virgins ?
Moist with tears their eyes are glist'ning.

Most of all appears the youngest
Deeply moved. Within her bosom
She a blissful twinge is feeling,
And to Cupid's might succumbs she.

Yes, that little god's sharp arrow
Through her thick skin penetrated
When she saw Him—O, good heavens
Him she loves, a living man is !

Is a man, yclept Schnapphahnski;—
Whilst before his foes retreating
He arrived by chance one morning
At the mountain in his flight.

Woes of heroes touch all women,
And within our hero's features
Were depicted want of money,
Pale distress and gloomy sorrow.

All his military chest,
Two-and-twenty silver groschen,
Which he had when Spain he enter'd,
Was the prey of Espartero.

E'en his watch was not preserved him,
But remain'd at Pampeluna
In a pawn-shop. 'Twas an heirloom,
Costly and of genuine silver.

And with long legs swiftly ran he,
But unconsciously whilst running
Won he something that is far better
Than the best of fights,—a heart!

Yes, she loves him, him, the archfoe!
O thou most unhappy bearess!
If thy father knew the secret,
He would growl in frightful fashion.

As the aged Odoardo*
Stabb'd Emilia Galotti
In his pride of citizenship,
So would also Atta Troll

Sooner have destroy'd his daughter,
Yes, with his own paws destroy'd her
Than permitted her to tumble
In the arms of any monarch

Yet he at this very moment
Is of tender disposition,
With no wish to crush a rosebud
Ere the hurricane has stripp'd it.†

* See Lessing's "Emilia Galotti."
† See the concluding words of the last scene but one of the above play.

Ah! conceal'd there was Lascaro
With his musket, and he shot him
Through the middle of his heart, whence
Gush'd a ruddy stream of blood.

Once or twice his head he waggled,
But at last with heavy groaning
Fell he down, and wildly gasp'd he,
And his latest sigh was—" Mumma "

Thus the noble hero fell;
Thus he died. And yet immortal
Will he in the poet's numbers
After death arise in glory.

Yes, he'll rise again in numbers,
" [illegible] his glory, grown colossal,
" Unaur-footed solemn trochee[illegible]
" Over [illegible] face of earth stride proudly.
" Fell I [illegible]h Bavaria's monarch
" And I dream[illegible]e Walhalla,
" Underneath a [illegible] inscription,
" From the branches [illegible]:
" Trickled down some [illegible] impulse;
" Gliding in my open mu[illegible]d;
" And I felt a sweet enjoym[illegible];
" As I blissfully peer'd upwards,
" Saw I on the very tree top
" Seven tiny little bears
" Sliding up and down the branches.

" Tender, pretty little creatures,
" With a skin of rose-red colour;
" While, like silk, from their dear shoulders
" Hung a something, like two pinions.

" Yes, those rose-red little bears
" Were adorn'd with silken pinions,
" And with sweet celestial voices,
" Sounding like a flute's notes, sang they!

" As they sang, my skin turn'd ice-cold,
" And from out my skin there mounted,
" Like a soaring flame, my spirit,
" Radiantly to Heaven ascending."—

Is a man, yclept Schnapphahnski ;—
Whilst before his foes retreating
He arrived by chance one morning
At the mountain in his flight.

Woes of heroes touch all women,
And within our hero's features
Were depicted want of money,
Pale distress and gloomy sorrow.

All his military chest,
Two-and-twenty silver groschen,
Which he had when Spain he enter'd,
Was the prey of Espartero.

E'en his watch was not preserved him,
But remain'd at Pampeluna
In a pawn-shop. 'Twas an heirloom
Costly and of genuine silver.

And with long legs swiftly ran
But unconsciously whilst ru
Won he something that sal
Than the best of fight where whilome
Yes, she loves himhappy nephew
O thou most unl life surrender'd,
If thy father
He would g, fell poor Atta Troll,
fell by cunning, like him
As th hom the base equestrian Judas,
Ganelon of Mainz, betrayed.

Ah! that noblest bear's-emotion,
Namely his uxorious feelings,
Was a snare which old Uraca
Cunningly avail'd herself of.

She the growl of swarthy Mumma
Copied with such great perfection,
That poor Atta Troll was tempted
Out of his secure bear's-cavern.

On the wings of yearning ran he
Through the vale, oft stood he, gently
Snuffing at a rock in silence,
Thinking Mumma was conceal'd there.

Ah! conceal'd there was Lascaro
With his musket, and he shot him
Through the middle of his heart, whence
Gush'd a ruddy stream of blood.

Once or twice his head he waggled,
But at last with heavy groaning
Fell he down, and wildly gasp'd he,
And his latest sigh was—"Mumma"

Thus the noble hero fell;
Thus he died. And yet immortal
Will he in the poet's numbers
After death arise in glory.

Yes, he'll rise again in numbers,
And his glory, grown colossal,
On four-footed solemn trochee
O'er the face of earth stride proudly.

And his tomb Bavaria's monarch
Will erect in the Walhalla,
Writing on it this inscription,
In true lapidary style:

"Atta Troll; a bear of impulse;
"Devotee; a loving husband;
"Full of sans-culottic notions,
"Thanks to the prevailing fashion.

"Wretched dancer; strong opinions
"Bearing in his shaggy bosom;
"Often stinking very badly;
"Talentless; a character!"

CAPUT XXV.

THREE-and-thirty aged women,
Wearing on their heads the scarlet
Old Biscayan caps we read of,
Stood around the village entrance.

One, like Deborah, amongst them
Beat the tambourine, and danced too,
And she sang a song of triumph
O'er Lascaro, the bear-slayer.

Four strong men upon their shoulders
Bore the vanquish'd bear in triumph;
Upright sat he on the seat,
Like a sickly bathing patient.

And behind, as if related
To the dead bear, went Lascaro
With Uraca: right and left she
Bow'd her thanks, though much embarrass'd.

And the Mayor's Assistant gave them
Quite a speech before the town hall,
When the grand procession got there,
And he spoke on many subjects,—

As, for instance, on the increase
Of the navy, on the press,
On the weighty beetroot question,
On the curse of party spirit.

After fully illustrating
Louis Philippe's special merits,
He proceeded to the bear,
And Lascaro's great achievement.

"Thou, Lascaro!" cried the speaker,
As with his tricolour'd sash he
Wiped the sweat from off his forehead,
"Thou, Lascaro! Thou, Lascaro!

"Thou who bravely hast deliver'd
"France and Spain from Atta Troll,
"Thou'rt the hero of both countries,
"Pyrenean Lafayette!"

When Lascaro in this manner
Heard officially his praises,
In his beard with pleasure laugh'd he,
And quite blush'd with satisfaction,

And in very broken accents,
One word o'er another stumbling,
Gave he utt'rance to his thanks
For this most exceeding honour!

Every one with deep amazement
Gazed upon this sight unwonted,
And the aged women mutter'd
In alarm, beneath their breath:

"Why, Lascaro has been laughing!
"Why, Lascaro has been blushing!
"Why, Lascaro has been speaking!
"He, the dead son of the witch!"—

Atta Troll that very day was
Flay'd, and then they sold by auction
His poor skin. A furrier bought it
For one hundred francs, hard money.

He most beautifully trimm'd it
With a lovely scarlet border,
nd then sold it for just double
at it cost him in the first place.

Juliet then became its owner
At third hand, and in her bedroom
Lies it now in Paris, serving
As a rug beside her bed.

O, with naked feet how often
Have I stood at night upon this
Earthly brown coat of my hero,
On the skin of Atta Troll!

And o'ercome by sad reflections,
Schiller's words I then remember'd:
"What in song shall be immortal
"Must in actual life first die!"*

CAPUT XXVI.

WELL, and Mumma? Ah, poor Mumma
Is a woman! Frailty
Is her name! Alas! all women
Are as frail as any porcelain.

When by fate's hand she was parted
From her glorious noble husband,
She by no means died of sorrow,
Nor succumb'd to her affliction.

On the contrary, she gaily
Went on living, went on dancing
As before, with ardour wooing
For the public's daily plaudits.

* See the end of Schiller's "Gods of Greece."

Finally she found a solid
Situation, and provision
For the whole of life, at Paris
In the famed *Jardin des Plantes.*

When I chanced the other Sunday
With my Juliet to go thither
And expounded Nature to her,
Of the plants and beasts conversing,

Showing the giraffes and cedars
Of Mount Lebanon, the mighty
Dromedary, the gold pheasants,
And the zebra,—as we chatted

It so happen'd that at length we
Stood before the pit's close railing
Where the bears are all collected,—
Gracious heavens, what saw we there!

An enormous desert-bear
From Siberia, white and hairy,
With a lady-bear was playing
A too-tender game of love there.

And the latter was our Mumma!
Was the wife of Atta Troll!
Well I knew her by the tender
Humid glances of her eye.

Yes, 'twas she! the South's black daughter!
She it was,—yes, Madame Mumma
With a Russian is now living,
With a Northern wild barbarian!

With a simp'ring face a negro
Who approach'd us, thus address'd me:
" Is there any sight more pleasing
" Than to see two lovers happy?"

I replied: " Pray tell me whom, Sir,
" I've the honour of addressing?"
But the other cried with wonder:
" Don't you really recollect me?

" Why, the Moorish prince am I
" Who in Freiligrath was drumming;
" Things in Germany went badly,
" I was far too isolated.

"Here, however, where as keeper
"I am station'd, where I'm living
"'Mongst the lions, plants, and tigers
"Of my home within the tropics,

"Here I find it much more pleasant
"Than your German fairs attending,
"Where I day by day was drumming
"And was fed so very badly.

"I quite recently was married
"To a fair cook from Alsatia;
"When within her arms reposing
"Feel I then at home completely.

"Her dear feet remind me closely
"Of our darling elephants:
"When she speaks in French, her language
"My black mother-tongue resembles.

"Oft she scolds me, and I think then
"Of the rattling of that drum
"Which had skulls around it hanging;
"Snake and lion fled before it.

"Yet with feeling in the moonlight
"Weeps she, like a crocodile
"Peeping from the tepid river
"To enjoy a little coolness.

"And she gives me charming tit-bits,
"And I thrive upon them, eating
"Once again, as on the Niger,
"With old African enjoyment.

"I am getting fat; my belly's
"Grown quite round, and from my shirt it
"Is projecting, like a black moon
"From the snow-white clouds advancing."

CAPUT XXVII.

(To Augustus Varnhagen Von Ense.)

"WHERE in heaven, Master Louis,
"Did you pick up all this crazy
"Nonsense?"—these the very words were
Which the Card'nal d'Este made use of.

When he read the well-known poem
Of Orlando's frantic doings,
Which politely Ariosto
To his Eminence inscribed.

Yes, my good old friend Varnhagen,
Yes, I round thy lips see plainly
Hov'ring those exact expressions,
By the same sly smile attended.

Often dost thou laugh whilst reading,
Yet at intervals thy forehead
Solemnly is wrinkled over,
And these thoughts then steal across thee:

"Sounds it not like those young visions
"That I dreamt once with Chamisso,
"And Brentano and Fouqué,
"In the blue and moonlight evenings?*

"Is it not the dear notes rising
"From the long-lost forest chapel?
"Sound the well-known cap and bells not
"Roguishly at intervals?

"In the nightingale's sweet chorus
"Breaks the bear's deep double-bass,
"Dull and growling, interchanging
"In its turn with spirit-whispers!

"Nonsense, which pretends to wisdom!
"Wisdom, which has turn'd quite crazy!
"Dying sighs, which suddenly
"Into laughter are converted!"—

Yes, my friend, the sounds indeed 'tis
From the long departed dream-time;
Save that modern quavers often
'Midst the olden keynotes jingle.

Signs of trembling thou'lt discover
Here and there, despite the boasting;
I commend this little poem
To thy well-proved gentleness!

* This refers to the time of Heine's residence in Berlin, when he was intimate with these and other well-known personages. See Sketch of his Life, *ante*.

Ah! perchance it is the last free
Forest-song of the Romantic;
In the daytime's wild confusion
Will it sadly die away.

Other times and other birds too!
Other birds and other music!
What a crackling, like the geese's
Who preserved the Capitol!

What a twitt'ring! 'Tis the sparrows.
While their claws hold farthing rushlights,
Yet they're strutting like Jove's eagle
With the mighty thunderbolt!

What a cooing! Turtledoves 'tis;
Sick of love, they now are hating,
And henceforward, 'stead of Venus,
Draw the chariot of Bellona!

What a humming, world-convulsing!
'Tis in fact the big cock-chafers
Of the springtime of the people,
Smitten with a sudden frenzy!

Other times and other birds too!
Other birds and other music!
They perchance could give me pleasure
Had I only other ears!

GERMANY.*

A WINTER TALE.

CAPUT I

IN the mournful month of November 'twas,
The winter days had returnèd,
The wind from the trees the foliage tore,
When I tow'rds Germany journied.

And when at length to the frontier I came
I felt a mightier throbbing
Within my breast, tears fill'd my eyes,
And I wellnigh broke into sobbing.

And when I the German language heard,
Strange feelings each other succeeding,
I felt precisely as though my heart
Right pleasantly were bleeding.

A little maiden sang to the harp;
Real feeling her song was conveying.
Though false was her voice, and yet I felt
Deep moved at hearing her playing.

She sang of love, and she sang of love's woes,
Of sacrifices, and meeting
Again on high, in yon better world
Where vanish our sorrows so fleeting.

She sang of this earthly valley of tears,
Of joys which so soon have vanish'd,
Of yonder, where revels the glorified soul
In eternal bliss, grief being banish'd.

The song of renunciation she sang,
The heavenly eiapopeia,
Wherewith the people, the booby throng,
Are hush'd when they soothing require.

* The slightly irregular metre of this fine poem is a close copy of the original.

I know the tune, and I know the text,
  I know the people who wrote it:
I know that in secret they drink but wine,
  And in public a wickedness vote it.

A song, friends, that's new, and a better one, too,
  Shall be now for your benefit given!
Our object is, that here on earth
  We may mount to the realms of heaven.

On earth we fain would happy be,
  Nor starve for the sake of the stronger;
The idle stomach shall gorge itself
  With the fruit of hard labour no longer.

Bread grows on the earth for every one,
  Enough, and e'en in redundance,
And roses and myrtles, beauty and joy,
  And sugarplums too in abundance.

Yes, sugarplums for every one,
  As soon as the plums are provided;
To angels and sparrows we're quite content
  That heaven should be confided.

If after death our pinions should grow,
  We'll pay you a visit auspicious
In regions above, and with you we'll eat
  Sweet tarts and cakes delicious.

A song that's new, and a better one, too,
  Resounds like fiddle and flute now;
The Miserere's at last at an end,
  The funeral bells are mute now.

The maiden Europe has been betroth'd
  To the handsome Genius Freedom;
They clasp and kiss each other with warmth,
  As their newborn passions lead 'em.

The priestly blessing may absent be,
  But the wedding is still a wedding;
So here's long life to the bridegroom and bride,
  And the future fruit of their bedding!

An epithalamium is my song,
  My latest and best creation;
Within my soul are shooting the stars
  That proclaim its inauguration.

Those stars inspired blaze wildly on
  In torrents of flame, and with wonder
I feel myself full of unearthly strength,
  I could rend e'en oaks asunder!

Since I on Germany's ground have trod,
  I'm pervaded by magical juices;
The giant has touch'd his mother once more,
  And the contact new vigour produces.

CAPUT II.

WHILST heavenly joys were warbled thus
  And sung by the little maiden,
The Prussian douaniers search'd my trunk,
  As soon as the coach was unladen.

They poked their noses in every thing,
  Each handkerchief, shirt, and stocking;
They sought for jewels, prohibited books,
  And lace, with a rudeness quite shocking.

Ye fools, so closely to search my trunk!
  Ye will find in it really nothing;
My contraband goods I carry about
  In my head, not hid in my clothing.

Point lace is there, that's finer far
  Than Brussels or Mechlin laces;
If once I unpack my point, 'twill prick
  And cruelly scratch your faces.

In my head I carry my jewelry all,
  The Future's crown-diamonds splendid,
The new god's temple-ornaments rich,
  The god as yet not comprehended.

And many books also you'd see in my head,
  If the top were only off it!
My head is a twittering bird's nest, full
  Of books that they gladly would forfeit.

Believe me that matters are no worse off
  In the library e'en of the devil;
E'en Hoffmann of Fallersleben* ne'er wrote
  Any works that were half so evil.

* A popular German poet, born in 1798, who was deprived of his professorship in the University of Breslau, in 1842, for publishing a volume entitled "Unpolitical Songs."

A passenger who stood by my side
  Remark'd that we now had before us
The famous Prussian Zollverein,
  The customhouses' vast chorus.

" The Zollverein"—thus he observed,—
  " Will found our nationality,
" And join our scatter'd fatherland
  " In bonds of cordiality.

" 'Twill give us external unity,—
  " That kind that's material and real;
" The censorship gives us the other kind,
  " That's ghostly and ideal.

" It gives us internal unity,
  " In thought as well as in feelings;
" A united Germany need we to rule
  " Our outward and inward dealings."

CAPUT III.

IN the old cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle
  Lie buried great Charlemagne's ashes;
(Not the living Charles Mayer in Swabia born,
  Who the writer of so much trash is!)

As the smallest of poets I'd sooner live
  At Stukkert, by Neckar's fair river,
Than be buried as Emp'ror at Aix-la-Chapelle,
  And so be extinguish'd for ever.

In the streets of Aix-la-Chapelle the dogs
  Are ennui'd, and humbly implore us:
" O stranger, prythee give us a kick,
  " And to life for a time thus restore us."

I saunter'd along in this tedious place
  For an hour, with great perseverance,
And saw that the Prussian soldiery
  Are not the least changed in appearance.

The high red collar still they wear,
  With the same grey mantle below it—
(The Red betokens the blood of the French,
  Sang Körner the youthful poet).

They are still the wooden pedantic race,
  In every motion displaying
The same right angle, and every face
  A frigid conceit still betraying.

They walk about stiffly, as though upon stilts,
  Stuck up as straight as a needle,
Appearing as if they had swallow'd the stick
  Once used as the best means to wheedle.

Yes, ne'er has entirely vanish'd the rod,
  They carry it now inside them;
Familiar *Du* will recall the old *Er*
  Wherein they were wont to pride them.

The long mustachio nothing more
  Than the pigtail of old discloses
The tail that formerly hung behind
  Is hanging right under their noses.

I was not displeased with the new costume
  Of the cavalry, I must confess it;
And chiefly the headpiece, the helmet in fact
  With the steel point above it, to dress it.

It seems so knightly, and takes one back
  To the sweet romance of past ages,
To the Countess Johanna of Montfaucon,
  Tieck, Uhland, Fouqué, and such sages

The middle ages it calls to mind,
  With their squires and noble inferiors,
Who in their bosoms fidelity bore,
  And escutcheons upon their posteriors.

Crusades and tourneys it brings back too,
  And love, and respect at a distance,
And times of faith, ere printing was known,
  When newspapers had no existence.

Yes, yes, I admire the helmet, it shows
  An intellect truly enchanting!
Right royal indeed the invention was,
  The *point* is really not wanting!

If a storm should arise, a peak like this
  (The thought is terribly fright'ning),
On your romantic head might attract
  The heavens' most modern lightning!

At Aix-la-Chapelle, on the posthouse arms,
  I saw the bird detested
Yet once again. With poisonous glare
  His eyes upon me rested.

Detestable bird! If e'er thou should'st fall
  In my hands, thou creature perfidious,
I would tear thy feathers from off thy back,
  And hack off thy talons so hideous!

And then I would stick thee high up on a pole
  In the air, thou wicked freebooter,
And then to the joyful shooting match
  Invite each Rhenish sharpshooter.

As for him who succeeds in shooting thee down,
  The crown and sceptre shall proudly
Reward the worthy; the trumpets we'll blow,
  "Long life to the king," shouting loudly.*

CAPUT IV.

'TWAS late at night when I reach'd Cologne,
  The Rhine was past me rushing,
The air of Germany on me breath'd,
  And I felt its influence gushing

Upon my appetite. I ate
  Some omelets, together with bacon;
And as they were salt, some Rhenish wine
  Was by me also taken.

The Rhenish wine gleams like very gold,
  When quaff'd from out a green rummer;
If thou drink'st a few pints in excess, 'twill give
  Thy nose the colour of summer.

So sweet a tickling attacks the nose,
  One's sensations grow fonder and fonder;
It drove me out in the darkening night,
  Through the echoing streets to wander.

The houses of stone upon me gazed,
  As if wishing to tell me the mysteries
And legends of times that have long gone by,—
  The town of Cologne's old histories.

* The last four verses were erased by the censors from the original edition.

Yes, here it was that the clergy of yore
  Dragg'd on their pious existence;
Here ruled the dark men, whose story's preserved
  By Ulrich von Hutten's* assistance.

'Twas here that the nuns and monks once danced
  In mediæval gyrations,
Here Cologne's own Menzel, Hoogstraaten † by name,
  Wrote his bitter denunciations.

'Twas here that the flames of the funeral pile
  Both books and men once swallow'd;
The bells rang merrily all the while,
  And Kyrie Eleison follow'd.

Stupidity here and spitefulness
  Like dogs in the street coquetted;
In religious hatred the brood still exists,
  Though greatly to be regretted,

But see, where the moonlight yonder gleams,
  A form of a monstrous sort is!
As black as the devil it rears its head,—
  Cologne Cathedral in short 'tis.

'Twas meant a bastile of the spirit to be,
  And the cunning papists bethought them:
"In this prison gigantic shall pine away
  "German intellects, when we have caught them."

Then Luther appear'd, and soon by his mouth
  A thundering "Halt!" was spoken.
Since then the Cathedral no progress has made
  In building, the charm being broken.

It never was finish'd, and this is as well,
  For its very non-termination
A monument makes it of German strength
  And Protestant reformation.

Ye Cathedral-Society's members vain,
  With powerless hands have ye risen
To continue the work that so long has been stopp'd,
  And complete the ancient prison.

* A famous theologian, poet, and orator, and one of Luther's chief followers. He died in 1523.

† A Dominican friar, who was one of Luther's first antagonists.

O foolish delusion! In vain will ye shake
The money-boxes so bootless,
And beg of the Jews and heretics too,—
Your labour is idle and fruitless.

In vain will Liszt on behalf of the fund
Make concerts all the fashion,
And all in vain will a talented king
Declaim with impetuous passion.

Cologne Cathedral will finish'd be ne'er,
Although the Swabian Solons
Have sent a shipload full of stones
To help it, nolens volens.

'Twill ne'er be completed, despite all the cries
Of the ravens and owls without number,
Who, full of antiquarian lore,
In high church-steeples slumber.

Indeed, the time will by-and-by come,
When instead of completing it rightly,
The inner space as a stable will serve
For horses,—a change but unsightly.

"And if the cathedral a stable becomes,
"Pray tell us how they will then tackle
"The three holy kings who rest there now,
"Within the tabernacle?"

Thus ask they. But why should we, in these days
Stand up as their supporters?
The three holy kings from the Eastern land
Must find some other quarters.

Take my advice, and place them all
In those three iron cages
That high upon St. Lambert's tower
At Munster have hung for ages.*

If one of the three should missing be,
Select in his stead some other;
Replace the king of the Eastern land
By some regal Western brother.*

* The first edition ended with this verse, which was struck out by the censors, and replaced by the five following verses.

The king of the tailors* sat therein
  With his two advisers by him;
But we will employ the cages now
  For monarchs who greatly outvie him.

On the right Balthasar shall have his place,
  On the left shall be Melchior's station,
In the midst shall be Gaspar. I know not what
  When alive, was their right situation.

The Holy Alliance from out of the East,
  Now canonised so duly,
Perchance has not always its mission fulfill'd
  Quite properly and truly.

Balthasar perchance and Melchior too
  Were men of but weak resolution,
Who promised, when sorely press'd from without,
  Their kingdom a constitution,

And afterwards broke their word.— Perchance
  King Gaspar, who reign'd o'er the Moormen,
Rewarded with black ingratitude
  His foolish fond subjects, the poor men!

CAPUT V.

AND when I came to the bridge o'er the Rhine.
  Where the bastion its corner advances,
There saw I Father Rhine flowing on
  In the silent moonbeam's glances.

"All hail to thee, good Father Rhine,
  "Now that I'm home returning!
"Full often have I on thee thought,
  "With longing and deep yearning."

Thus spake I, and heard in the waters deep
  A voice at once strange and moaning,
Like the wheezing cough of an aged man,
  With grumbling and feeble groaning:

"Thou'rt welcome, and as thou rememberest me,
  "I see thee, good youth, again gladly;
"'Tis thirteen long years since I saw thee last,
  "My affairs have meanwhile gone badly.

* The remains of John of Leyden and his two chief accomplices were exposed in these cages, which still remain in their old position.

" At Biberich many a stone I've gulp'd down.
" My digestion in consequence worse is;
" Yet heavier far on my stomach, alas,
" Lie Nicholas Becker's* verses!

" My praises he chants, as though I were now
" The purest and best-behaved maiden,
" Who never allow'd any mortal to steal
" The crown with her purity laden.

" Whenever I hear the stupid song,
" I could tear my beard in a passion,
" And feel inclined to drown myself
" In myself, in a curious fashion!

" That I am a virgin pure no more
" The French know better than any;
" For they with my waters have mingled oft
" Their floods of victory many.

" The stupid song and the stupid man!
" Indeed he has treated me badly;
" To a certain extent he has compromised me
" In matters political sadly.

" For if the French should ever come back,
" I must blush at their reappearance,
" Though I've pray'd with tears for their return
" To heaven with perseverance.

" I always have loved full well the French,
" So tiny yet full of sinew;
" Still wear they white breeches as formerly?
" Does their singing and springing continue?

" Right glad should I be to see them again,
" And yet I'm afraid to be twitted
" On account of the words of that cursèd song,
" And the sneers of its author half-witted!

" That Alfred de Musset †, that lad upon town,
" Perchance will come as their drummer,

* A youthful poet, who excited great enthusiasm in Germany by a poem, written in 1840 (when a war with France on the Eastern question seemed not unlikely), beginning,—

"They shall not have the German Rhine."

† The well-known French poet, who replied to the above poem of Becker's, by another commencing,—

"We have had your German Rhine."

" And march at their head, and his wretched wit
" Play off on me all through the summer."

Poor Father Rhine thus made his complaints,
And discontentedly splutter'd.—
In order to raise his sinking heart,
These comforting words I utter'd:

" O do not dread, good Father Rhine,
" The laugh of a Frenchman, which is
" Worth little, for he is no longer the same,
" And they also have alter'd their breeches.

" Their breeches are red, and no longer are white,
" They also have alter'd the button;
" No longer they sing and no longer they spring,
" But hang their heads like dead mutton.

" They now are philosophers all, and quote
" Hegel, Fichte, Kant, over their victuals;
" Tobacco they smoke, and beer they drink,
" And many play also at skittles.

" They're all, like us Germans, becoming mere snobs,
" But carry it even farther;
" No longer they follow in Voltaire's steps,
" But believe in Hengstenberg * rather.

" As for Alfred de Musset, indeed it is true
" That he still to abuse gives a handle;
" But be not afraid, and we'll soon chain down
" His tongue so devoted to scandal.'

" And if he should play off his wretched wit,
" We'll punish him most severely,
" Proclaiming aloud the adventures he meets
" With the women he loves most dearly.

" Then be contented, good Father Rhine,
" Bad songs treat only with laughter;
" A better song ere long thou shalt hear,—
" Farewell, we shall meet hereafter."

* A noted theologian, born in 1802, and one of the leaders of orthodox party in Prussia.

CAPUT VI.

ON Paganini used always to wait
  A Spiritus Familiaris,
Ofttimes as a dog, ofttimes in the shape
  Of the late lamented George Harris.

Napoleon, before each important event,
  Saw a man in red, as they mention,
And Socrates he had his Dæmon too,
  No fanciful mere invention.

E'en I, when I sat at my table to write,
  When the darkness of night had entwined me,
Have sometimes seen a muffled form,
  Mysteriously standing behind me.

Hid under his mantle, a Something he held,
  And when the light happen'd to catch it,
It strangely gleam'd, and methought 'twas an axe,
  An executioner's hatchet.

His stature appear'd to be under the mean,
  His eyes like very stars glisten'd;
He never disturb'd me as I wrote,
  But quietly stood there, and listen'd.

For many a year I had ceased to see
  This very singular fellow,
But found him here suddenly at Cologne,
  In the moonlight silent and mellow.

I saunter'd thoughtfully through the streets,
  And saw him behind me stalking,
Just like my shadow, and when I stood still,
  He also left off walking.

He stood, as if he were waiting for me,
  And when I onward hurried,
He follow'd again, and thus I reach'd
  The Cathedral yard, quite flurried.

I could not bear it, so turn'd sharp round,
  And said: "I insist on an answer;
"Why follow me thus in the silent night,
  "And lead me this wandering dance, Sir?

"I come across thee just at the time
  "When world-wide feelings are dashing
"Across my breast, and through my brain
  "The spirit-lightnings are flashing.

"Thou gazest upon me so fixedly—
"Now answer me, what is there hidden
"Beneath thy mantle that secretly gleams?
"Thy business say, when thou'rt bidden."

The other replied in a somewhat dry tone,
If not a little phlegmatic:
"I pray thee, exorcise me not,
"And be not quite so emphatic!

"No ghost am I from the days gone by,
"No grave-arisen spectre;
"I have no affection for rhetoric,
"I'm no philosophic projector.

"I am of a practical nature in fact,
"And of silent resolution;
"But know, that whatever thy spirit conceives,
"I put into execution.

"And even when years have pass'd away,
"I rest not, nor suffer distraction,
"Till I've changed to reality all thy thoughts;
"Thine's the thinking, and mine is the action.

"The judge art thou, and the jailer am I,
"And, like a servant obedient,
"The judgments execute pleasing to thee,
"Whether right or inexpedient.

"Before the Consul they carried an axe
"In Rome of old, let me remind thee
"And thou hast also thy lictor, but he
"Now carries the axe behind thee.

"Thy lictor am I, and follow behind,
"And carry in all its splendour
"The polish'd executioner's axe—
"I'm the deed which thy thoughts engender."

CAPUT VII.

I HOMEWARD went, and as soundly I slept
As if by the angels tended;
In German beds one cosily rests,
For they are all featherbeds splendid.

How often I've yearn'd for the sweet repose
Of my own native country's pillows,
While I lay on hard mattresses, sleepless all night,
In my exile far over the billows!

One sleeps so well, and one dreams so well
In our featherbeds delicious;
The German spirit here feels itself free
From all earth's fetters pernicious.

It feels itself free, and upward soars
To the highest regions Elysian;
O German Spirit, how proud is the flight
Thou takest in nightly vision!

The gods turn pale, when thou drawest nigh;
When soaring tow'rds heaven's dominions,
Thou hast snuff'd out the light of many a star,
With the strokes of thine eager pinions.

The land belongs to the Russians and French,
In the British the ocean is vested,
But we in dream's airy regions possess
The mastery uncontested.

The art of ruling practise we here,
And here we are never dissever'd,
While other nations on earth's flat face
To develop themselves have endeavour'd.—

And as I slumber'd, methought in my dream
I was once more sauntering slowly
In the moonlight clear through the echoing streets
Of Cologne's ancient city so holy.

Behind me once again my black
And mask'd attendant speeded;
I felt so weary, my knees wellnigh broke,
Yet on, still on, we proceeded.

We onward went. My heart in my breast
Gaped open, and parted in sunder,
And the red drops glided out of the wound
In my heart,—a sight of wonder.

I oftentimes dipp'd my finger therein,
And often the fancy came o'er me
To streak with the blood, as I onward pass'd,
Each doorpost lying before me.

And every time that I mark'd a house
  In this very peculiar fashion,
A funeral bell was heard in a tone
  Of mournful and soft compassion.

But now in the heavens the moon grew pale,
  And darkness came over me thickly,
And over her face, like horses black,
  The stormy clouds sped quickly.

And still behind me onward went
  My dark companion ever,
His hidden axe grasping,—on, still on,
  And pausing and resting never.

We went and went, till we reach'd at length
  The Cathedral precincts' centre;
The doors of the church wide open stood,
  And straightway did we enter.

Within its capacious expanse but death
  And night and silence hover'd,
While here and there a glimmering lamp
  The darkness plainly discover'd.

I wander'd long the pillars among,
  And heard the footsteps only
Of my attendant, who follow'd me still
  E'en here in the silence lonely.

At length we came to a certain place,
  With gold and jewels quite glorious,
And illumed by the tapers' sparkling light,—
  'Twas the three kings' chapel notorious.

But the three holy kings, who were wont to lie
  Quite still, and in order befitting—
O sight of wonder!—were now upright
  Upon their sarcophagi sitting.

Three skeletons, deck'd in fantastic array,
  With crowns on their skulls dry and yellow,
And each one held in his bony hand
  A sceptre, beside his fellow.

Like dancing puppets they moved about
  Their bones which so long had perish'd;
They smelt of mould, and they also smelt
  Of incense fragrant and cherish'd.

One 'mongst the number soon moved his mouth,
And utter'd a lengthy oration,
Explaining the reasons why he claim'd
My respectful salutation.

The first, because he was a corpse,
Because a monarch, the second;
Because a saint, the third,—but the whole
Of little account I reckon'd.

I gave him an answer in laughing mood:
"In vain is all thy endeavour!
"I see that thou'rt still in ev'ry respect
"As strange and old-fashion'd as ever!

"Away! away! In the deep grave alone
"Your lengths ye ought to measure!
"Real life will shortly confiscate
"This chapel's mighty treasure.

"Hereafter the merry cavalry
"Shall make the Cathedral their dwelling;
"If ye will not go gently, then force shall be used,
"With clubs your exit compelling!"

When thus I had spoken, I turn'd me round,
And saw where was glimmering brightly
My silent attendant's terrible axe,
And he read my meaning rightly.

So he quickly approach'd, and with the axe
Remorselessly he shatter'd
Those skeletons poor of bigotry,
And into atoms scatter'd.

The echoing blows from the vaulted roof
Rang wildly, in countless numbers;
While streams of blood pour'd out from my breast,
And I awoke from my slumbers.

CAPUT VIII.

FROM Cologne to Hagen it costs to post
Five Prussian dollars, six groschen;
The diligence chanced to be full, so I came
In a chaise, though rough was the motion.

'Twas a late autumn morning, both damp and grey
  The coach in the mud groan'd sadly;
Yet despite the bad weather, despite the bad road,
  Sweet thoughts pervaded me gladly.

'Tis my own native air, and the glow on my cheek
  Could bear no other construction;
The very dirt in the highway itself
  Is my fatherland's production!

The horses wagg'd their tails like old friends,
  As they went along in a canter;
Their very dung appear'd to me fair
  As the apples of Atalanta!

We pass'd through Mühlheim. The people are dull
  And busy, the town far from dirty;
I last was there in the merry month
  Of May, in the year one and thirty.

All things then stood in blooming attire,
  And the sunlight sweetly was blinking;
The birds were singing their yearning song,
  While the men were hoping and thinking.

Thus thought they: "The lanky order of knights
  "Will depart from amongst us shortly;
"Their farewell draught they shall drink from long flasks
  "Of iron, in fashion not courtly!

"And freedom shall come with sport and with dance,
  "With the banner, the white-blue-red one;
"Perchance she will fetch from out of the grave
  "E'en Bonaparte, even the dead one!"

Alas! the knights remain as before;
  More than one of those fools so derided
Who enter'd the country as thin as a lath
  Are now with fat bellies provided.

The pallid canaille, who used to look
  The pictures of faith, hope, charity,
Have got red noses by tippling our wine
  With the utmost regularity.

And Freedom has sprain'd her foot, and has lost
  For springing and raving all power;
In Paris itself the tricolour flag
  Looks mournfully down from each tower.

The Emperor truly arose again,
  Yet the English, fearing a riot,
Converted him into a peaceable man,
  And he let them inter him in quiet.

Yes, I myself his funeral saw,
  The golden carriage so splendid,
And victory's golden goddesses,
  Who the golden coffin attended.

Along the famous Champs Elysées,
  Through the Arc de Triomphe stately,
Across the mist and over the snow
  The procession wended sedately.

The music was painful and out of time,
  And frozen was every musician;
The eagles perch'd over the standards look'd down
  Upon me in woeful condition.

In ghostly fashion the men all appear'd,
  All lost in old recollections,—
The wondrous imperial dream revived,
  Awakening olden affections.

I wept on that day. Tears rose in my eyes,
  And down my cheeks fast fleeted,
When I heard the long-vanish'd loving shout
  Of "Vive l'Empereur!" repeated.

CAPUT IX.

I LEFT Cologne on my onward road
  At a quarter to eight precisely;
We got to Hagen at three o'clock,
  And there had our dinners nicely.

The table was cover'd. Here found I all
  The old-fashion'd German dishes;
All hail, thou savoury sour-krout, hail,
  The reward of my utmost wishes!

Stuff'd chestnuts all in green cabbages dress'd!
  My food when I was a baby!
All hail, ye native stockfish, ye swim
  In the butter as nicely as may be!

One's native country to each fond heart
Grows ever dearer and dearer—
Its eggs and bloaters, when nicely brown'd,
Come home to one's feelings still nearer.

How the sausages sang in the spluttering fat.
The fieldfares, those very delicious
And roasted angels with apple sauce,
All warbled a welcome propitious.

"Thou'rt welcome, countryman," warbled they,
"Full long hast thou been delaying!
"Full long hast thou with foreign birds
"In foreign lands been straying!"

Upon the table stood also a goose,
A silent, kindhearted being;
Perchance she loved me in younger days,
When our tastes were nearer agreeing.

Full of meaning she eyed me, cordial but sad,
And fond, like the rest of her gender;
She surely possess'd an excellent soul,
But her flesh was by no means tender.

A boar's head they also brought in the room,
On a pewter dish, for me to guzzle;
The *bores* with us are always deck'd out
With laurel leaves round their muzzle.

CAPUT X.

ON leaving Hagen the night came on,
And I felt a chilly sensation
Inside. At the inn at Unna I first
Recover'd my animation.

A pretty maiden found I there,
Who pour'd out my punch discreetly;
Like yellow silk were her comely locks,
Her eyes like the moonlight gleam'd sweetly

Her lisping Westphalian accents I heard
With joy, as she utter'd them clearly;
The punch with sweet recollections smoked,
I thought of my brethren loved dearly;

The dear Westphalians, with whom I oft drank
  At Göttingen, while we were able,
Till we sank in emotion on each other's necks,
  And also sank under the table.

That loveable, worthy, Westphalian race!
  I ever have loved it extremely;
A nation so firm, so faithful, so true,
  Ne'er given to boasting unseemly.

How proudly they stand, with their lion-like hearts,
  In the noble science of fencing!
Their quarts and their tierces, so honestly meant,
  With vigorous arm dispensing.

Right well they fight, and right well they drink;
  When they give thee their hand so gentle
To strike up a friendship, they needs must weep,
  Like oaks turn'd sentimental.

May heaven watch over thee, worthy race,
  On thy seed shower down benefactions,
Preserve thee from war and empty renown,
  From heroes and heroes' actions!

May it evermore grant to thy excellent sons
  An easy examination,
And give thy daughters marriages good,—
  So Amen to my invocation!

CAPUT XI.

BEHOLD the wood of Teutoburg,
  Described in Tacitus' pages;
Behold the classical marsh, wherein
  Stuck Varus, in past ages.

Here vanquish'd him the Cheruscian prince,
  The noble giant, named Hermann;*
'Twas in this mire that triumph'd first
  Our nationality German.

Had Hermann with his light-hair'd hordes
  Not triumph'd here over the foeman,
Then German freedom had come to an end,
  We had each been turn'd to a Roman!

* Called Arminius by the Romans.

Nought but Roman language and manners had now
 Our native country ruled over,
In Munich lived Vestals, the Swabians e'en
 As Quirites have flourish'd in clover!

An harúspex had Hengstenberg surely been,
 And groped about in the bowels
Of oxen; Neander * an Augur, and based
 On flights of birds his avowals.

Birch-Pfeifer † had tippled her turpentine,
 Like the Roman ladies admired
('Tis said that they, by its frequent use,
 A pleasing odour acquired).

Friend Raumer ‡ had been no German scamp,
 But a regular Roman Scampatius,
And Freiligrath written without using rhyme,
 Like worthy Flaccus Horatius.

The clumsy beggar, Father Jahn, §
 Had then been call'd Clumsianus;
Me Hercule! Massmann ‖ would Latin have talk'd,
 As Marcus Tullius Massmanus!

The friends of truth, instead of with curs
 In the papers, would in the arena
Have had to wage a mortal fight
 With the lion, jackal, hyena.

One single Nero we now should have had,
 'Stead of three dozen pieces of knavery;
Our veins should we have open'd, and so
 Defied the bailiffs of slavery.

Thank heaven! The Romans were driven away,
 A glorious triumph was Hermann's;
Both Varus and all his legions succumb'd,
 And we remain'd still Germans!

* The famous historian and professor of theology at Berlin. He died in 1850.

† A well-known actress and voluminous dramatic author, born in 1800.

‡ The historian.

§ A professor of gymnastics.

‖ A linguist and professor of languages and gymnastics jointly. In the latter science he was a pupil of Jahn.

We Germans remain, and German we speak.
As we before times have spoken;
An ass is an ass, not asinus,
The Swabian line is unbroken.

Friend Raumer remain'd a German scamp
In our northern German climate;
And Freiligrath no Horace became,
But in verse is accustom'd to rhyme it.

Thank heaven that Massmann no Latin e'er writes,
Birch-Pfeifer writes nothing but dramas,
And drinks no nasty turpentine
Like those lovely Roman charmers.

O Hermann, for this we're indebted to thee!
So at Dettmoldt * thy friends and extollers
A monument proud of late have design'd,
And towards it I gave a few dollars.

CAPUT XII.

THROUGH the wood in the dark the postchaise bump'd on,
When a crash took place, sudden and frightful—
A wheel came off, and we came to a stand,
An occurrence by no means delightful.

The postilion dismounted, and made all haste
To the village for help, and I found me
At midnight alone in the darksome wood,
While a howling I heard all around me.

The wolves it was, who wildly howl'd
With half-starv'd voices all wiry;
Like lights in the darkness brightly gleam'd
Their eyes so fierce and fiery.

Of my arrival certainly know
The beasts, and to honour me, proudly
They lighted up the forest thus,
And sang in chorus loudly.

I soon observed 'twas a real serenade,
Design'd for my glorification,
So threw myself in an attitude fit,
And spoke with extreme animation:

* A monument has been recently erected in Dettmoldt to commemorate the victory of Arminius over Varus.

"Brother wolves! it gives me great pleasure to-day
"To tarry awhile 'midst your growling,
"Where so many noble spirits have met,
"Around me lovingly howling.'

"My feelings just at the moment I speak
"Are truly beyond all measure;
"This present hour I ne'er shall forget,
"So fraught with exceeding pleasure.

"I thank you for the confidence thus
"Evinced beyond denial,
"And which by the clearest proofs ye have shown
"In every period of trial.

"Brother wolves! ye ne'er doubted that true I remain'd,
"Ye set all the rogues at defiance,
"Who falsely asserted that I had of late,
"Struck up with the dogs an alliance,

"And turn'd an apostate, and e'en in the fold
"As a Councillor soon they would show me—
"To answer such base assertions as these
"I feel to be really below me.

"The sheepskin that I for a time had on
"As a piece of warm clothing merely,
"Believe me, will never make me love
"The sheep's race an atom more dearly.

"No sheep am I, and no dog am I,
"No Councillor, or such like;
"A wolf am I, and my heart and teeth
"A wolf's are very much like.

"A wolf am I, and with the wolves
"I ever will be a yelper;
"Yes, reckon upon me, and help yourselves,
"And God will be your helper!"

This was the speech deliver'd by me,
Without the least preparation;
In the Allgemeine Zeitung, I'm told,
It appear'd, though with much mutilation.

CAPUT XIII.

THE sun arose near Paderborn.
With a look by no means bright'ning
In fact he leads but a sorry life,
This wretched earth enlight'ning.

As soon as he has lighted one side,
  And hastens with beams all sparkling
To lighten the other, already the first
  Is getting gloomy and darkling.

Poor Sisyphus' stone keeps rolling down,
  The Danaids' bucket never
Gets fill'd, and to lighten this earthly ball
  In vain is the sun's endeavour.

And when the mist of morning dispersed,
  I saw by the wayside projecting
In the early glow, His figure, who died
  On the cross a death so affecting.

I'm filled with dejection every time
  That I see Thee, my poor Relation,
Whose mission was to redeem the world,
  And be mankind's salvation.

A sorry trick they play'd Thee indeed,
  The lords of the Council stately;
O why didst Thou speak of Church and State
  In a manner to wound them greatly?

To Thy misfortune the printing art
  To mortals had then not been given,
Or else a Book had been written by Thee
  On the subjects relating to heaven.

The Censor would then have erased whate'er
  Satirical seem'd in its diction,
And so the loving censorship
  Have saved Thee from crucifixion.

Ah! if for Thy sermon on the mount
  Another text Thou hadst taken!
Sufficient genius and talent were Thine,
  And the pious Thou need'st not have shaken.

Money-changers and bankers Thou drov'st with the scourge
  From the temple, in just indignation—
Unhappy Enthusiast! Now on the cross
  Thou dost suffer a sad expiation.

CAPUT XIV.

THE wind was humid, and barren the land,
  The chaise floundered on in the mire,
Yet a singing and ringing were filling my ears:
  "O Sun, thou accusing fire!"

The burden is this of the olden song
  That my nurse so often was singing—
"O Sun, thou accusing fire!" was then
  Like the note of the forest horn ringing.

This song of a murderer tells the tale,
  Who lived a life joyous and splendid;
Hung up in the forest at last he was found,
  From a grey old willow suspended.

The murderer's sentence of death was nail'd
  On the willow's stem, written entire;
The Vehm-gericht's avengers' work 'twas—
  O Sun, thou accusing fire!

The Sun was accuser,—'twas he who condemn'd
  The murderer foul, in his ire.
Ottilia had cried, as she gave up the ghost:
  "O Sun, thou accusing fire!"

When the song I recall, the remembrance too
  Of my dear old nurse never ceases
I see once more her swarthy face,
  With all its wrinkles and creases.

In the district of Münster she was born,
  And knew, in all their glory,
Many popular songs and wondrous tales.
  And many a wild ghost-story.

How my heart used to beat when the old nurse told how
  The king's daughter, in days now olden,
Sat all alone on the desert heath,
  While glisten'd her tresses so golden.

Her business was to tend the geese
  As a goosegirl, and when at nightfall
She drove the geese home again through the gate,
  Her tears would in piteous plight fall.

For nail'd up on high, above the gate,
  She saw a horse's head o'er her;
The head it was of the dear old horse
  Who to foreign countries bore her.

The king's poor daughter deeply sigh'd:
  "O Falada! hangest thou yonder?"
The horse's head from above replied:
  "Alas, that from home thou did'st wander!"

The king's poor daughter deeply sigh'd :
 "O would that my mother knew it!"
The horse's head from above replied :
 "Full sorely she would rue it!"

With gasping breath I used to attend
 When my nurse, with a voice soft and serious,
Of Barbarossa began to speak,
 Our Emperor so mysterious.

She assured me that he was not dead, as to think
 By learned men we were bidden,
But with his comrades in arms still lived
 In a mountain's recesses safe hidden.

Kyffhauser is the mountain's name,
 With a cave in its depths benighted ;
By lamps its high and vaulted rooms
 In ghostly fashion are lighted.

The first of the halls is a stable vast,
 Where in glittering harness the stranger
Who enters may see many thousand steeds,
 Each standing at his manger.

They all are saddled, and bridled all,
 Yet amongst these thousands of creatures,
No single one neighs, no single one stamps,
 Like statues of iron their features.

Upon the straw in the second hall
 The soldiers are seen in their places ;
Many thousand soldiers, a bearded race,
 With warlike and insolent faces.

They all are full arm'd from top to toe,
 Yet out of this countless number,
Not one of them moves, not one of them stirs,
 They all are wrapp'd in slumber.

In the third of the halls, in lofty piles
 Swords, spears, and axes are lying,
And armour and helmets of silver and steel,
 With old-fashion'd fire-arms vying.

The cannons are few, but yet are enough
 To build up a trophy olden.
A standard projects from out of the heap,
 Its colour is black-red-golden.

In the fourth of the halls the Emperor lives,
For many a century dosing
On a seat made of stone near a table of stone,
His head on his arm reposing.

His beard, which has grown right down to the ground
Is red as a fiery ocean;
At times his eye to blink may be seen,
And his eyebrows are ever in motion.

But whether he sleeps or whether he thinks
For the present we cannot discover;
Yet when the proper hour has come,
He'll shake himself all over.

His trusty banner he then will seize,
And "To horse! Quick to horse!" shout proudly;
His cavalry straight will awake and spring
From the earth, all rattling loudly.

Each man will forthwith leap on his horse,
Each stamping his hoofs and neighing;
They'll ride abroad in the clattering world,
While their trumpets are merrily playing.

Right well they ride, and right well they fight,
No longer they slumber supinely;
In terrible judgment the Emperor sits,
To punish the murd'rers condignly,—

The murderers foul, who murder'd erst
Her whose beauty such awe did inspire,
The golden-hair'd maiden, Germania hight,—
O Sun, thou accusing fire!

Full many who deem'd themselves safely hid,
And sat in their castles cheerful,
Shall then not escape Barbarossa's fierce wrath,
And the cord of vengeance fearful.

My old nurse's tales, how sweetly they ring,
How dear are the thoughts they inspire!
My heart superstitiously shouts with joy:
"O Sun, thou accusing fire!"

CAPUT XV.

A FINE and prickly rain now descends,
Like needle-tops cold, and wetting;
The horses mournfully waggle their tails,
And wade through the mud with sweating.

Upon his horn the postilion blows
The old tune loved so dearly:
" Three horsemen are riding out at the gate "—
Its memory crosses me clearly.

I sleepy grew, and at length went to sleep,
And as for my dream, this is it:
To the Emperor Barbarossa I
In the wondrous mount paid a visit.

On his stony seat by the table of stone
Like an image no longer I saw him,
Nor had he that very respectable look
With which for the most part they draw him.

He waddled about with me round the halls
Discoursing with much affection,
Like an antiquarian pointing out
The gems of his precious collection.

In the hall of armour he show'd with a club
How the strength of a blow to determine,
And rubb'd off the dust from a few of the swords
With his own imperial ermine.

He took in his hand a peacock's fan,
And clean'd full many a dusty
Old piece of armour, and many a helm,
And many a morion rusty.

The standard he carefully dusted too,
And said, " My greatest pride is,
" That not e'en one moth hath eaten the silk,
" And not e'en one insect inside is."

And when we came to the second hall,
Where asleep on the ground were lying
Many thousand arm'd warriors, the old man said,
Their forms with contentment eyeing:

" We must take care, while here, not to waken the men,
" And make no noise in the gallery;
" A hundred years have again passed away,
" And to-day I must pay them their salary."

And see! the Emperor softly approach'd,
While he held in his hand a ducat,
And quietly into the pocket of each
Of the sleeping soldiers stuck it.

And then he remark'd, with a simpering face,
  When I observ'd him with wonder:
"I give them a ducat apiece as their pay,
  "At periods a century asunder."

In the hall wherein the horses were ranged,
  And drawn out in rows long and silent,
Together the Emperor rubb'd his hands
  While his pleasure seem'd getting quite vi'lent.

He counted the horses, one by one,
  And poked their ribs approving;
He counted and counted, and all the while
  His lips were eagerly moving.

"The proper number is not complete,"—
  Thus angrily he discourses.
"Of soldiers and weapons I've quite enough,
  "But still am deficient in horses.

"Horse-jockeys I've sent to every place
  "In all the world, to supply me
"With the very best horses that they can find
  "And now I've a good number by me.

"I only wait till the number's complete,
  "Then, making a regular clearance,
"I'll free my country, my German folk,
  "Who trustingly wait my appearance."—

Thus spake the Emperor, while I cried:
  "Old fellow! seize time as it passes;
"Set to work, and hast thou not horses enough,
  "Then fill up their places with asses."

Then Barbarossa smiling replied.
  "For the battle there need be no hurry;
"Rome certainly never was built in one day,
  "Nothing's gained by bustle and flurry.

"Who comes not to-day, to-morrow will come,
  "The oak's slow growth might shame us;
"*Chi va piano va sano* wisely says
  "The Roman proverb famous."

CAPUT XVI.

THE carriage's jolting woke me up
  From my dream, yet vainly sought I
To keep awake, so I slumber'd again,
  And of Barbarossa thought I.

Again we went through the echoing halls,
And talked of great and small things ;
He ask'd me this, and he ask'd me that,
And wish'd to know about all things.

He told me that not one mortal word
From the world above had descended
For many a year,—in fact not since
The Seven-years' war had ended.

With interest he for Karschin* ask'd,
For Mendelssohn (Moses the glorious),
For Louis the Fifteenth's mistress frail,
The Countess Du Barry notorious.

"O Emperor," cried I, "how backward thou art!
"Old Moses is dead and forgotten,
"With his Rebecca ; and Abraham too,
"The son, is dead and rotten.

"This Abraham and Leah, his wife, gave birth
"To Felix†, who proved very steady ;
"His fame through Christendom far has spread,
"He's a Chapel-master already.

"Old Karschin likewise has long been dead,
"And Klenke, her daughter, is dead too ;
"Helmine Chezy, the granddaughter, though,
"Still lives—at least she is said to.

"Du Barry lived merrily, keeping afloat,
"For Louis the Fifteenth screen'd her
"As long as he lived, but when she was old
"They cruelly guillotined her.

"King Louis the Fifteenth died in his bed,
"By the doctors attended and seen to :
"But Louis the Sixteenth was guillotined,
"And Antoinette the Queen too.

"The Queen the greatest courage display'd,
"And died like a monarch, proudly ;
"But Madame Du Barry, when guillotined,
"Kept weeping and screaming loudly."—

* A poetess of some reputation, who died in 1791. Her grand daughter, Helmine Chezy, born in 1783, was also well known as a poetess and romance writer.

† The great composer Mendelssohn was grandson to the famous philosopher of that name.

The Emperor suddenly came to a stand,
And stared, as if doubting my meaning,
And said: "For the sake of heaven explain
"What is meant by that word 'guillotining?'

"Why, guillotining," I briefly replied,
"Is a method newly constructed,
"By means of which people of every rank
"From life to death are conducted.

"For this purpose, a new machine is employ'd"
I continued, while closely he listen'd;
"Invented by Monsieur Guillotin,
"And 'guillotine' after him christen'd.

"You first are fasten'd to a board;
"'Tis lower'd; then quickly they shove you
"Between two posts; meanwhile there hangs
"A triangular axe just above you.

"They pull a string, and downward shoots
"The axe, quite lively and merry;
"And so your head falls into a bag,
"And nothing remains but to bury."

The Emperor here interrupted my speech:
"Be silent! May heaven confuse it,
"That foul machine! and God forbid
"That I should ever use it!

"The King and Queen! What? To a board
"Both fasten'd! What a position!
"'Tis contrary to all respect,
"And etiquette in addition!

"And who art thou, that darest to speak
"So coolly and so much, man?
"Just wait a while, and I'll soon clip
"Thy wings, or I'm a Dutchman!

"My inmost bile is deeply stirr'd
"At words so out of season;
"Thy very breath is full of crime
"And guilty of high treason!"

When in his zeal the old man rail'd,
And treated me thus cavalierly,
Surpassing all bounds,—I sharply replied,
And told him my mind quite clearly.

" Barbarossa!" I cried, " thou'rt just as absurd
" As an old woman's silly fable;
" Go, lie down and sleep! without thy aid
" To free ourselves we are able.

" The republicans all would scoff and jeer,
" And shake their sides with laughter
" To see such a spectre, with sceptre and crown
" Act as leader, while we went after.

' Thy standard, too, no more I respect;
" My love for the black-red-golden
" Has been quench'd by the fools of the *Burschenschaft*,
" With their rage for the so-call'd olden.

" In Old Kyffhauser 'twere better that thou
" Shouldst pass thy days morosely;
" In truth, we've no need of an Emperor now,
" When I view the matter closely."

CAPUT XVII.

I WRANGLED in dream with the Emperor thus,—
In dream,—I say it advisedly;
In waking hours we never dare talk
To princes so undisguisedly.

The Germans only venture to speak
When asleep, in a dream ideal,
The thoughts that they bear in their faithful hearts,
So German and yet so real.

When I awoke, I was passing a wood,
And the sight of the trees in such numbers,
And their naked wooden reality,
Soon scared away my slumbers.

The oaks with solemnity shook their heads;
The twigs of the birch-trees, in token
Of warning, nodded,—and I exclaim'd:
" Dear monarch, forgive what I've spoken!

" Forgive, Barbarossa, my headstrong speech,
" I know that thou art far wiser
" Than I, for impatient by nature I am—
" Yet hasten thy coming, my Kaiser!

"If guillotining contents thee not,
"Retain the old plan for the present:
"The sword for the nobleman, keeping the rope
"For the townsman and vulgar peasant.

"But frequently change the order, and let
"The nobles be hang'd, beheading
"The townsmen and peasants, for God cares alike
"For all who life's pathways are treading.

"Restore again the Criminal Court
"That Charles the Fifth invented;
"With orders, corporations, and guilds
"Let the people again be contented.

"To the sacred old Roman Empire again
"In all its integrity yoke us;
"Its musty frippery give us once more,
"And all its hocus-pocus.

"The middle ages, if you like,
"The genuine middle ages
"I'll gladly endure,—but free us, I pray,
"From the nonsense that now all the rage is,—

"From all that mongrel chivalry
"That such a nauseous dish is
"Of Gothic fancies and modern deceit,
"And neither flesh nor fish is.

"The troops of Comedians drive away,
"And close the theatres sickly,
"Wherein they parody former times,—
"O Emperor, come thou quickly!"

CAPUT XVIII.

THE town of Minden's a fortress strong,
With arms and stores well provided;
But Prussian fortresses, truth to say,
I never have abided.

We got there just as evening fell;
The planks of the drawbridge sadly
Beneath us groan'd, as over we roll'd,
And the dark moat gaped on us madly.

The lofty bastions on me gazed
  With threat'ning and sulky wonder;
The heavy gate open'd with rattling loud,
  And closed with a noise like thunder.

Alas! my soul felt as sad as the soul
  Of Odysseus, the world-renown'd warrior,
When he heard Polyphemus rolling a rock
  In front of the cave as a barrier.

A Corporal came to the door of the coach
  For our names; I replied to this latter act:
"I'm Nobody call'd; I an oculist am,
  Who couch the giants for cataract!"

At the inn I found my discomfort increase,
  My victuals fill'd me with loathing;
I straight went to bed, but slept not a wink,
  So heavy I found the bed-clothing.

The bed was a large, broad featherbed,
  Red damask curtains around it,
The canopy wrought with faded gold,
  While a dirty tassel crown'd it.

Accursèd tassel! of all my repose
  It robb'd me all the night through;
It hung over head, like Damocles' sword,
  And threaten'd to pierce me right through!

A serpent's head it often appear'd,
  And I heard its hissing mysterious:
"In the fortress thou art, and canst not escape"—
  A position especially serious!

"O would that I were"—I thought with a sigh,—
  "Of my peaceable home a sharer,
"With my own dear wife in Paris once more,
  "In the Faubourg-Poissonière!"

I felt that a Something oftentimes
  Was over my forehead stealing,
Just like a Censor's chilly hand,
  And all my thoughts congealing.

Gendarmes, in the dresses of corpses conceal'd,
  In white and ghostly confusion
Surrounded my bed, while a rattling of chains
  I heard, to swell the illusion.

Alas! the spectres carried me off,
  And at length with amazement I found me
Beside a precipitous wall of rocks,
  And there they firmly had bound me.

Detestable tassel, so dirty and foul!
  Again it appear'd before me,
But now in the shape of a vulture with claws
  And black wings hovering o'er me.

And now like the well-known eagle it seem'd
  And grasp'd me, and breathing prevented;
It ate the liver out of my breast
  While sadly I groan'd and lamented.

Long time I lamented, when crow'd the cock,
  And the feverish vision faded:
Perspiring in bed at Minden I lay,
  To a tassel the bird was degraded.

I travell'd with post-horses on,
  And free breath presently drew I
On the domain of Bückeburg,
  As by my feelings knew I.

CAPUT XIX.

O DANTON, great was thy mistake,
  And thy error was paid for dearly!
One can carry away one's fatherland
  On the soles of one's feet, pretty nearly.

Of the princely domain of Bückeburg
  One half to my boots clung in patches;
In all my life I never have seen
  A place that in filth its match is.

At the town of Bückeburg shortly I stopp'd,
  To see the ancestral castle
Whence my grandfather came; my grandmother though
  Of Hamburg was part and parcel.

I got to Hanover just at noon,
  And there had my boots clean'd neatly,
And afterwards went to visit the town;
  When I travel, I do it completely.

By heavens, how spruce the place appear'd!
No mud in its streets was lying;
Many handsome buildings there I saw,
In massive splendour vying.*

I was mostly charm'd by a very large square,
Surrounded by houses superior;
There lives the king and his palace there stands,
Of a really handsome exterior;—

(The palace I mean.) On each side of the door
A sentry-box had its station;
Redcoats with muskets there kept guard,
Of threat'ning and wild reputation.

My cicerone said: "Here lives
"King Ernest Augustus, a tory
"Of the olden school, and a nobleman,—
"Very sharp, though his hairs are hoary.

"In safety idyllic here he dwells,
"For he's far more securely protected
"By the scanty courage of our dear friends
"Than his satellites ever effected.

"I see him sometimes, and then he complains
"How very tedious his post is,—
"The regal post, of which he here
"In Hanover now the boast is.

"Accustom'd to a British life,
"And plagued by spleen, to cure it
"He finds it not easy, and greatly fears
"That he cannot much longer endure it.

"T'other day I found him at early morn
"By the fireside mournfully bending;
"For his dog, who was sick, with his own royal hands
"A comforting draught he was blending."

CAPUT XX.

IN an hour from Harburg to Hamburg I went;
The shades of evening were thick'ning,
The stars in the heavens their greetings sent,
And the air was soft and quick'ning.

* The rest of this chapter was erased by the censors from the original edition.

And when I reach'd my mother at last,
She was wellnigh frighten'd with gladness
She cried "My darling child!" and clasp'd
Her hands together with madness.

"My darling child, full thirteen years
"Have pass'd since our last meeting:
"You surely are hungry; tell me now
"What you'll take in the way of eating?

"I've here some fish, and goose-flesh too,
"And handsome oranges also!"—
"Then give me some fish, and goose-flesh too,
"And handsome oranges also!"

And whilst I ate with an appetite good,
My mother was lively and merry;
She ask'd me this, and she ask'd me that,
And her questions were awkward, very.

"My darling child, in your foreign home
"Do you get all the things you require?
"Is your wife pretty skilful at keeping house?
"Are your shirts and stockings darn'd by her?"

"The fish is good, my mother dear,
"But in silence one ought to eat it;
"'Tis easy to get a bone in one's throat,
"Pray leave me in peace to complete it."

And when I had finish'd the excellent fish,
The goose next made its appearance:
My mother again ask'd for this and for that,
With the same ill-timed perseverance.

"My darling child, which land do you think
"Is the best for people to dwell in,—
"This place, or France? which nation's the best?
"What thing does each excel in?"—

"A German goose, my mother dear,
"Is good as one of the courses;
"But the French stuff geese far better than we,
"And they also have better sauces."

And when the goose had taken its leave,
The oranges presently follow'd,
And tasted so unexpectedly nice,
That with pleasure they quickly were swallow'd.

But now my mother again began
  Her questions with very much pleasure;
She ask'd me a thousand things, but some
  Were awkward beyond all measure.

" My darling child, pray tell me now,
  " If politics still you're inclined to?
" Which party in the state to support
  " Have you the greatest mind to?"—

" The quality, my mother dear,
  " Of your oranges cannot be beaten;
" The sweet juice I swallow with much delight,
  " But I leave the peel uneaten."

CAPUT XXI.

THEY bit by bit are building again
  The hapless half-burnt city;
Like a half-shorn poodle Hamburg now looks,
  An object to waken one's pity.*

Full many a street has disappear'd
  That mournfully one misses—
Where is the house, wherein I kiss'd
  Love's first delicious kisses?

Where is the printing-house, where I
  My *Reisebilder* printed?
The oyster shop, where I oysters gulp'd down
  With appetite unstinted?

The Dreckwall too,—where is it now?
  I now should seek it vainly;
Where the pavilion, where I ate
  So many cakes profanely?

Where is the town-hall, wherein sat
  The senate and burghers stately?
A prey to the flames! The flames spared not
  Whatever was holiest lately.

The people still were sighing with grief,
  And with most mournful faces
The history sad of the great fire told,
  And pointed out all its traces:—

* The great fire at Hamburg took place in May, 1842, or shortly before this poem was written.

"It burnt in every corner at once,
"All was smoke and flames fiercely flashing;
"The churches' towers all blazed on high,
"And tumbled in with loud crashing.

"The old exchange was also burnt,
"Where our fathers in every weather
"Were wont to assemble for centuries past,
"And honestly traded together.

"The bank, the silvery soul of the town,
"And the books which have always served us
"To note the assets of every man,
"Thank heaven! have been preserved us.

"Thank heaven! In every land they made
"On our behalf large collections;
"A capital job,—we got no less
"Than eight millions in all directions.

"The money from every country flow'd
"In our hands, which were far from unwilling,
"And plenty of food they also sent,
"And we gladly accepted each shilling.

"They sent us clothes and bedding enough,
"And bread, and meat, and soups too;
"The King of Prussia, to show his regard,
"Would fain have sent us troops too.

"Our losses in property thus were replaced,
"A matter of mere valuation;
"But then the fright,—our terrible fright,
"Admits of no compensation!"

I cheeringly said: "My worthy friends,
"You should not lament and bawl so!
"A far better city than yours was Troy,
"And yet it was burnt down also.

"Rebuild your houses as fast as you can,
"And dry up every puddle;
"Get better engines and better laws,
"That are not quite such a muddle.

"Don't put in your nice mock-turtle soup
"So very much Cayenne pepper;
"Your carp are not wholesome with so much sauce,
"Or when eaten with scales, like a leper.

"Your turkeys will not do much harm.
"But be on your guard 'gainst disaster
"From the knavish bird that lays its eggs
"In the wig of the burgomaster.

"'Tis not for me to tell you the name
"Of this bird of bad reputation;
"When thinking about him, the food in my maw
"Is stirr'd with indignation."

CAPUT XXII

MORE changed than even the city itself
Appear'd the people within it;
Like walking ruins they totter'd about,
As if ready to tumble each minute.

The thin still thinner than ever appear'd,
The fat appear'd still fatter,
The children were old, and the old were young,
(In their second childhood the latter).

Full many that I had left as calves,
As oxen were herding together,
And many a gosling had now become
A goose in fullest feather.

The aged Gudel I found be-rouged,
And dress'd with syren-like brightness;
She had procured some dark black hair,
And teeth of dazzling whiteness.

The best preserved of all was my friend
The paper-dealer, good fellow;
Like John the Baptist, round his head
Was floating his hair so yellow.

I only saw D— a long way off,
He slipp'd away so fleetly;
I hear that his soul was burnt, but insured
For a large amount discreetly.

I also saw my old Censor again
In the fog, and lowly stooping
I met him in the goose market by chance,
And he seem'd completely drooping.

We shook each other's hands, and some tears
  In his eye appear'd collecting;
He was so pleased to see me once more!
  The scene was truly affecting.

I found not all, for many a one
  Had quitted this scene for ever:
My Gumpelino, * 'mongst others, alas!
  Was gone, to appear again never.

That noble one had surrender'd his soul
  To Him by whom it was given,
And now had a glorified seraph become
  In the blissful realms of heaven.

In vain for the crooked Adonis I sought,
  (Though I look'd in every direction,)
Who used to sell pots and pans in the street,—
  A very cheap collection.

And Sarras, the trusty dog, was dead,
  A loss of a serious nature;
Friend Campe† would sooner have lost a whole host
  Of writers than this good creature.

The population of Hamburg town
  Has from time immemorial consisted
Of Jews and Christians; 'tis also the case
  That the latter are rather close-fisted.

The Christians all behave pretty well,
  And pass their time in clover,
And promptly pay their bills of exchange,
  Ere the days of grace are over.

The Jews are however divided again
  Into two very different parties;
The old one goes to the synagogue,
  In the temple the new one's heart is.

The new party eat the flesh of swine,
  Their manners are somewhat dogmatic;
They democrats are, but the older school
  Is much more aristocratic.

* A nickname of a relation of Heine's.

† A leading publisher at Hamburg, employed by Heine to publish many of his works.

I love the old, and I love the new,
  Yet I swear by the prophet Jonas
That certain fish I love still more,—
  Smoked sprats they are commonly known as!

CAPUT XXIII.

THOUGH as a republic Hamburg was ne'er
  As great as Venice or Florence,
Yet Hamburg has better oysters; one gets
  The best in the cellar of Laurence.

I went there with Campe at evening time,
  When splendid was the weather,
Intending on oysters and Rhenish wine
  To have a banquet together.

I found some excellent company there,
  And greatly was delighted
To see many old friends, such as Chaufepié,
  And new ones, self-invited.

There Wille was, whose very face
  Was an album where foes academic
Right legibly had inscribed their names
  In the shape of scars polemic.

There Fucks was also, a heathen blind,
  And personal foe of Jehovah,
Who believed but in Hegel, and slightly perhaps
  In the Venus of Canova.

My Campe was our Amphytrion there,
  And smiled and enjoy'd the honour;
His eye was beaming with happiness,
  Just like an ecstatic Madonna.

I ate and drank with an appetite good,
  And these thoughts then cross'd my nodd
" This Campe is really an excellent man,
  " And of publishers quite the model.

" Another publisher, I feel sure,
  " Would have left me of hunger to perish
" But he has given me drink as well,
  " His name I ever shall cherish.

"I thank the mighty Lord of all
"Who this juice of the grape created,
"And Campe to me as a publisher gave,
"Whose merits can't be overrated.

"I thank the mighty Lord of all
"Who by His own mere motion
"Created on earth the Rhenish wine,
"And the oysters in the ocean.

"Who also made the lemons to grow,
"The oyster's flavour to sweeten,—
"O may I peacefully to-night
"Digest what I have eaten!"

The Rhenish wine makes my feelings soft,
All quarrelsome thoughts congealing
Within my breast, and kindling instead
A philanthropic feeling.

It now compell'd me to leave the room,
And through the streets to wander;
My soul sought a soul, and the sight of each dress
Of a woman made it still fonder.

In moments like this, with grief I could melt,
While my yearning makes me tremble;
The cats appear to me all too grey,
And Helens the women resemble.—

And when I came to the Drehbahn Street,
I saw in the moonbeams glancing
The noble form of a woman fair,
With stately grace advancing.

Her face was perfectly healthy and round,
Her cheek like a damask rose was,
Like a turquoise her eye, like a cherry her mouth,
While somewhat reddish her nose was.

Her head was cover'd with a cap
Of snowy stiff linen, not ragged,
But folded like a mural crown,
With turrets and battlements jagged.

She wore as her dress a tunic white
Which down to her calves descended;
And O what calves! The pedestals they
Of two Doric columns splendid.

A very worldly naïveté
  Could be read in her every feature,
But her superhuman hinder parts
  Betray'd a superior creature.

She now approach'd me, and straightway said:
" To the Elbe here's a welcome hearty!
" E'en after an absence of thirteen years,
  " I see that thou'rt still the same party!

" Perchance thou seekest the souls so fair
  " Who so often used to meet thee,
" And all night long in this beautiful place
  " With their reveries loved to greet thee.

" By that hundred-headed hydra, Life,
  " That monster fierce, they were swallow'd;
" Thou'lt find those olden times no more,
  " Nor those friends once lovingly follow'd.

" No longer thou'lt find those beauteous flowers,
  " Which enchanted thy youthful bosom;
" 'Twas here they bloom'd,—they're wither'd now,
  " And the tempest has scatter'd each blossom.

" Yes, wither'd, and stripp'd, and trampled down
  " By destiny's footsteps appalling—
" My friend, this is ever the fate upon earth
  " Of all that is sweet and enthralling!"—

" Who art thou?" I cried—" like a dream of old times
  " Thy appearance doth strangely beset me;
" Where is thy dwelling, enormous one?
  " I'll follow thee there, if thou'lt let me."

The woman then smiled, and thus she replied:
  " Thou art wrong, I'm a decent and quiet
" And highly moral personage too,
  " By no means given to riot.

" I'm none of your foreign lorettes, my friend,
  " And none of your common ladies;
" I'm Hamburg's goddess, Hammonia by name,
  " And to watch o'er its welfare my trade is!

" Thou art startled, perchance to hear this news,
  " Thou once undaunted singer?
" Art thou prepared to follow me still?
  " Then quick, and no more let us linger."

But I in reply laugh'd loudly and cried:
  "I'll follow thee instanter!
"If thou'lt go in front, I'll go behind,—
  "Yes, even to hell in a canter!"

CAPUT XXIV.

How I managed to mount the narrow stairs
  I haven't the slightest notion;
Perhaps the spirits carried me up
  With some invisible motion.

But here, in Hammonia's little room,
  The hours pass'd swiftly o'er me;
The goddess confess'd the sympathy
  That she had ever felt for me.

"Look here"—said she, "in former days
  "The minstrel who sang the Messiah
"Was dearest to me of all the throng,
  "With his piously-sounding lyre.

"To this day the bust of my Klopstock stands
  "On that chest of drawers, but though on it,
"For many a year it has only served
  "As a block for holding my bonnet.

"Thou'rt my favourite now, and thy likeness hangs
  "At the head of my bed in due order;
"And see, a fresh laurel now surrounds
  "The cherish'd portrait's border.

"Yet thy attacks on my sons, I confess,
  "Repeated by thee so often,
"Have sometimes caused me the greatest pain,
  "Thy language thou must soften.

"I trust that time has cured thee now
  "Of rudeness so cold-hearted.
"And somewhat greater tolerance
  "For even the fools imparted.

"But say how thou camest to travel north
  "At such an inclement season?
"The weather already is winterly quite,—
  "I fain would know the reason."

"O worthy goddess!" I said in reply,
"In the bosom's inmost recesses
"Are slumbering thoughts which often awake
"At a time which rather distresses.

"Externally things went on pretty well,
"But within I was weigh'd down with anguish,
"Which every day grew worse and worse,—
"For home I ceased not to languish.

"The air of France, so usually light,
"Began to be oppressive;
"I long'd to breathe some German air,
"To relieve this burden excessive.

"I yearn'd for German tobacco-smoke,
"And the smell of German peat too;
"My foot impatiently quiver'd, the ground
"Of Germany to beat too.

"I sigh'd all night, and I long'd and long'd
"Yet once again to view her,
"The old woman who close to the Dammthor lives,
"And Lotte, who lives close to her.

"The thought of that old and worthy man
"Who always freely reproved me,
"And then his protection over me threw,
"To many a sigh now moved me.

"I fain would hear again from his mouth
"The words 'young stupid!' repeated,
"Which always in my younger days
"My heart like music greeted.

"I yearn'd for the blue smoke that high in the air
"From German chimneys reaches,
"For the Lower-Saxony nightingales,
"For the silent groves of beeches.

"I yearn'd for all the sorrowful spots,
"The places where once I resorted,
"Where once I trail'd my youthful cross,
"And my crown of thorns supported.

"I fain would weep where I formerly wept
"Those tears so bitter and burning;
"The love of fatherland, methinks
"They call this foolish yearning.

"I love not to talk of it; 'tis nought else
"But a whim of the' imagination;
"Shamefaced by nature, I hide my wounds
"From public observation.

"O how I detest the trumpery set
"Who, to stir men's passion heated,
"Of patriotism make a show
"With all its ulcers fœtid.

"They're shameless and shabby beggars all,
"Who live upon people's charity;
"For Menzel* and all his Swabians, here's
"A penn'orth of popularity!

"My goddess! thou hast found me to-day
"Of a tender disposition!
"I'm rather ill, but a little care
"Will soon recruit my condition.

"Yes, I am ill, and thou canst refresh
"My spirits in a minute
"By means of a cup of excellent tea,
"With a little rum mix'd in it."

CAPUT XXV.

SOME tea the goddess quickly made,
And then the rum pour'd she in;
But she herself preferr'd the rum
Without a drop of tea in.

Against my shoulder she lean'd her head,
And rather tumbled her bonnet
Or mural crown, and gently she spake,
While I reflected upon it:

"I often have thought with much alarm
"That in Paris, that wicked city,
"With the frivolous French thou'rt living still,—
"'Tis really a very great pity.

"Without an object thou'rt passing thy time,
"And hast not even beside thee
"Some faithful German publisher who
"As a Mentor might warn and guide thee.

* A noted critic, poet, and historian, born in 1798. He had literary quarrels with both Heine and Börne.

" And then the temptations there are so great,
" So many a sylph amuses,
" Whose health is bad, and one's peace of mind
" One far too easily loses.

" Return not again, but stop with us,
" Here modesty reigns still, and morals;
" And here thou may'st gather, e'en in our midst,
" In silence many fair laurels.

" In Germany stay, and thou'lt relish things more
" Than thou wert formerly able;
" We're fast advancing, and thou must have seen
" Our progress so rapid and stable.

" The censorship even less rigorous is,
" Friend Hoffmann is milder and older;
" His youthful passion for cutting up
" Thy *Reisebilder* is colder.

" Thou too art older and milder now,
" And many things quietly takest,
" And in a better spirit than once,
" Past times thou now awakest.

" That matters in Germany used to go ill
" Is a great exaggeration;
" One could always escape, like the Romans of old,
" From serfdom, by self-immolation.

" The people enjoy'd full freedom of thought,
" For the masses it never was stinted;
" Restrictions affected nobody, save
" The limited number who printed.

" No lawless despotism then reign'd,
" The worst of demagogues never
" Were deprived of their rights of citizenship,
" Till condemn'd for some wicked endeavour.

" Things never in Germany went so ill,
" Whatever disputes may have risen;
" Believe me, no mortal was e'er starved to death
" Inside a German prison.

" In those long vanish'd days there bloom'd
" Full many a fair apparition
" Of simple faith and kindliness too,—
" Now all is doubt and sedition.

"The practical freedom that's all outside
"Will soon destroy the Ideal
"That we bore in our bosoms,—as fair as a dream
"Of lilies, and not more real!

"Our beautiful poetry's fading fast,
"Already 'tis somewhat faded;
"The *Moorish King* of Freiligrath,
"Like the rest of the kings, is degraded.

"O couldst thou be silent, I soon would unseal
"The book of fate, free from all error,
"And suffer thee future ages to see
"Within my magic mirror.

"That which to mortal man I ne'er show'd,
"To thee would I gladly discover:
"The future of thy fatherland,—
"Thou wouldst tell it, though, all the world over!"

"Good heavens, dear goddess!" I cried with delight,
"It would give me most exquisite pleasure;
"O let me the future of Germany see,
"I know how a secret to treasure.

"I'm ready to swear whatever oath
"Thou soonest would have me swallow,
"As a pledge to thee of my secrecy;
"So say what form I shall follow."

But she rejoin'd: "Thou must swear to me
"As by Father Abraham's order
"His servant Eliezer swore,
"When starting to cross the border.

"Lift up my dress and place thy hand
"Upon my thigh below it,
"And swear that in speaking, the secret thou'lt keep,
"And in thy works as a poet!"

The moment was solemn. I felt as though fann'd
By the breath of ages long perish'd,
When I swore the oath in the manner ordain'd
By Abraham, our forefather cherish'd.

I lifted up the goddess's dress,
And placed on her thigh below it
My hand, vowing secrecy both in my words
And in my works as a poet.

CAPUT XXVI.

THE cheeks of the goddess glow'd all-red
  (I think that the rum had ascended
Up into her head) and she spoke in a tone
  In which sorrow was painfully blended :

" I'm fast getting old ; I was born on the day
  " Of Hamburg's first foundation ;
" My mother was a mermaid, who had
  " At the mouth of the Elbe her station.

" My father was a monarch renown'd,
  " Called Charlemagne the glorious ;
" He was still more wise than Frederick the Great,
  " And also still more victorious.

" At Aix-la-Chapelle is the seat where he sat
  " On the day of his coronation ;
" The seat where he sat at night devolved
  " On my mother, as nearest relation.

" My mother left it to me in her turn,
  " A common-looking article ;
" And yet for the whole of Rothschild's gold
  " I wouldn't surrender one particle.

" Behold, in yon corner stands a chair,
  " Both old and weather-beaten ;
" The leather that covers its arms is torn,
  " And the cushion is sadly moth-eaten.

" Approach it now, and gently lift
  " The cushion from the settle ;
" Thou'lt see an oval opening then,
  " And under it a kettle.

" That is a magic kettle wherein
  " The magic forces are brewing ;
" On placing thy head in the aperture, soon
  " The future thou'lt clearly be viewing.

" Yes, Germany's future there thou'lt see,
  " Like wondrously rolling phantasmas ;
" But shudder not, if out of the filth
  " Arise any foul miasmas !"

She spoke, and she laugh'd a singular laugh,
  But I undauntedly hasted
To hold my head over the terrible hole,
  And there I eagerly placed it.

I'll not betray, for silence I vow'd,
The things that I saw and felt there;
I scarcely dare to utter a word,
Good heavens, of what I smelt there!

With deep disgust I think to this day
Of that smell, which blended together,
In vile and accursèd union, a stench
Of old cabbage and Russia leather.

And heavens! the stink that afterwards rose
Was still more filthy and dirty;
'Twas as though they had swept together the soil
From closets six and thirty.

I know full well what was said by Saint Just
In the famous Committee of Safety:
"Great illnesses cannot be cured by musk
"And rose-oil," he told them with naiveté.

And yet this German futurity's smell
Was infinitely stronger
Than aught that my nose could e'er have conceived—
In fact I could bear it no longer.—

My senses I lost, and on opening my eyes
Once more, I found myself sitting
Beside the goddess, and leaning my head
On her breast, in a manner befitting.

Her look it gliston'd, her mouth it glow'd,
Her nostrils twitched, with bacchantic
Excitement she clasp'd the poet, and sang
With ecstasy fearful and frantic:

"Stay with me in Hamburg, I love thee full well,
"And we'll eat and drink with gladness
"The oysters and wine of present times,
"Forgetting the future's sadness.

"Put on the cover, for fear lest the stench
"Should all our pleasure cloud over;
"I love thee no German poet had e'er
"A more affectionate lover!

"I kiss thee, and I feel myself now
"By thy genius quite inspired;
"My spirit by a wondrous kind
"Of paroxysm is fired.

" I feel as though I heard in the street
  " The watchmen singing in chorus;
" 'Tis wedding music and bridal songs,
  " Sweet friend, that are rising o'er us.

" The attendants on horseback also approach,
  " With their torches flaring brightly;
" The torch-dance they dance in dignified wise,
  " And hop and spring about lightly.

" The noble and worshipful Senate is there,
  " And the elders according to station;
" The burgomaster clears his throat,
  " Preparing a lengthy oration.

" In glittering uniforms also appear
  " The whole of the corps diplomatic,
" In the name of the neighbouring states to present
  " Congratulations emphatic.

" A clerical deputation, too, comes,
  " By rabbis and pastors guided;
" But, alas! here Hoffmann also draws near,
  " With his scissors, as censor, provided.

" The scissors rattle in his hand,
  " And eagerly he races
" To seize thy body,—he cuts thy flesh—
  " Methinks it by far the best place is."

CAPUT XXVII.

WHEN summer's pleasant days have come
  I'll tell you all the history
Of the other wonders that came to pass
  In that long night of mystery.

The olden hypocritical race,
  Thank heaven, is rapidly dying;
To the grave it is sinking, and owes its death
  To its ceaseless habit of lying.

Another race is rising up fast,
  By rouge and by sin untarnish'd,
Of genial humour and thoughts,—to it
  I'll tell my story unvarnish'd.

The youth which the poet's goodness and pride
  Appreciates, puts forth its blossom,
And warms itself at his radiant soul,
  And against his feeling bosom.

My heart is loving as the light,
  And pure and chaste as the fire;
The noblest Graces themselves have tuned
  The chords of my sweet lyre.

'Tis the selfsame lyre that in his songs
  My worthy father uses,—
The poet Aristophanes,
  The favourite of the Muses.

In the previous chapter I tried my hand
  At copying the conclusion
Of the play of the "Birds," which certainly is
  My father's finest effusion.

The "Frogs" is also capital. This
  Is now, in a German translation,
Perform'd, I am told, on the stage at Berlin
  For his Majesty's edification.

The King likes the piece. This shows his taste
  For the old-fashion'd style of joking;
The late King far more amusement found
  In modern frogs' loud croaking.

The King likes the piece. But nevertheless
  Were the author still living, I kindly
Would counsel him to trust himself
  In Prussia not too blindly.

The genuine Aristophanes
  Would find it no subject for laughter;
We should see him move, wherever he went,
  With a chorus of gendarmes after.

O King, I really wish thee well
  When this piece of advice I'm giving:
Due reverence pay to the poets who're dead,
  And tender be to the living.

Affront the living poets not,
  With weapons and flames they are furnish'd,
More terrible far than the lightnings of Jove,
  By the poets created and burnish'd.

Affront the gods in Olympus who dwell,
  Regardless whether they know it;
Affront the mightiest Lord of all,
  But O, affront not the poet!

The deities harshly avenge in truth
  Man's crimes, and allow him no shelter;
The fire of hell is passably hot,
  And there he must roast and must swelter

Yet pious steps can the sinner release
  From the flames; for saying masses
And giving to churches with liberal hand
  From torment a certain pass is.

When the days are accomplish'd, then Christ will descend,
  And burst hell's gloomy portals;
And though he may sit in judgment strict,
  He still will acquit many mortals.

And yet there are hells from out of whose clutch
  There's no escape to heaven;
No prayers there avail, and powerless too
  Is the Saviour's pardon even.

Is Dante's hell to thee unknown,
  With its terrible trinary verses?
The man whom the poet there has shut up
  Will never escape from his curses.

He ne'er will be freed from those musical flames
  By any god or Saviour;
So for fear we condemn thee to such a sad hell,
  Thou hadst better mind thy behaviour!

ROMANCERO.

BOOK I.—HISTORIES.

When vex'd by slander's treacherous breath,
  Let thy faith soar the higher;
And when thy soul is sad unto death,
  Then strike thou the lyre.

A flaming and glowing heroical song
  The chords breathe discreetly!
All anger flies, and thy spirit ere long
  Will bleed to death sweetly.

RHAMPSENITUS.*

When the King Rhampsenitus
  Enter'd in the halls resplendent
Of his daughter, she was laughing,
  As was also each attendant.

E'en the blackamoors, the eunuchs,
  Follow'd in loud chorus after;
E'en the mummies, e'en the sphynxes
  Seem'd about to burst with laughter.

Then the princess said: "I fancied
  "That I held the thief securely,
"But it was a dead arm only
  "That my hand had seized so surely.

"I can see now how the robber
  "To thy storehouse penetrated,
"And despite all bars and fast'nings
  "All thy treasure are confiscated.

* For the full particulars of this story see Herodotus, Book II. p. 121.

He a magic key possesses,
  "Which the door of house or stable
"Straightway opens; to resist it
  "Are the strongest doors unable.

"Now I'm really not a strong door,
  "Nor could I resist his pleasure;
"So this night, while treasure-watching,
  "Have I lost my little treasure!"

Round the chamber danced the princess,
  Laughing at this notion clever,
And the maidens and the eunuchs
  Laugh'd again as loud as ever.

On that day all Memphis laugh'd too,
  E'en the crocodiles so bloody
Laughingly their heads protruded
  From the yellow Nile-stream muddy,

When they heard the drum's loud beating,
  And the foll'wing proclamation
Shouted by the public crier
  On the bank, to all the nation:—

"We, Rhampsenitus, by God's grace
  "King of Egypt, to our loyal
"Well-belovèd friends and subjects
  "Hereby send our greeting royal.

"In the night between the third and
  "Fourth of June, the fourteen hundred
"Four and twentieth year before Christ,
  "Came a certain thief, who plunder'd

"Many jewels from the storehouse
  "Where we kept them, and more lately
"Further thefts has perpetrated,
  "So that we have suffer'd greatly.

"To discover the offender,
  "Made we our belovèd daughter
"Sleep beside the treasure; but he
  "Robb'd her too, and napping caught her.

"Now, to check this wholesale plunder,
  "And to show our deep affection
"For the thief, our admiration,
  "And our grateful recollection,

" We will give our only daughter
  " As his lawful wife—God bless her !—
" And to princely rank promote him,
  " Owning him as our successor.

" Since our son-in-law's abode is
  " Unknown to us just at present,
" This our rescript shall inform him
  " That we've now made all things pleasant.

" Done the third of January
  " Thirteen hundred twenty-six
" Years before Christ; here our seal we,
  " King Rhampsenitus, affix."

And he kept his word; the thief he
  As his son in-law soon counted,
And when he was dead, the robber
  On the throne of Egypt mounted.

And he ruled like other monarchs,
  Trade and talent patronizing,
And the fewness of the robb'ries
  In his reign was quite surprising.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

GREAT Mahawasant, of Siam the King,
  Has half of India under his wing;
Twelve kings, with the Great Mogul, obey
His rule, and acknowledge his sovereign sway.

Each year with banner, trumpet, and drum
To Siam the trains with the tribute come;
Many thousand camels, with backs piled high
With the costliest treasures of earth, draw nigh.

When the camels he sees with their heavy piles,
The soul of the King in secret smiles;
But in public in truth he always deplores
That his storehouses serve not to hold all his stores.

Yet these storehouses all are so lofty and spacious,
So full of magnificence, so capacious,
The reality's splendour surpasses in glory
The Arabian Nights' most wondrous story.

The "Castle of Indra" call they the hall
In which are display'd the deities all,
The golden images, chisell'd with care,
And all incrusted with jewels so fair.

Full thirty thousand their numbers are,
Their ugliness passes description far:
A compound of men and animals dread,
With many a hand and many a head.

In the "Hall of purple" one wond'ringly sees
Some thirteen hundred coral trees,
As big as palms, a singular sight,
With spiral branches, a forest bright.

The floor of purest crystal is made,
And all the trees are in it display'd,
While pheasants of glittering plumage gay
Strut up and down in a dignified way.

The ape on which the monarch doth dote
A ribbon of silk wears round his throat,
Whence hangs the key that opens the hall
Which people the "Chamber of Slumber" call.

All kinds of jewels of value high
All over the ground here scatter'd lie
Like common peas, with diamonds rare
That in size with the egg of a fowl compare.

On sacks that stuff'd with pearls appear
The Monarch is wont to stretch himself here·
The ape lies down by the monarch proud,
And both of them slumber and snore aloud.

But the King's most precious, costly treasure,
His happiness, his soul's first pleasure,
The joy and the pride of Mahawasant
Is truly his snow-white elephant.

As a home for a guest so highly respected
A splendid palace the King has erected;
Gay lotos-headed columns uphold
Its roof, all cover'd with plates of gold.

Three hundred heralds stand at the gate,
As the elephant's guard of honour to wait;
And kneeling down with low-bent back
There serve him a hundred eunuchs black.

For his proboscis the daintiest meat
On golden dishes they bring him to eat;
From silver buckets he drinks his wine,
Well season'd with spices sweet and fine.

With perfumes they rub him, and otto of roses
On his head a chaplet of flowers reposes,
The richest shawls that are made in the East
As carpets serve for the dignified beast.

The happiest life appears to be his,
But no one on earth contented is;
The noble creature,—one cannot tell why,—
Gives way to a deep despondency.

The melancholy monster white
Is wretched, all this profusion despite;
They fain would enliven and cheer him again,
But all their cleverest efforts are vain.

In vain with singing and springing there come
The bayaderes; the kettle drum
And cornet in vain the musicians play,
But nothing can make the elephant gay.

As matters continue to go on badly,
The heart of Mahawasant beats sadly;
He sends for the wisest astrologer known,
And bids him stand before his throne.

"Stargazer, I'll cut off at once your head"—
Thus speaks he, "unless you can tell me instead
"What is it that my poor elephant needs,
"And why his spirit with sorrow so bleeds."

The other one threw himself thrice on the ground,
And finally spoke with obeisance profound:
"O monarch, I'll tell thee the actual fact,
"And then as thou will st, thou canst afterwards act

"There lives in the North a woman fair,
"Of lofty stature and beauty rare;
"Thy elephant's certainly handsome, Sir,
"But still not fit to be liken'd to her.

"Compared with her, he only appears
"A little white mouse; her form she rears
"Like giantess Bimha in Ramajana,
"And like the Ephesians' great Diana.

" Her limbs are combined in a beautiful frame ;
" Two lofty pilasters support the same,
" And proudly and gracefully stand upright,
" Of alabaster dazzling and white.

" This is God Amor's temple gigantic,
" In other words, love's cathedral romantic!
" As lamp there burns within the fane
" A heart quite free from spot and stain.

" The poets are nonpluss'd how to begin
" To describe the charms of her snow-white skin;
" E'en Gautier* unable to do it, alas! is,
" Its whiteness all description surpasses.

" The highest Himalaya's snow
" Beside her seems ash-grey to grow;
" The lily that she by accident thumbs
" Through envy or contrast yellow becomes.

" The Countess Bianca is the name
" Of this enormous snow-white dame;
" At Paris she dwells, in the land of France,
" And the elephant loves her by singular chance.

" By strange and wondrous elective affinity
" She became through a dream his bosom's divinity,
" And into his heart this lofty Ideal
" First crept by means of a vision unreal.

" Since then he's consumed by a yearning stealthy.
" And he, who was once so joyous and healthy,
" As a four-footed Werther sadly stands,
" And dreams of a Lotte in Northern lands.

" O, Sympathy's mysterious thrill!
" He never saw her, but thinks of her still;
" Oft tramps he round in the moonlight fair,
" And sighs: 'O were I a bird of the air!'

" His body alone is in Siam, his mind
" In France with Bianca thou'lt certainly find;
" And yet this parting of body and soul
" Must greatly injure his health as a whole.

* The French author

"From the daintiest morsels revolts his belly,
"He cares for nothing but vermicelli;
"He's coughing already, and fast grows thinner;
"His yearning will kill him, or I'm a sinner.

"If thou wouldst save him, preserve him alive,
"His return to the animal world contrive,
"O King, then send the renown'd invalid
"Direct to Paris, with utmost speed.

"When he on the spot in the actual sight
"Of the beautiful lady can take delight,—
"Of her who the prototype was of his dream,
"He'll soon be cured of his sadness extreme.

"There where his mistress's glances fall,
"His spirit's torments will vanish all;
"Her smiles will the last of the shadows efface
"Which in his bosom had taken their place.

"And then her voice, like a magical tune,
"Will cure his distracted mind full soon;
"The flaps of his ears he'll joyfully raise,
"And feel as he felt in youthful days.

"All things are so very enchanting and pretty
"On the banks of the Seine, in Paris' fair city!
"How thy elephant there will civilized be,
"Amusing himself right merrily!

"But most of all, O monarch, take care
"That plenty of money he has with him there,
"And a letter of credit, all charges to meet,
"On Rothschild Frères in the Rue Lafitte,

"For a million of ducats or thereabouts;
"Then Baron Rothschild will harbour no doubts
"About him, but say with an accent mellow:
"'The elephant's really a capital fellow!'"

The astrologer thus discoursed, and then
He threw himself thrice on the ground again.
The king with rich presents sent him away,
And stretched himself, his course to survey.

He thought of this, and he thought of that;
(Kings seldom find their thoughts come pat).
His ape beside him took his seat,
And both of them fell asleep with the heat.

What he resolved, I'll hereafter relate ;
The Indian mails are behind their date.
The last of these which has come to hand
Was by way of Suez and overland.

KNAVE OF BERGEN.

AT Dusseldorf castle on the Rhine
  They're gaily masquerading ;
The waxlights sparkle, the company dance,
  The music their nimbleness aiding.

The beauteous Duchess dances too,
  And ceases laughing never ;
Her partner is a slender youth,
  Who seems right courtly and clever.

He wears a mask of velvet black,
  Whence merrily is peeping
An eye just like a shining dirk
  From out of its sheath half creeping.

The carnival throng exultingly shout
  As they whirl in the waltz's embraces,
While Drickes and Marizzebill*
  Salute with loud noise and grimaces.

The trumpets crash, and the merry hum
  Of the double-bass increases,
Until the dance to an end has come,
  And then the music ceases.

" Most excellent Lady, thy pardon I beg,
  " 'Tis time for me to go now—"
The Duchess said smiling : " You shall not depart
  " Unless your face you show now."

" Most excellent Lady, thy pardon I beg,
  " My face is a hideous creature's—"
The Duchess said smiling : " I am not afraid,
  " I insist upon seeing your features.'

" Most excellent Lady, thy pardon I beg,
  " For night and death are my portion—"
The Duchess said smiling : " I'll not let you go,
  " I'll see you, despite all your caution."

* Carnival masks.

In vain he struggled with gloomy words
  To change her determination;
At length she forcibly tore the mask
  From his face for her information.

"'Tis the headsman of Bergen!" the throng in the hall
  Exclaim with a feeling of terror,
And timidly shrink;—the Duchess rush'd out,
  Her husband to tell of her error.

The Duke was wise, and all the disgrace
  Of the Duchess straightway effac'd he;
He drew his bright sword and said: "Kneel down,
" Good fellow!" with accents hasty.

"With this stroke of the sword I make you now
  " A limb of the order knightly;
" And since you're a knave, you'll hereafter be call'd
  " Sir Knave of Bergen rightly."

So the headsman became a nobleman proud,
  Of the Bergen Knaves' family founder;
A haughty race! they dwelt on the Rhine,
  Though now they all underground are!

THE VALKYRES.*

WHILE below contending forces
  Fight, above on cloudy horses
Three Valkyres ride; their song
Through the air re-echoes long.

" Princes wrangle, nations quarrel,
" Each would bear away the laurel;
" Conquest is the highest prize,
" Highest worth in courage lies.

" No proud helmet gives protection,
" Death brings all things in subjection;
" And the hero's blood is shed,
" And the wicked win instead.

" Laurel wreaths, triumphal arches!
" On the morrow in he marches,
" Who the better one o'erthrew,
" Winning land and people too.

* Or Valkyriors; a race of martial virgins, described in northern mythology as riding in the air and fighting under Odin.

"Senator and burgomaster
"Go to meet the victor faster
"With the keys that ope the gate,
"And the train then enters straight.

"Cannon from the walls are crashing,
"Kettle-drums and trumpets clashing,
"Bells' loud ringing fills the sky,
"And 'hurrah!' the people cry.

"On the balconies are standing
"Smiling beauteous women, handing
"To the victor flow'ry wreaths;
"He with haughty calmness breathes.'

HASTINGS BATTLE-FIELD.

THE Abbot of Waltham deeply sigh'd
When he heard the tragical story
That Harold the king had lost his life
On Hastings battle-field gory.

Two monks, named Asgod and Ailrik, he
As messengers then selected,
To seek at Hastings amongst the dead
For Harold's body neglected.

The monks went forth with sorrowing hearts,
And return'd with faces averted:
"O Father, the world goes wrong with us now,
"We seem by Fortune deserted.

"The better man has fallen in fight,
"O'ercome by that bastard demon;
"Arm'd thieves amongst them divide the land,
"And make a slave of the freeman.

"The veriest rascal in Normandy now
"Is lord of the island of Britain;
"A tailor from Bayeux with golden spurs
"We saw as gay as a kitten.

"Woe, woe to the man of Saxon birth!
"Ye Saxon sainted ones even,
"Ye had better take care, ye're not safe from disgrace
"E'en now in the kingdom of heaven.

"The meaning now we can understand
 "Of the blood-red comet which lately
"On a broomstick of fire rode through the sky
 "One night, and astonish'd us greatly.

"At Hastings there was realized
 "The evil star's prediction;
"Amongst the dead on the battle-field there
 "We sought with deep affliction.

"Till every hope had disappear'd
 "We sought in each direction;
"The corpse of King Harold, we grieve to say,
 "Escaped our close inspection."

'Twas thus that Asgod and Ailrik spoke;
 His hands wrung the Abbot, while moan'd he
Then sank in deep thought, and finally said,
 As heavily sigh'd and groan'd he:

"At Grendelfield, by the bards' old stone,
 "In a hut in the forest, is dwelling
"Her whom they Edith the Swanneck call,
 "In beauty once so excelling.

"They call'd her Edith the Swanneck erst,
 "Because her neck in its splendour
"Resembled the neck of the swan; the king
 "Loved the maid with affection tender.

"He loved, kiss'd, fondled her long, and then
 "Forgot, like a faithless lover;
"Time's fleeting on, full sixteen years
 "Have since those days pass'd over.

"Now, brethren, go to this woman straight,
 "And bid her return with you quickly
"To Hastings; her eye will discover the king
 "'Mid the corpses scatter'd so thickly.

"And when you have found his body, with speed
 "To Waltham Abbey transfer him,
"That we for his soul due masses may sing,
 "And like a Christian inter him."

At midnight's hour the messengers reach'd
 The hut in the forest, saying:
"Awake, O Edith the Swanneck, awake,
 "And follow without delaying.

"The Duke of the Normans as victor hath come,
"And the routed Saxons are flying,
"And on the field of Hastings the corpse
"Of Harold the King is lying.

"Come with us to Hastings, we're seeking there
"The body beneath the dead hidden,
"To bring it to Waltham Abbey with care,
"As we by the Abbot are bidden."

Then Edith the Swanneck girded herself,
And not one word she utter'd,
But follow'd the monks, while her grizzly hair
In the wind all wildly flutter'd.

The poor woman follow'd with naked feet,
And through marsh, wood, and briar on hied they,
Till the chalky cliffs on the Hastings coast
At the dawning of day descried they.

The mist, which like a snowy veil,
The battle-field was cloaking,
Dispersed by degrees; the noisy daws
Were flapping their wings and croaking.

Many thousand corpses were lying there
On the earth with blood bespatter'd,
Stripp'd naked, and mangled, with many a steed
Among the carcases scatter'd.

Poor Edith the Swanneck in the blood
With naked feet now waded;
No single spot the searching glance
Of her piercing eye evaded.

Both here and there she sought, and she oft
Had to scare away the devouring
Black troop of ravens that prey'd on the dead;
The monks behind her were cowering.

She sought throughout the livelong day,
Till the shades of the evening were falling;
When out of the poor woman's breast there burst
A shriek both wild and appalling.

For Edith the Swanneck had found at last
The corpse of the king, poor creature:
No word she utter'd, no tear she wept,
She kiss'd each pallid feature.

She kiss'd his forehead, she kiss'd his mouth,
Her arms encircled him tightly;
She kiss'd the bloody breast of the king,
Disfigured by wounds unsightly.

Upon his shoulder she likewise spied,—
And cover'd them over with kisses,—
Three little scars that her teeth had made,
The signs of their former blisses.

And in the meantime the pair of monks
Some branches of trees collected;
These form'd the bier, on which they bore
The body, with hearts dejected.

To Waltham Abbey the body they took,
To bury it rightly and duly,
And Edith the Swanneck follow'd the corpse
Of him she had loved so truly.

The litanies for the dead she sang
In childlike pious fashion,
And in the night they fearfully rang,—
The monks pray'd, full of compassion.

CHARLES I.

IN the charcoal-burner's hut in the wood
Sits the king, an object of pity;
The charcoal-burner's child's cradle he rocks,
And sings this monotonous ditty:

"Eiapopeia, why rustles the straw?
"The sheep in the stalls bleat loudly;
"Thou bearest the sign on thy forehead, and smil'st
"In thy sleep so wildly and proudly.

"Eiapopeia, thou bear'st on thy brow
"The sign,—and dead is the kitten;
"When grown to manhood, thou'lt flourish the axe,
"And the oak in the wood will be smitten.

"The charcoal-burner's religion is dead,
"And now no longer receive they,—
"Eiapopeia,—the faith in a God,
"Still less in the king believe they.

" The kitten is dead, and the mice rejoice ;
" And we from their presence are driven.—
" Eiapopeia,—I, monarch on earth,
" And God, the monarch in heaven.

" My heart grows sicker day by day,
" My brow grows sterner and sterner ;
" Eiapopeia,—my headsman art thou,
" Thou child of the charcoal-burner !

" My song of death is thy cradle-song—
" Eiapopeia,—thou'lt fumble
" My grey locks about, and cut them off,—
" Thine axe on my neck will tumble.

" Eiapopeia,—why rustles the straw ?
" Thou hast gained a kingdom splendid ;
" Thou strikest off from my body my head,—
" The life of the kitten is ended.

" Eiapopeia,—why rustles the straw ?
" The sheep in the stalls bleat loudly ;
" The kitten is dead, and the mice rejoice,—
" My dear little headsman, sleep proudly !"

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

THE plate-glass windows gleam in the sun
In the Tuileries Castle gaily ;
And yet the well-known spectres of old
Still walk about in it daily.

Queen Marie Antoinette still doth haunt
The famous pavilion of Flora ;
With strict etiquette she holds her court
At each return of Aurora.

Full dress'd are the ladies,—they most of them stand,
On tabourets others are sitting,
With dresses of satin and gold brocade,
Hung with lace and jewels befitting.

Their waists are small, their hoop-petticoats swell,
And from underneath them are peeping
Their high-heel'd feet, that so pretty appear,—
If their heads were but still in their keeping!

Not one of the number a head has on,
  The queen herself in that article
Is wanting, and so Her Majesty boasts
  Of frizzling not one particle.

Yes, she with toupée as high as a tower,
  In dignity so resplendent,
Maria Theresa's daughter fair,
  The German Cæsar's descendant,

She, curlless and headless, now must walk
  Amongst her maids of honour,
Who, equally headless and void of curls,
  Are humbly waiting upon her.

All this from the French Revolution has sprung,
  And its doctrines so pernicious,
From Jean Jacques Rousseau and the guillotine,
  And Voltaire the malicious.

Yet strange though it be, I shrewdly think
  That none of these hapless creatures
Have ever observed how dead they are,
  How devoid of head and features.

The first *dame d'atour* a linen shift brings,
  And makes a reverence lowly;
The second hands it to the queen,
  And both retire then slowly.

The third and fourth ladies curtsy and kneel
  Before the queen discreetly,
That they may be able to draw on
  Her Majesty's stockings neatly.

A maid of honour curtsying brings
  Her Majesty's robe for the morning;
Another with curtsies her petticoat holds,
  And assists at the queen's adorning.

The mistress of the robes with her fan
  Stands by, the time beguiling;
And as her head is unhappily gone,
  With her other end she is smiling.

The sun his inquisitive glances throws
  Inside the draperied casement;
But when the apparitions he sees,
  He starts in fearful amazement.

THE SILESIAN WEAVERS.*

NO tears from their gloomy eyes are flowing,
They sit at the loom, their white teeth showing:
" Thy shroud, O Germany, now weave we,
" A threefold curse we're weaving for thee,—
" We're weaving, we're weaving!

" A curse on the God to whom our petition
" We vainly address'd when in starving condition;
" In vain did we hope, and in vain did we wait,
" He only derided and mock'd our sad fate,—
" We're weaving, we're weaving!

" A curse on the King of the wealthy, whom often
" Our misery vainly attempted to soften;
" Who takes away e'en the last penny we've got,
" And lets us like dogs in the highway be shot,—
" We're weaving, we're weaving!

" A curse on our fatherland false and contriving,
" Where shame and disgrace alone are seen thriving,
" Where flowers are pluck'd before they unfold,
" Where batten the worms on corruption and mould,—
" We're weaving, we're weaving!

" The shuttle is flying, the loom creaks away,
" We're weaving busily night and day;
" Thy shroud, Old Germany, now weave we,
" A threefold curse we're weaving for thee,—
" We're weaving, we're weaving!"

POMARE.

1.

ALL the gods of love are shouting
In my heart, and blowing airy
Flourishes, and crying: " Hail!
" Hail, thou mighty queen Pomare!"

Not the queen of Otaheite
Whom 'twas missionaries' duty
To convert; no, she I mean
Is a wild untutor'd beauty.

Twice in every week appears she,
All her subjects quite entrancing
In that dear Jardin Mabille,
Waltzes and the polka dancing.

* This poem was formerly suppressed by the censors.

Majesty in all her footsteps,
  Grace and beauty ne'er forsake her,
Quite a princess every inch,
  Whichsoever way you take her.

Thus she dances—gods of love are
  In my heart all blowing airy
Flourishes, and crying: "Hail!
  "Hail, thou mighty queen Pomare!"

2.

SHE dances. How her figure sways!
  What grace her every limb displays!
There's as much flitting, leaping, swinging,
As if she from her skin were springing.

She dances. When she twirls with skill
Upon one foot, and then stands still
At last with both her arms extended,
My very reason seems suspended!

She dances. 'Tis the very same
That once Herodias' daughter came
And danced to Herod. As she dances,
Her eye casts round it deadly glances.

She'll dance me frantic. Woman, say,
What shall be thy reward to-day?
Thou smil'st? Quick, herald! to the gateway
Decapitate the Baptist straightway!

3.

YESTERDAY for very bread,
  In the mire she wallowèd;
But to-day, with pride o'erbearing,
In her carriage takes an airing.
On its silken cushions she
Rests her head, and haughtily
Looks upon the thronging masses
Whom on foot her carriage passes.
When I see thee travelling so,
Then my heart is fill'd with woe!
Ah, this carriage,—so prepare thee,—
To the hospital will bear thee,
Where unfeeling cruel death
Soon will take away thy breath,

And the student, with coarse greasy
Prentice hand, so free and easy,
Will cut up thy body fair
Anatomically there;
And at Montfaucon thy horses
At the knacker's end their courses.

4.

THOU hast been by fate befriended
Better than at first I said;
God be praised, all now is ended!
God be praised, and thou art dead!

In thy poor and agèd mother's
Garret thou at length didst die
She, with love beyond all others,
Closed thy fair eyes tenderly.

She a winding-sheet bought duly,
And a coffin, and a grave;
Somewhat close and wretched truly
Was the funeral that they gave.

No priests at that funeral lonely
Sang, no bell toll'd mournfully;
Thy *friseur* and poodle only
As thy mourners follow'd thee.

"Ah!" the former sigh'd: "I often
"Used to comb Pomare's hair,
"And her long black tresses soften,
"Sitting in her easy chair!"

But the dog,—away he scamper'd
At the churchyard gate anon,
And was lodged and fed and pamper'd
Afterwards by Rose Pompon.

She, the Provençaler, grudged thee
Thy hard-earnèd name of queen,
As a hated rival judged thee,
Made thee victim of her spleen.

Ah, poor queen of jests diurnal,
With thy mud crown on thy head,
Thou art saved by God's eternal
Goodness, thou at last art dead.

As thy mother, so thy Father
  Mercy show'd thee from above;
This He did, methinks the rather
  In that thou so much didst love.

THE APOLLO GOD.

THE convent stands high on the rocky steep,
  The Rhine beneath it glistens;
The youthful nun doth eagerly peep
  Through the lattice window, and listens.

A bark of fable is sailing past,
  By the evening glow tinged brightly;
While chequer'd pennons stream from the mast,
  With laurels and flowers crown'd lightly.

Amid-ship stands a beauteous youth,
  With flowing auburn tresses;
Of very ancient cut, in truth,
  His gold and purple dress is.

Before his feet nine women lie,
  Of marble-lovely graces;
A tunic fair and loop'd up high
  Each slender form embraces.

The golden tress'd one sweetly sings,
  And likewise plays his lyre;
The song the poor nun's bosom stings,
  And sets it all on fire.

She makes a cross, and once again
  The nun repeats the measure;
The cross scares not her blissful pain,
  Nor checks her bitter pleasure.

I AM the god of music bright,
  Revered in every nation;
In Greece, on Mount Parnassus' height,
  My temple had its station.

In Greece I oft have sat and play'd
  On famed Parnassus' mountain,
Beneath the cypress' pleasant shade,
  Beside Castalia's fountain.

My daughters sat around their Pa,
And raised a vocal chorus;
They sweetly sang: la-la, la-la!
While laughter floated o'er us.

The bugle rang: tra-ra, tra-ra!
From out the forest loudly;
There hunted Artemisia,
My little sister, proudly.

And whensoe'er I took some sips,—
I can't describe it neatly,—
From out Castalia's fount, my lips
Burst into music sweetly.

I sang—my lyre, as it replied,
O'er its own chords seem'd sweeping:
I felt as if I Daphne spied
Behind the laurels peeping.

I sang—ambrosial incense stream'd,
And lightly o'er me hover'd;
And the whole world around me seem'd
By a bright halo cover'd.

A thousand years from Grecia's land
Have I been sadly banish'd;
Yet hath my heart in Grecia's land
Remain'd, though I have vanish'd.

3.

IN the costume of the Beguins,
In the cloak with cap upon it
Of the coarsest blackest serge,
Is the youthful nun envelop'd.

Hastily along the Rhine banks
Paces she adown the highway
On the road to Holland, asking
Eagerly of every passer:

"Hast thou chanced to see Apollo?
"He a scarlet cloak is wearing,
"Sweetly sings he, plays the lyre,
"And he is my darling idol."

None will answer her inquiry,
Many turn their backs in silence,
Many stare upon her smiling,
Many sigh: "Alas, poor creature!"

But along the highway trotting
Comes a slovenly old man;
Making figures in the air, he
Keeps on singing through his nose.

He a clumsy wallet carries,
And a little hat three-corner'd,
And with sharp and smiling eyes he
Listens to the nun's inquiry:

"Hast thou chanced to see Apollo?
"He a scarlet cloak is wearing,
"Sweetly sings he, plays the lyre,
"And he is my darling idol."

He however gave this answer,
Whilst his little head he waggled
Here and there, and comically
At his sharp beard kept on twitching:

"Have I chanced to see Apollo?
"Yes, I certainly have seen him
"When at Amsterdam full often,
"In the German synagogue.

"He was there the leading singer,
"Known by name of Rabbi Faibisch,
"Which in High-Dutch means Apollo,—
"But he's not my idol truly.

"Scarlet cloak? His scarlet cloak too
"I remember; genuine scarlet,
"And the price per ell eight florins,—
"Not all paid for to this moment.

"His old father, Moses Jitscher,
"Know I well; he's circumciser
"To the Portuguese, I fancy,
"And to various sovereigns also.

"And his mother is a cousin
"Of my sister's husband, trading
"On the Gracht in pickled gherkins,
And in worn-out pairs of breeches.

" In their son they take no pleasure;
" On the lyre he plays not badly,
" But, I grieve to say, far better
" Plays he at taroc and ombre.

" He is likewise a free-thinker,
" Lost his place through eating swine's flesh,
" And then travell'd round the country
" With some painted low comedians.

" In the shops and on the markets
" Has he acted as Jack-pudding,
" Holofernes, or King David,
" But the latter most excell'd in.

" For the king's own sorrows sang he
" In the king's own mother language,
" Giving all the proper quavers
" In the proper olden fashion.

" Recently some wenches took he
" From the Amsterdam casino,
" And he's travelling with these Muses
" Round the country as Apollo.

" One amongst them is a stout one,
" Squeaking very much and grunting;
" On account of her green laurel
" Head-dress, they 'the green sow' call her."

HYMN TO KING LOUIS.*

BEHOLD great Louis, Bavaria's king,
  Few monarchs are half so splendid;
In him a king the Bavarians revere,
  From an ancient line descended.

He's fond of art: fair women to get
  For their portraits to sit, is his passion:
In this painted seraglio takes he his walks,
  In eunuch-artistic fashion.

A marble place of skulls hath he
  Near Ratisbon constructed,
And all the arrangements for every head
  In his own royal person conducted.

* This poem was originally suppressed by the censors.

Walhalla-companions! A masterpiece,
Where the merit of every man is
Set forth, with his character and his acts,
From Teut * to Schinderhannes.†

But Luther, the blockhead, amongst them all,
Has no place in this proud mausoleum;
The whale 'mongst the fishes is often left out
In a natural hist'ry museum.

King Louis is also a poet renown'd;
Whenever sings or plays he,
Apollo falls down at his feet and exclaims:
"O stop, or you'll drive me quite crazy!"

King Louis is also a hero renown'd,
Like his child, his little son, Otho,
Who was chosen to sit on the throne of Greece
(He disgraced it long ago, tho').

When Louis dies, he'll canonised be
At Rome by the holy Father;
A cat with ruffles a face like his
With its Glory will look like rather.

As soon as the monkeys and kangaroos
Are converted to Christianity,
They'll make St. Louis their guardian saint,
In proof of their perfect sanity.

TWO KNIGHTS.

CRAPULINSKI and Waschlapski,
Poles in Poland born and bred,
Fought for their dear country's freedom
'Gainst the Russian tyrant dread.

Boldly did they fight, and lastly
Found at Paris a retreat;
Living, just as much as dying
For one's fatherland, is sweet.

Like Achilles and Patroclus,
David and his Jonathan,
Loved the pair of Poles each other,
Kiss'd, and said: "Kochan! Kochan!" ‡

* Meaning the founder of the Teutonic race.
† A noted brigand, executed in 1803.
‡ A Polish term of endearment.

Neither e'er betray'd the other,
  Both were faithful friends and true,
Notwithstanding that they Poles were,
  Born and bred in Poland too.

They the same apartment dwelt in,
  In the selfsame bed slept they,
And in noble emulation
  Scratch'd themselves by night and day.

In the selfsame beershop dined they,
  And as neither was content
That the other paid his reckoning,
  Neither ever paid a cent.

'Twas the selfsame washerwoman
  Did the washing for the pair;
Humming, for their linen came she
  Every month to wash and air.

Yes, they really had their linen,
  Each one had two shirts, well-worn,
Notwithstanding that they Poles were,
  Poles in Poland bred and born.

They to-day sit near the chimney,
  Where the flames a bright glow cast;
Out of doors are night, a snowstorm,
  And the coaches driving past.

They a mighty bowl of punch have
  Drain'd already and devour'd;
(Understand me, 'twas unsugar'd,
  And unwater'd and unsour'd.)

Sorrow o'er their souls is creeping,
  Tears their furrow'd faces streak:
With a voice of deep emotion
  Thus doth Crapulinski speak;

" Would that I had here in Paris
  " My dear bearskin, my old cotton
" Dressing-gown, my catskin-nightcap,
  " In my fatherland forgotten!"

Thus to him replied Waschlapski:
  " O thou art a driv'ller true;
" Of thy home thou'rt ever thinking,
  " Catskin-nightcap, bearskin too.

"Poland has not yet quite perish'd,
"Still our wives to sons give birth,
"And our girls will do so likewise,
"And produce us men of worth,

"Heroes, like great Sobieski,
"Like Schelmufski and Uminski,
"Eskrokewitsch, Schubiakski,
"And the mighty Eselinski."

OUR MARINE.*

(A Nautical tale.)

A DREAM of a fleet we lately dreamt,
And enjoy'd a sail delicious
Far over the wide and boundless sea,
The wind was quite propitious.

We gave our frigates the proudest names
That we in our calendar reckon'd;
One Hoffmann of Fallersleben we call'd,
And Prutz † we christen'd the second.

There floated the cutter Freiligrath,
Whereon was seen the figure
Of the Moorish king, which gazed below
Like a moon (but as black as a nigger).

There floated Gustavus Schwab as well,
A Pfizer, a Kolle, a Mayer;
On each of them stood a Swabian face,
Each holding a wooden lyre.

There floated Birch-Pfeiffer, a brig which bore
On its mast the escutcheon olden
Of the famous German Admiralty,
On tatters black-red-golden.

We boldly clamber'd on bowsprit and yard,
And bore ourselves like sailors;
Our jackets were short, our hats betarr'd,
And our trousers as big as a tailor's.

Full many, who formerly sipp'd but tea
As husbands kind and forbearing,
Now drank their rum, their pigtail chew'd,
And, seaman-like, took to swearing.

* This poem was originally suppressed by the censors
† A poet and writer born in 1816, and persecuted by the police for his liberal writings.

So bright was our vision, we well nigh won
  A naval victory splendid;
But when return'd the morning sun,
  Both fleet and vision had ended.

We still were lying at home in bed,
  Our limbs all over it sprawling;
We rubbed the sleep from out of our eyes,
  The following wise speech bawling:

"The world is round; why seek to be tost
  "On the idle billows, faint-hearted?
"When we sail round the world, at last we return
  "To the point from which we started."

THE GOLDEN CALF.

FIDDLE, flute, and horn uniting,
  To the idol-dance inviting—
Round the golden calf with springing
  All of Jacob's daughters come—
  Brum—brum—brum--
Kettle drums and laughter ringing!

Girding up their tunics lightly,
Clasping hands together tightly,
Noble maidens, off'rings bringing,
  Twist, like whirlwinds at the least,
  Round the beast—
Kettle drums and laughter ringing!

Aaron's self joins in the mazy
Circling dance with motions crazy;
His concerns not looking after,
  Skips he, in his high-priest's coat,
  Like a goat—
Kettle drums and ringing laughter!

KING DAVID

DESPOTS smiling yield their breath,
  Knowing after their own death
That their slaves but change their master,
And, if anything, work faster.

Ah, poor race! like horse and bull
They the waggons still must pull,
And their backs will soon be broken
If they heed not what is spoken.

David said to Solomon
On his deathbed: "List, my son!
"My most dreaded foe of course is
"Joab, general of my forces.

"This brave general many a year
"I have view'd with hate and fear;
"But, however I detest him,
"I ne'er ventured to arrest him.

"Thou, my son, of sterner stuff,
"Fearing God, art strong enough;
"'Tis for thee an easy matter
"That said Joab's brains to scatter."

KING RICHARD.

THROUGH the silent glades of the forest there [springs
An eager horseman proudly;
He blows his horn, he laughs, and he sings
Exultingly and loudly.

His armour is made of the brass most strong,
But stronger still is his bosom;
'Tis Cœur de Lion that's riding along,
That Christian chivalry's blossom.

"Thou'rt welcome to England!" each verdant bough
Exclaims with joyous assurance;
"We're heartily glad, O monarch, that thou
"Hast escap'd from thine Austrian durance."

The king snuffs up the free air the while,
Like a newborn creature lives he;
He thinks of his Austrian dungeon vile,—
And his spurs to his proud horse gives he.

THE ASRA.

DAILY went the wondrous lovely
Sultan's daughter at the cooling
Hour of evening to the fountain,
Where the waters white were plashing.

Daily at the hour of evening
Stood the young slave at the fountain
Where the waters white were plashing,
Daily grew he pale and paler.

And one evening came the princess,
And these sudden words address'd him
" Thou must tell me what thy name is,
" And thy country and thy kindred!"

And the slave replied: " My name is
" Mahomet, I came from Yemmen,
" And my race is of those Asras,
" Who, whene'er they love, must perish."

THE NUNS.

WHO at night the convent walls
Passes, sees the windows brightly
Lighted up, for there the spectres
Make their gloomy circuit nightly.

'Tis dead Ursulines that join
In the sad and dark procession;
From the linen hoods are peeping
Faces young of sweet expression.

Tapers bear they in their hands,
Glimm'ring bloodred and mysterious;
Strangely echo in the crossway
Whispers low, wails sad and serious.

To the church the train moves on;
Sitting on the wooden benches
Of the quire, their mournful chorus
Straight begin the' unhappy wenches.

Like a litany it sounds,
But the words are wild and shocking;
They are poor and outcast spirits
At the heavenly portal knocking.

" Brides of Christ we used to be,
" But by love of earth were chainèd,
" And we render'd unto Cæsar
" Things that unto God pertainèd.

" Charming is a uniform
" And mustachios smooth and shining;
" For the epaulettes of Cæsar
" Were our hearts in secret pining.

" Antlers to the brow we gave
" By our shameless ill behaviour,
" Which the crown of thorns once carried,—
" We betray'd our heavenly Saviour.

" Jesus,—mercy's very self,—
" Softly wept o'er our transgression,
" And he said : ' Your souls be cursèd
" ' For disgracing your profession !'

" Grave-sprung spectres of the night,
" We must wander in these dreary
" Walls, our folly to atone for,—
" Miserere ! Miserere !

" Ah, within the grave 'tis well!
" Though indeed 'tis far more cheery
" In the glowing realms of heaven,—
" Miserere ! Miserere !

" Jesus sweet, forgive at length
" Our transgression sad and weary ;
" Let us feel the warmth of heaven,—
" Miserere ! Miserere !"

Thus the troop of nuns sing on,
And a long-dead clerk is playing
On the organ. Hands of spirits
O'er the keys are wildly straying.

PALSGRAVINE JUTTA.

THE Palsgravine Jutta, in bark so light,
Is crossing the Rhine in the moonlight bright;
The Countess speaks, while rows the maid :
" Hast thou yon seven corpses survey'd
" That, seeking to find us,
" Are floating behind us ?—
D[illegible]lly are floating the corpses !

Hou[illegible] knights were they, who their love confess'd,
Who[illegible]enderly sank on my heaving breast,
Daily [illegible] swore to be faithful ; so, certain to make
Stoo[illegible] they their oaths should never break,
Where[illegible] seized and bound them,
[illegible] straightway drown'd them,—
Daily gr[illegible] are floating the corpses !"

The Countess laughs, while the maiden rows,
Through the air her laughter scornfully goes;
From the water the corpses rise high as the thigh,
And point with their fingers towards the sky,
In token of swearing,
With glassy eyes staring—
So sadly are floating the corpses!

THE MOORISH KING.

TO the Alpuxarres' exile
Went the youthful Moorish monarch;
Silent and with heart full mournful
Heading the procession rode he.

And behind, on lofty palfreys
Or in golden litters riding,
Sat the women of his household;
Swarthy maids on mules were sitting.

And a hundred trusty followers
Rode on noble Arab horses;
Haughty steeds, and yet the riders
Carelessly bestrode the saddles.

Not a drum and not a cymbal,
Not a single song resounded:
Silver bells upon the mules, though,
Echoed sadly in the silence.

On the height, from whence the glances
Sweep across the Duero valley,
And Granada's battlements
For the last time rise before one,

There the mournful king dismounted,
And he gazed upon the city
Glittering in the light of evening,
As though deck'd with gold and purple.

But, great Allah! what a sight 'twas!
In the place of that dear crescent
Gleam'd the Spaniard's cross and standard
On the tow'rs of the Alhambra.

Ah! deep sighs at this discov'ry
Broke from out the monarch's bosom;
Suddenly the tears 'gan falling
Like a torrent down his cheeks.

Sadly from her lofty palfrey
Downward gazed the monarch's mother,
Looking on her son's affliction;
Proudly, bitterly, she chided:

"Boabdil el Chico," said she,
"Like a woman thou bewailest
"Yonder town, which thou neglectedst
"To defend with manly courage."

When the monarch's dearest mistress
Heard these words, so harsh and cruel,
Hastily she left her litter,
Her lord's neck embracing fondly.

"Boabdil el Chico," said she,
"Comfort take, my heart-belov'd one!
"From the deep abyss of sorrow
"Blossoms forth a beauteous laurel.

"Not alone the glorious victor,
"Not alone the proud triumphant
"Fav'rite of the blind jade Fortune,
"But misfortune's bloody son, too,

"And the' heroic-fighting warrior,
"Who to destiny o'erpow'ring
"Has succumb'd, will live for ever
"In the memory of mortals."—

"Mountain of the Moor's last sigh"
To this very moment call they
Yonder height from whence the monarch
For the last time saw Granada.

Time has now fulfill'd full sweetly
His beloved one's prophecy,
And the Moorish monarch's name is
Reverenced and held in honour.

Never will his glory vanish,
Never, till the last chord's broken
Of the last guitar remaining
In the land of Andalusia.

GEOFFRY RUDÈL AND MELISANDA OF TRIPOLI.

IN the Château Blay still see we
  Tapestry the walls adorning,
Worked by Tripoli's fair countess'
  Own fair hands, no labour scorning.

Her whole soul was woven in it,
  And with loving tears and tender
Hallow'd is the silken picture,
  Which the following scene doth render:

How the Countess saw Rudèl
  Dying on the strand of ocean,
And the' ideal in his features
  Traced of all her heart's emotion.

For the first and last time also
  Living saw Rudèl and breathing
Her who in his every vision
  Intertwining was and wreathing.

Over him the Countess bends her,
  Lovingly his form she raises,
And his deadly-pale mouth kisses,
  That so sweetly sang her praises.

Ah! the kiss of welcome likewise
  Was the kiss of separation,
And they drain'd the cup of wildest
  Joy, and deepest desolation.

In the Château Blay at night-time
  Comes a rushing, crackling, shaking
On the tapestry the figures
  Suddenly to life are waking.

Troubadour and lady stretch their
  Drowsy ghostlike members yonder,
And from out the wall advancing,
  Up and down the hall they wander.

Whispers fond and gentle toying,
  Sad-sweet secrets, heart-enthralling,
Posthumous gallánt soft speeches,
  Minnesingers' times recalling:

"Geoffry! At thy voice's music
"Warmth is in my dead heart glowing,
"And I feel once more a glimmer
"In the long-quench'd embers growing!"

"Melisanda! I awaken
"Unto happiness and gladness,
"When I see thine eyes; dead only
"Is my earthly pain and sadness."

"Geoffry! Once we loved each other
"In our dreams; now, cut asunder
"By the hand of death, still love we,—
"Amor 'tis that wrought this wonder!"

"Melisanda! What are dreams?
"What is death? Mere words to scare one!
"Truth in love alone e'er find we,
"And I love thee, ever fair one!"

"Geoffry! O how sweet our meetings
"In this moonlit chamber nightly,
"Now that in the day's bright sunbeams
"I no more shall wander lightly."

"Melisanda! Foolish dear one!
"Thou art light and sun, thou knowest!
"Love and joys of May are budding,
"Spring is blooming, where thou goest!"—

Thus those tender spectres wander
Up and down, and sweet caresses
Interchange, whilst peeps the moonlight
Through the window's arch'd recesses.

But at length the rays of morning
Scare away the fond illusion;
To the tapestry retreat they
On the wall, in shy confusion.

THE POET FERDUSI.

1.

MEN of gold, and men of silver!
When a fool about a thoman
Talks, of silver he is speaking,
And he means a silver thoman.

In a prince's mouth, however,
Or a shah's, a thoman's always
Golden, for a shah will only
Give and take in golden thomans.

Worthy people have this notion,
And Ferdusi thought so also,
The composer of the famous
And immortal work *Schah Nameh.*

This divine heroic poem
At the Shah's command composed he,
Who for every verse a thoman
Promised to bestow upon him.

Seventeen times bloom'd the roses,
Seventeen times did they wither,
And the nightingales sang sweetly
And were silent seventeen times,—

And meanwhile the bard was sitting
At the loom of thought, composing
Day and night, and nimbly weaving
His sweet numbers' giant-carpet,—

Giant-carpet, where the poet
Interwove with skill his country's
Chronicles from times of fable,
Farsistan's primeval monarchs,

Fav'rite heroes of his nation,
Knightly deeds, adventures wondrous,
Magic beings, hateful demons,
Intertwined with flowers of fable.

All were blooming, all were living,
Bright with colours, glowing, burning,
With the heavenly rays illumin'd
From the sacred light of Iran,

From the godlike light primeval,
Whose last pure and fiery temple,
Spite of Koran and of Mufti,
In the poet's heart flam'd brightly.

When at last the work was finish'd,
Then the manuscript the poet
Sent to his illustrious patron,
E'en two hundred thousand verses.

It was in the public bath room,
In the bathing place at Gasna,
That the Shah's black messengers
Found at last the bard Ferdusi.

Each a bag of money carried,
Which before the poet's feet he
Kneeling placed, to be the guerdon
To reward his minstrel labours.

Hastily the poet open'd
Both the bags, his eyes to gladden
With the gold so long kept from him,-
When he saw with consternation

That the bags contain'd within them
Silver only, silver thomans,
Some two hundred thousand of them;-
Bitterly then laugh'd the poet.

Laughing bitterly, the money
He divided in three equal
Portions, and a third part gave he
To the two black messengers,

Each a third, to be his guerdon
For the message, and the third part
Gave he to the man who waited
On his bath, as drinking-money.

Then his pilgrim staff he straightway
Grasp'd, and left at once the city,
And before the gate the dust he
From his very shoes rejected.

"HAD he been, like other men,
"Heedless of his words once spoken,
"And his promise merely broken,
"I had not been angry then.

"Suffer *this?* I never will!
"His deceit my heart amazes,
"Both his double-meaning phrases,
"And his silence, falser still.

" He was noble, fair to see,
" Proud his gestures were, and stately;
" Other men excell'd he greatly,
" Every inch a king was he.

" Firelike did his glance once meet me,
" As the sun in yonder heaven
" He, truth's haughty image even—
" And he yet hath deign'd to cheat me."

3.

SHAH Mahomet full well has dined,
And his soul to be merry is fully inclined.

In the garden at twilight, on purple seat
He sits by the fountain. Its splashing sounds sweet

With looks respectful his servants stand:
His fav'rite Ansari's amongst the band.

From marble vases a fiery gush
Of luxuriant flowers appears to rush.

Like Odalisques with graceful arms
Stand fanning themselves the slender palms.

The cypresses stand with branches unfurl'd,
As if dreaming of heaven, forgetting the world.

But sudden to strains of the lute ere long
Is heard a gentle mysterious song.

The Shah sprang up, as if sorely perplex'd:
" Who wrote of this song the charming text?"

Ansari, from whom he sought to know it,
Replied: " 'Tis the work of Ferdusi the poet."

" Ferdusi!—exclaim'd the prince in dismay,—
" Where is he? How fares the poet, O say!"

" Ansari gave answer: " In poverty great
" He has lived full long in a mournful state

" At Thus, the native town of the bard,
" Where he in his garden works full hard."

Shah Mahomet paused, and presently said:
" Ansari, a thought has come in my head.

" To my stables make haste, and with hands unthrifty
" Take a hundred mules, and camels fifty.

" And lade them all with every treasure
" That fills the heart of a mortal with pleasure,

" With splendid articles, rich and rare,
" With costly dresses and furniture fair

" Of sandal wood and ivory white,
" With gold and silver tissues dight;

" With precious-handled goblets and pots,
" And leopard-skins, all cover'd with spots,

" With carpets and shawls and the richest brocade
" That in my kingdom has ever been made.

" And don't forget to pack with the rest
" Some glittering arms, and of housings the best,

" As well as drinks of every kind
" And eatables such as in pots we find,

" And almond cakes and sweetmeats Egyptian,
" And gingerbread of every description.

" And also add a dozen steeds
" As swift as arrows, of Arab breeds,

" And likewise a dozen slaves, black as coals,
" With bodies of steel, and sturdy souls.

" Ansari, when all those things thou hast got,
" Thou must start on thy journey, and linger not.

" Thou must take them all with my kind regard
" To Thus, to Ferdusi, the mighty bard."—

Ansari fulfill'd his lord's behest,
And loaded the camels and mules with the best

And costliest presents, the value of which
Was enough to make a whole province quite rich.

In propriâ personâ he left at last
The palace, when some three days had past,

And with a general's banner red
In front of the caravan he sped.

At the end of a week to Thus came they;
The town at the foot of the mountain lay.

The caravan the western gate
With shouts and noises entered straight.

The trumpets sounded, the loud drums beat,
And songs of triumph rang through the street.

"La Illa Il Allah !" with joyous shout
The camel drivers were calling out.

But through the East gate at the farther end
Of Thus, at that moment chanced to wend

The funeral train so full of gloom,
That the dead Ferdusi bore to his tomb.

VOYAGE BY NIGHT.

THE half-moon peer'd from the darksome clouds
With coyness, while rock'd the sea;
And when in the bark our places we took,
Our number then was three.

There plash'd in the water the strokes of the oar
With sad monotony;
White foaming billows came with a roar,
And sprinkled all of us three.

She stood in the bark, as pale, as slim,
As void of motion too,
As though she a marble statue were,
Diana's image true.

The moon disappear'd. The nightwind piped
With chilly blast on high;
When over our heads there suddenly rose
A wild and piercing cry.

'Twas the white and ghostlike seamew's voice,
And at that terrible cry,
Which fearfully rang like a warning call,
All three felt like to die.

Am I in a fever? A vision is this
Of nightly phantasy?
Am I aped by a dream? I'm dreaming a dream
Of wild buffoonery.

Buffoonery wild! Methinks in my dream
That I a Saviour am;
And faithfully bear the weight of the Cross,
As gentle as a lamb.

Poor beauty beside me is sore distress'd.
  But soon I'll set her free
From sin and shame and sorrow and pain,
  And earthly misery.

Poor beauty, O be not thou terrified,
  Though bitter the medicine be;
Although my heart may break, I myself
  Will mete out death to thee.

O folly wild and terrible dream!
  O madness fearful to see!
The night is yawning, the ocean yells—
  O God, have mercy on me!

Have mercy on me, O merciful God!
  O merciful God! Schaddey!*
A Something falls in the sea—Alas!
  Schaddey! Schaddey! Adonay!†

The sun arose, we came to the land,
  Sweet smiled the spring to the view;
And when at length we left the bark,
  Our number then was two.

THE PRELUDE.

THIS, then, is America!
  This indeed the new world is!
Not the present, which already
Europeanized, is with'ring.—

This indeed the new world is,
As by Christopher Columbus
From the ocean extricated;
In its billowy freshness gleams it,

With its watery pearls still dripping,
Which are scatter'd, colour-sprinkling,
When the sunlight fair it kisses.
O how healthy this new world is!

'Tis no churchyard of romance,
'Tis no ancient Scherbenberg,
All made up of mouldy symbols,
And of petrified perukes.

* An ancient Hebrew word for *Almighty*.
† A Hebrew word for *Lord*.

From the healthy earth are shooting
Healthy trees, and none amongst them
Blasé is, or has consumption
Eating up its spinal marrow.

On the branches are disporting
Mighty birds. Of chequer'd colours
Is their plumage. With their solemn
Lengthy beaks, and eyes encircled

With black marks, like spectacles,
They in silence gaze upon thee,
Till they shriek with sudden clamour
And like washerwomen chatter.

Yet I know not what they're saying,
Notwithstanding that I'm learned
In birds' tongues as Solomon,
Who a thousand wives rejoiced in,

And with birds' tongues was acquainted.—
Not the modern ones alone,
But all dialects whatever,
Whether dead, or old, or worn-out.

New the land is, new the flowers!
New the flowers and new the fragrance!
Fragrance wild, and never heard of.
Piercing sweetly through my nostrils.

Teasing, prickling, full of passion—
And my subtle sense of smelling
Racks itself with meditating:
"Where have I e'er smelt this odour?

"Was't in Regent Street, perchance,
"In the sunny arms so yellow
"Of that Javanese thin woman
"Who was always eating flowers?

"Was it else at Rotterdam,
"Near the Column of Erasmus,
"In the wafer-shop notorious
"With its most mysterious curtain?"

Whilst I in this puzzled fashion
The new world was contemplating,
Seeming to instil into it
Still more bashfulness,—a monkey,

Who, affrighted, sought the bushes,
Cross'd himself at my appearance,
Crying with alarm: "A Spirit!
"Yes, a Spirit from the old world!"—

"Monkey, be not thus confounded!
"I'm no spirit, I'm no spectre;
"Life within my veins is boiling,
"I'm life's most true-hearted son.

"Yet by living many years
"With the dead, have I adopted
"Dead men's manners very likely,
"And peculiar ways of thinking.

"All the fairest years of life
'Spent I in Kyffhauser's cavern,
'In the Venusberg, and other
'Catacombs of the Romantic.

'Have no fear of me, good monkey!
'Thee I like, for on thy hairless
"Tann'd and shaven hinder-quarters
"Thou dost bear my fav'rite colours."—

Darling colours! Black-red-golden!
Yes, those monkey-buttock-colours,
Sorrowfully they remind me
Of the flag of Barbarossa.

VITZLIPUTZLI.

1.

ON his head he wore the laurel,
And upon his boots there glitter'd
Golden spurs,—but notwithstanding
He was neither knight nor hero.

He was but a robber captain,
Who within the book of glory
Wrote with his own wicked hand
His own wicked name of—Cortez.

Underneath Columbus' name he
Wrote his own,—yes, close beneath it,
And the schoolboy at his lessons
Learns by heart both names together.

After Christopher Columbus
He now names Fernando Cortez,
As the second greatest man
In the new world's proud Pantheon.

Heroes' fate's last stroke of malice!
That our name should thus be coupled
With the name of a vile scoundrel
In the memory of mortals!

Were't not better e'en to perish
All unknown, than draggle with it
Through eternity's long ages
Such a name in comradeship?

Master Christopher Columbus
Was a hero,—and his temper,
That was pure as e'en the sunlight,
Was as gen'rous in addition.

Many people much have given,
But Columbus to the world
Hath a world entire imparted,
And 'tis call'd America.

He had not the power to free us
From our dreary earthly prison,
But he managed to enlarge it
And our heavy chain to lengthen.

Mortals thankfully revere him,
Being, not of Europe only,
But of Africa and Asia,
Equally quite sick and weary.

One alone, one hero only
Gave us more and gave us better
Than Columbus—that one mean I
Who a God bestow'd upon us.

His old father's name was Amram,
And his mother's Jochebed,
And himself, his name was Moses,
And he is my greatest hero.

But, my Pegasus, thou'rt loitering
Far too long with this Columbus;
Know thou that our flight to-day is
With the lesser man,—with Cortez.

So extend thy colour'd pinions,
Wingèd steed! and carry me
To the new world's beauteous country
That they Mexico entitle.

Carry me to yonder castle,
Which the monarch Montezuma
Kindly offer'd to his Spanish
Guests, to be their habitation.

Not mere food and shelter only
In extravagant profusion
Gave the prince these foreign strollers,—
Presents rich and precious also,

Valuable, wrought with cunning,
All of massive gold, and jewels,
Bear gay witness to the monarch's
Generosity and favour.

This uncivilised, unlearned,
Superstitious, blinded heathen
Still believed in faith and honour,
And the sacredness of guest-right.

He accepted a proposal
To be present at a banquet
That the Spaniards in their castle
Wish'd to give, to do him honour.

And with all his court attendants
Came the inoffensive monarch
Kindly to the Spanish quarters,
Where by trumpets he was greeted.

What they call'd the entertainment
Know I not. 'Twas very likely
"Spanish Truth!" of which the author's
Name was Don Fernando Cortez.

Cortez gave the signal—straightway
They attack'd the peaceful monarch,
And they bound him and retain'd him
In the castle as a hostage.

But poor Montezuma died there,
And the dam was broken down
Which the bold adventurers
From the people's wrath protected.

Terribly began the tempest;
Like a wild and furious ocean
Raved and bluster'd ever nearer
The excited human billows.

Valiantly in truth the Spaniards
Drove the tempest back. But daily
Was the castle fresh blockaded,
And the conflict was exhausting.

When the King was dead, the convoys
Of provisions ceased entirely;
In proportion as the rations
Shorter grew, each face grew longer.

With long faces on each other
Gazed the sons of Spain with sadness,
And they sigh'd, when they bethought them
Of their cosy Christian dwellings

In their cherish'd fatherland,
Where the pious bells were ringing,
And upon the hearth there bubbled
Peaceful olla podridas,

Thickly studded with garbanzos,
Under which, with waggish fragrance,
Chuckling famously, were hidden
Those dear garlic sausages.

Then the leader held a council,
And upon retreat decided;
On the following morn at daybreak
Was the force to leave the city.

Easy 'twas for clever Cortez
Cunningly to gain an entrance;
But retreat to terra firma
Offer'd fatal obstacles.

Mexico, the island city,
In a mighty lake is founded,
In the middle, wave-surrounded:
E'en a haughty water fortress,

With the continent connected
But by ships and rafts and bridges,
Which repose on piles gigantic,
Little islands forming forts.

'Twas before the sun had risen
That their march began the Spaniards;
Not a single drum was beaten,
Not a trumpeter was blowing.

'Twas their object not to waken
From their quiet sleep their hosts—
(For a hundred thousand Indians
Were encamp'd in Mexico).

Yet without his host the Spaniard
Reckon'd, when his plans he settled;
For the Mexicans had risen
Earlier still to-day than he had.

On the rafts and on the bridges,
On the forts they all were waiting.
That they to their guests might offer
Then and there the parting cup.

On the rafts and forts and bridges
Ha! a frantic banquet follow'd;
In red torrents stream'd the blood,
And the bold carousers struggled,—

Struggled, body press'd to body,
And we see on many naked
Indian breasts the arabesque
Of the Spanish arms imprinted.

'Twas a throttling and a choking
And a butchery that slowly,
Sadly slowly, roll'd still onward
Over rafts and forts and bridges.

Whilst the Indians sang and bellow'd,
Silently the Spaniards struggled,
Step by step with toil and labour
For their flight a footing gaining.

Fighting thus in narrow passes
Small to-day tho' advantage lying
In old Europe's strategy,
Or her cannons, armour, horses.

Many Spaniards in addition
With the gold were heavy laden,
Lately captured or extorted—
Ah! that yellow load of sin

Lamed and hemm'd them in the conflict,
And the devilish metal proved
Not to the poor spirit only
Ruinous, but to the body.

And meanwhile the lake around them
With canoes and barks was cover'd;
Archers in them sat, all shooting
At the rafts and forts and bridges.

True they hit in the confusion
Many of their Indian brethren,
But they also hit full many
Excellent and brave hidalgos.

On the third bridge fell at last
Poor young Gaston, who was bearing
On that day the flag whereon
Was the Holy Virgin's image.

E'en this image' self was struck
By the missiles of the Indians;
Six such missiles were left sticking
In its very heart,—bright arrows,

Like those swords of golden colour
Which transfix the sorrowing bosom
Of the Mater Dolorosa
In Good Friday's sad procession.

Gaston, when he died, made over
His proud banner to Gonsalvo,
Who soon afterwards was stricken
E'en to death, and died. Then Cortez

Seized himself the precious banner,
He, the leader, and he bore it
On his steed till tow'rd the evening,
When the fight at length was over.

On that day a hundred Spaniards
Fell, and sixty in addition;
Eighty more alive were taken
By the Indians' cruel hands.

Many of them sorely wounded,
Who ere long their breath surrender'd
And a dozen horses, too, were
Partly kill'd and partly captured.

Cortez and his army only
Just at evening gain'd the shelter
Of the shore, a seacoast planted
Niggardly with weeping willows.

2.

When the battle day is over,
Comes the frantic night of triumph;
So in Mexico a hundred
Thousand lamps of joy are flaring;

Hundred thousand lamps of joy, with
Woodpine torches, pitch-ring fires,
Throw a light as clear as daylight
Over palaces and temples,

And guildhouses,—likewise over
Vitzliputzli's splendid temple,
Idol-fortress built of red brick,
Strangely like the old Egyptian,

Babylonian, and Assyrian
Monster buildings so colossal,
As we see them in the pictures
Of the English Henry Martin.*

Yes, it is the same broad staircase,
So exceeding broad, that on it
Many thousand Mexicans
Up and down are walking freely,

Whilst upon the steps are lying
Mighty troops of savage warriors,
Banqueting in joyous fashion,
Flush'd with triumph and with palm-wine.

This great staircase leadeth upwards
Like a zigzag to the platform,
By a balustrade surrounded
At the summit of the temple.

There, upon his altar-throne,
Sits the mighty Vitzliputzli,
Mexico's bloodthirsty wargod.—
He is but an evil monster;

* Doubtless John Martin is here meant.

But so droll is his exterior,
Full of carvings, and so childish,
That despite our inward horror
It must needs excite our laughter.

His appearance altogether
Brought to mind a combination
Of the "Dance of Death" at Basle,
And the Mannekin at Brussels.

On the god's left side his priests are
Station'd, on his right the people;
Ornaments of colour'd feathers
Are to-day the former wearing.

On the altar-stairs of marble
Squats a man a hundred years old;
On his chin and skull no hair is,
And he wears a scarlet waistcoat.

He's the priest of sacrifices,
And his bloody knife he's whetting;
As he whets, he grins, and ofttimes
Leers upon the god above him.

Vitzliputzli seems the glances
Of his servant to appreciate,
And he twitches every eyelash,
And his lips at times he twitches.

On the altar steps squat also
The musicians of the temple,
Kettle-drummers, cowhorn blowers —
Loud the clatter, loud the tooting!

Loud the clatter, loud the tooting!
And the Mexican Te Deum
Rises up in noisy chorus,
As if many cats were mewing—

As if many cats were mewing,
But of that enlarged description
Which are "tiger-cats" entitled,
And, instead of mice, eat people!

When the nightwind carries with it
These loud noises to the seashore,
The poor Spaniards there encamping
Feel sensations far from pleasant.

Sadly 'neath the weeping willows
Are the Spaniards still remaining,
Gazing tow'rd the distant city
Which within the dark sea water

Mirrors back, in sheer derision,
All the flames of former pleasure—
There they stand, as in the pit
Of a vast gigantic playhouse,

Vitzliputzli's temple's radiant
Platform serving as the stage
Where they act a tragic myst'ry
To commemorate their triumph.

"Human sacrifice" the play is,
Old, full old, its plot, its fable;
But the piece is not so fearful
In the Christian treatment of it.

For into the blood is red wine,
And into the actual body
Is a thin and harmless wafer
Transubstantiated truly.

'Mongst these savages at present
Was the joke in downright earnest
Taken up; they fed on flesh,
And the blood was human blood.

This time 'twas indeed the pure blood
Of old Christians, which had never
Never mingled with the baser
Blood of Jews or of Moriscos.

O be joyful, Vitzliputzli!
For to-day 'tis Spanish blood;
And thou mayst refresh thy nostrils
With its warm scent greedily.

Eighty Spaniards will be slaughter'd
On this day to do thee honour—
Proud repast to grace the table
Of thy priests, who flesh delight in.

For the priest is but a mortal,
And poor man, unhappy glutton,
Cannot, like the gods, live only
On sweet smells and savoury odours.

Hark! the death-drum now is beating,
And the evil cowhorn screeches!
They proclaim the' approaching advent
Of the victims' sad procession.

Eighty Spaniards, vilely naked,
With their hands securely fasten'd
To their backs, are harshly driven
Up the temple's lofty staircase.

And to Vitzliputzli's image
They must bow the knee right humbly,
And must dance the wildest dances,
Forcibly constrain'd by tortures,

All so terrible and fearful,
That their madden'd screams of anguish
Overpow'r the whole collective
Cannibals' wild charivari.

Poor spectators by the ocean!
Cortez and his warlike comrades
But too plainly could distinguish
All their friends' loud cries of torment.

On the stage, too clearly lighted,
They could see, alas! too plainly,
Every figure, every gesture,—
See the knife and see the blood.

Then from off their heads their helmets
Silently they took, and kneeling,
Chaunted they the death-psalm sadly,
And they sang the De Profundis.

'Mongst the number of the victims
Was young Raimond de Mendoza,
Offspring of the lovely abbess,
Cortez' first and youthful love.

When he on the stripling's bosom
Saw the well-remember'd locket
Which enclosed his mother's portrait,
Bitter, bitter tears wept Cortez—

But from off his eyes he wiped them
With his buffalo's hard gauntlet—
Deeply sigh'd, and sang in chorus
With the others' Miserere!

NOW the stars are glimm'ring paler,
And the morning mists are rising
From the ocean-flood, like spirits
Dragging their white shrouds behind them.

Feasts and lights are all extinguish'd
In the temple of the idol,
Where, upon the blood-soak'd pavement,
Priest and laity lie snoring.

None are waking save Red Jacket.
By the last lamp's flickering glimmer,
Sickly grinning, grimly jesting,
Thus the priest his god addresses:

"Vitzliputzli, Putzlivitzli!
"Darling god, my Vitzliputzli!
"Thou to-day hast had amusement,
"And has smelt a fragrant odour!

"Spanish blood to-day we offer'd,
"O how savourily steam'd it!
"And thy fine and dainty nostrils
"Suck'd the scent in, full of rapture!

"We'll to-morrow slay the horses,
"Neighing noble monsters are they,
"Offspring of the tempest spirits'
"Amorous toying with the seacow.

"If thou'lt gracious be, I'll slaughter
"In thine honour my two grandsons,
"Pretty children,—sweet their blood is,—
"My old age's only pleasure.

"But indeed thou must be gracious,
"And must grant us further triumphs,
"Let us conquer, darling godhead,
"Putzlivitzli, Vitzliputzli!

"All our enemies destroy thou,
"All these strangers who from distant
"And still undiscover'd countries
"Hither came across the ocean—

"Wherefore did they leave their dwellings?
"Was it crime or hunger drove them?
"'Stop at home and live in quiet'
"Is a sensible old proverb.

" What is their desire? Our money
" Stick they in their greedy pockets,
" And they wish us to be happy—
" So they tell us,—in the heavens!

" We at first believed them fully
" Beings of a higher order,
" Children of the Sun, immortal,
" Arm'd with lightning and with thunder.

" But they're only men, as mortal
" As ourselves; my knife to-night has
" Proved beyond all doubt and question
" Their extreme mortality.

" They are mortal, and no fairer
" Than ourselves, and many of them
" Are as ugly as the monkeys,
" And their faces, like the latter,

" Are all hairy, and 'tis whisper'd
" Many of them carry hidden
" In their breeches monkeys' tails, for
" Those not monkeys need no breeches.

" Morally they're also ugly,
" And of piety know nothing,
" And 'tis said that they're accustom'd
" Their own deities to swallow!

" O destroy this vile abandon'd
" Wicked brood, these god-devourers —
" Vitzliputzli, Putzlivitzli,
" Let us conquer, Vitzliputzli!"—

Thus the priest address'd the god,
And the god's reply resounded
Sighing, rattling, like the nightwind
Toying with the ocean sedges:

" Red-coat, red-coat, bloody slayer!
" Thou hast slaughter'd many thousands,—
" Plunge thy sacrificial knife now
" In thine own old worn-out body!

" From thy body, thus slit open,
" Will thy spirit make its exit,
" Over roots and over pebbles
" Tripping to the green frog's pond.

" There thou'lt find my aunt, the rat-queen,
" Squatting, and she'll thus address thee :
" 'So good morning, naked spirit !
" 'Pray how fares it with my nephew ?

" 'Is he Vitzliputzlied nicely
" 'In the gold-light, sweet as honey ?
" 'Does good fortune from his forehead
" 'Brush away all flies and sorrows ?

" 'Or does Katzlagara scratch him,
" 'Hated goddess of all evil,
" 'With her black paws made of iron,
" 'Which are steep'd in adder's poison ?'

"'Naked spirit, give this answer :
" 'Vitzliputzli sends thee greeting;
" 'And a pestilence he wishes
" 'In thy belly, thou accurst one !

" 'Thou didst urge him to the conflict,
" 'And thy counsel was destruction ;
" 'Soon will be fulfill'd the evil
" 'Old and mournful prophecy

" 'Of the kingdom's subjugation
" 'By the men so fiercely bearded,
" 'Who on wooden birds all flying
" 'From the Eastern land come hither.

" 'There's an ancient proverb also—
" 'Woman's will is God's will likewise,—
" 'And the God's will is redoubled
" 'When the woman is his mother.

" 'She it is that wakes my anger,
" 'She, the haughty queen of heaven,
" 'She, a pure and spotless virgin,
" 'Working charms and versed in magic

" 'She protects the Spanish people,
" 'And we all at length must perish,
" 'I, the poorest of the godheads,
" 'And my poor, dear Mexico.'—

" When thou hast fulfill'd thy message,
" Red-coat, let thy naked spirit
" In a sandhole creep ; sleep soundly
" Out of sight of all thy misery.

"This proud temple will be shatter'd,
"I myself shall in its ruins
"Disappear,—mere dust and rubbish,—
"No one e'er again will see me.

"Yet I shall not die; we godheads
"Grow as old as do the parrots,
"And we cast our skins, and like them
"Only change at times our feathers.

"To my foemen's native country
"Which they give the name of Europe
"I shall fly away, beginning
"There a really new career.

"I'll turn devil, and the god
"Then shall be a God-be-with-us;
"As my foemen's evil spirit
"I can work as best may suit me.

"There my enemies I'll trouble,
"And alarm them all with phantoms;
"As a foretaste of hell's torments,
"Brimstone they shall smell in plenty.

"Both their wise men and their dotards
"I'll allure with my seductions;
"And their virtue will I tickle
"Till it laughs like any strumpet.

"Yes, I'll turn into a devil,
"And salute as my dear comrades
"Satanas and Belial with him,
"Astaroth and Beelzebub.

"Thee I'll also greet, O Lilis,
"Sin's own mother, smooth-skinn'd serpent
"Teach me all thy dreadful secrets,
"And the charming art of lying!

"My belovèd Mexico,
"I no longer can preserve thee,
"But I'll fearfully avenge thee,
"My belovèd Mexico!"

BOOK II.—LAMENTATIONS.

Good fortune quite a fickle miss is,
  And in one place will never stay;
The hair from off thy face with kisses
  She strokes, and then she flies away.

Misfortune to her heart, however,
  To clasp thee tightly, ne'er omits;
She says she's in a hurry never,
  Sits down beside thy bed and knits.

WOOD SOLITUDE.

In former days, in my life's young morning,
  I wore a garland my brow adorning;
How wondrously glisten'd then every flower!
The garland was fill'd with a magical power.

While all in the beautiful garland took pleasure,
Its wearer they hated beyond all measure;
I fled from the envy of mortals rude,
I fled to the wood's green solitude.

To the wood! to the wood! A life of enjoyment
With spirits and beasts was my sole employment.
The fairies and stags, with their antlers tall,
Without any fear approach'd me all.

They all approach'd me without any terror,
In this they knew they committed no error;
That I was no huntsman, the doe well knew,
That I was no babbler, the fairies saw too.

None but fools ever boast of the fays' approbation,
But how the remaining gentry of station
That lived in the forest treated me well,
I've not the slightest objection to tell.

How round me hover'd the elfin rabble,
That airy race, with their charming gabble!
'Tis dangerous truly their gaze to meet,
The bliss it imparts is so deadly, though sweet.

With May dance and May games amused they me highly,
And tales of the court narrated they slily,
For instance, the scandalous chronicles e'en
Of lovely Titania, the faery queen.

If I sat by the brook, with leaping and springing
Rose out of the flood, their tresses wringing,
With long silver veils and fluttering hair,
The water-bacchantes, the nixes fair!

They play'd on the lute and the fiddle so sweetly,
And danced the nixes' famed dances discreetly;
The tunes that they sang, the antics they play'd,
Of rollicking boisterous madness seem'd made.

And yet at times was much less alarming
The noise that they made; these elfins charming
Before my feet lay quietly,
Their heads reclining on my knee.

Some foreign romances they trill'd,—for example
I'll name the "three oranges" song as a sample;
A hymn of praise they sang also with grace
On me and my noble human face.

They oft interrupted their songs with loud laughter,
Many critical matters inquiring after,
For instance: "On what particular plan
"Did God determine on fashioning man?

"Is each individual's soul altogether
"Immortal? These souls, are they made all of leather,
"Or stiff linen only? How comes it to pass
"That almost every man is an ass?"

The answers I gave, I'll conceal for the present,
And yet my immortal soul (which is pleasant)
Was not in the slightest degree ever hurt
By the prattling talk of a water-sprite pert.

While sportive and roguish are elfins and nixes,
Not so the truehearted earth-spirits and pixies,
Which love to help man. I prefer most of all
The race that they dwarfs or mannikins call.

They all wear a long and swelling red doublet,
Their face is noble, though care seems to trouble it;
I let them not see that I had descried
Why they their feet so carefully hide.

They all have ducks' feet, but object much to show it;
And fancy that nobody else can know it;
Their sorrow's so deep and hard to bear,
That to teaze them about it I never could dare.

Alas! we all, like those dwarfs full of feeling,
We all have something that needs concealing;
No Christians, we fancy, have ever descried
Where we our ducks' feet so carefully hide.

Salamanders for me had never attractions,
I learnt very little respecting their actions
From other wood spirits. They pass'd me by night
Like fleeting shadows, mysteriously light.

They are thin as a spindle, and long as a baby,
With breeches and waistcoats tight-fitting as may be
Of scarlet colours, embroider'd with gold;
Their faces are sickly and yellow and old.

A golden crown, with rubies all over,
The head of each of their number doth cover;
The whole of these vain conceited elves
Quite absolute monarchs consider themselves.

That they are not burnt in the fire is truly
A great piece of art, I acknowledge it duly;
And yet the uninflammable wight
Is far from being a true fire-sprite.

The sharpest woodspirits are mandrakes however;
Short legs have these bearded mannikins clever;
They have old men's faces, the length of a span,
But whence they proceed, is a secret to man.

When head over heels in the moonlight they tumble,
They remind one of roots in their nature quite humble;
But as my welfare they always have sought,
Their origin really to me matters nought.

In small acts of witchcraft they gave me instructions,
How to exorcise flames, ply the birds with seductions,
And also to pluck on Midsummer night
The root that makes one invisible quite.

They taught me the stars and strange signs—how astraddle
To ride on the winds without any saddle,
And Runic sentences, able to call
The dead from out of their silent graves all.

They also taught me the whistle mysterious
That serves to deceive the woodpecker serious,
And makes him give us the spurge, to show
Where secret treasures are hidden below.

The words that 'tis needful for people to mutter
When digging for treasure, they taught me to utter;
But all in vain, for I ne'er got by heart
The treasure-digger's wonderful art.

For money in fact I then cared not a tittle,
My wants were soon satisfied, being but little;
I possess'd many castles in Spain's fair land,
The income from which came duly to hand.

O charming time, when the heaven's high arches
With fiddles were hung, when elfin marches
And nixes' dances and cobolds' glad play
My story-drunk heart enchanted all day!

O charming time, when into auspicious
Triumphal arches the foliage delicious
Appear'd to be twining! I wander'd around,
My brow, like a victor's, with laurel-wreath crown'd.

That charming time has utterly vanish'd,
And all those pleasures for ever are banish'd;
And, ah! they have stolen the garland so fair
That I was then wont on my head to wear.

The garland is gone that my locks shaded over,
But how it happen'd, I ne'er could discover;
Yet since that beauteous garland they stole,
My spirit has seem'd deprived of its soul.

The ghosts of the world, with looks dimly staring,
Gaze on me, and heaven seems barren and glaring,
A churchyard blue, its deities gone;
I roam in the forest, depress'd and alone.

From the forest have vanish'd the elves with their graces;
Horns hear I, and yelping of dogs in their places;
While hid in the thicket, the trembling roe
Is licking her wounds with tearful woe.

And where are the mandrakes? Methinks they are [biding
In clefts of the rocks, as a safe place of hiding;
My dear little friends, I'm returning again,
But reft of my garland and joy I remain.

O where is the fairy, with hair long and golden,
First beauty to whom I was ever beholden?
The oak-tree wherein her lifetime she pass'd
Stands mournfully stripp'd, and bared by the blast.

The waves of the streamlet run sad as the Styx's;
Beside its lone banks sits one of the nixes,
As pale and as mute as a figure of stone,
While marks of deep grief o'er each feature are thrown.

I softly approach'd her with heartfelt compassion,—
She arose and gazed on me in singular fashion,
And then she fled with a terrified mien,
As if she some fearful spectre had seen.

SPANISH LYRICS.

'TWAS on Hubert's day—the year was
Thirteen hundred, three and eighty—
That the king a banquet gave us
In the castle at Segovia.

These state banquets just the same are
Everywhere, and at the tables
Of all princes sov'reign tedium
Yawns with uncontested vigour.

Everywhere the same silk rabble,
Gaily dress'd, and proudly nodding,
Like a bed of gorgeous tulips;
Different only are the sauces.

Whispers all the time and buzzing
Lull the senses like the poppy,
Till the sound of trumpets wakes us
From our state of chewing deafness.

Near me, by good luck, was sitting
Don Diego Albuquerque,
From whose lips the conversation
Flow'd in one unbroken torrent.

He with wondrous skill related
Bloody stories of the palace,
Of the times of old Don Pedro,
Whom they call'd the cruel monarch.

When I ask'd him why Don Pedro
Caused his brother Don Fredrego
To be secretly beheaded,
With a sigh my neighbour answer'd;

Ah, Señor! the tales believe not
Jingled on their vile guitars by
Balladsingers and muledrivers
In posadas, beershops, taverns.

And believe not what they chatter
Of the love of Don Fredrego
And Don Pedro's wife so beauteous,
Donna Blanca of Bourbon.

'Twas not to the husband's jealous
Feelings, but to his low envy
That as victim fell Fredrego,
Chief of Calatrava's order.

For the crime Don Pedro never
Would forgive him, was his glory,—
Glory such as Donna Fama
Loves with trumpet-tongue to herald—

Never could Don Pedro pardon
His magnanimous high spirit,
Or the beauty of his person,
Which was but his spirit's image.

Still within my memory blossoms
That slim graceful hero-flower;
Ne'er shall I forget those lovely
Dream-like, soft and youthful features.

They were just of that description
That the fairies take delight in,
And a fable-seeming secret
Spoke from all those features plainly.

Blue his eyes were, their enamel
Being dazzling as a jewel,
But a jewel's staring hardness
Seem'd reflected in them likewise.

Black his hair was in its colour,
Bluish black, and strangely glistening,
And in fair luxuriant tresses
Falling down upon his shoulders.

In the charming town of Coimbra
Which he from the Moors had taken,
For the last time I beheld him,
In this world,—unhappy prince!

He was coming from Alcanzor,
Through the narrow streets fast riding;
Many a fair young Moorish maiden
Eyed him from her latticed window.

O'er his head his helm-plume floated
Gallantly, and yet his mantle's
Rigid Calatrava cross
Scared away all loving fancies.

By his side, and gaily wagging
With his tail, his favourite Allan
Sprang,—a beast of proud descent,
And whose home was the Sierra.

He, despite his size gigantic,
Was as nimble as a reindeer;
Noble was his head to look at,
Though the fox's it resembled.

Snow-white and like silk in softness,
Down his back his long hair floated,
And with rubies bright incrusted
Was his broad and golden collar.

It was said this collar hid the
Talisman fidelity;
Never did the faithful creature
Leave the side of his dear master.

O that fierce fidelity!
It excites my startled feelings,
When I think how 'twas made public
Here, before our frighten'd presence.

O that day so full of horror!
Here, within this hall, it happen'd,
And as I to-day am sitting,
At the monarch's table sat I.

At the high end of the table,
Where to-day young Don Henrico
Gaily tipples with the flower
Of Castilian chivalry,

On that day there sat Don Pedro
Darkly silent, and beside him,
Proudly radiant as a goddess,
Sat Maria de Padilla.

At the table's lower end, where
Here to-day we see the lady
With the linen frill capacious,
Like a white plate in appearance.

Whilst her yellow face is gilded
With a smile of sour complexion,
Like the citron that is lying
On the plate already mention'd,—

At the table's lower end here
Was a place remaining empty;
Some great guest of lofty station
Seem'd the golden seat to wait for.

Don Fredrego was the guest, for
Whom the golden seat was destined;
Yet he came not,—ah! now know we
But too well why thus he tarried.

Ah! that selfsame hour the wicked
Deed of blood was consummated,
And the innocent young hero
Suddenly attack'd and basely

By Don Pedro's myrmidons,
Tightly bound, and quickly hurried
To a dreary castle dungeon
Lighted only by some torches.

Executioners stood ready,
And their bloody chief was with them,
Who, upon his axe while leaning,
Thus with sadden'd look address'd him:

"Now, Grand Master of San Jago,
"Now must thou for death prepare thee;
"Just one quarter of an hour
"Still is left for thee to pray in."

Don Fredrego then knelt humbly,
And he pray'd with pious calmness,
And then said: "I now have finish'd,"
And received the stroke of death.

In the very selfsame moment
That the head roll'd on the pavement,
Faithful Allan, who had follow'd
All unseen, sprang quickly to it.

With his teeth the head straight seized he
By the long luxuriant tresses,
And with this much valued booty
Shot away with speed of magic.

Agonizing shouts resounded
Everywhere as on he hasten'd,
Through the passages and chambers,
Sometimes upstairs, sometimes downstairs.

Since the banquet of Belshazzar
Never company at table
Was so utterly confounded
As was ours that fill'd this hall then,

When the monstrous creature leapt in.
With the head of Don Fredrego,
Which he with his teeth was dragging
By the dripping bloody tresses.

On the seat which, being destined
For his master, still was empty,
Sprang the dog and like a plaintiff
Held the head before our faces.

Ah! it was the well-remember'd
Hero's features, but still paler
And more solemn now when dead,
And all-fearfully encircled

By the locks in black luxuriance,
Which stood up as did the savage
Serpent-headdress of Medusa,
Turning into stone through terror.

Yes, turn'd into stone felt all then,
Wildly stared we on each other,
And each tongue was mute and palsied
Both by etiquette and horror.

But Maria de Padilla
Broke the universal silence;
Wringing hands, and sobbing loudly,
She forebodingly lamented:

"Now it will be said 'twas I that
"Brought about this cruel murder;
"Rancour will assail my children,
"My poor innocent young children!—

Don Diego interrupted
At this place his tale, observing
That the company had risen,
And the court the hall was leaving.

Kind and courteous in his manners,
Then the knight became my escort,
And we rambled on together
Through the ancient Gothic castle.

In the crossway which conducted
To the kennels of the monarch,
Which proclaimed themselves already
By far growling sounds and yelpings,

There I noticed, built up strongly
In the wall, and on the outside
Firmly fasten'd by strong iron,
Like a cage, a narrow cell.

And inside it sat two human
Figures, two young boys appearing;
By the legs securely fetter'd,
On the dirty straw they squatted.

Scarcely twelve years old the one seem'd,
Scarcely older seem'd the other;
Fair and noble were their faces,
But through sickness thin and sallow.

They were clothed in rags, half naked,
And their wither'd bodies offer'd
Plainest signs of gross ill-treatment;
Both with fever shook and trembled.

From the depth of their deep mis'ry
They upon me turn'd their glances;
White and spirit-like their eyes were,
And I felt all terror-stricken.

"Who, then, are these wretched objects?"
I exclaim'd, with hasty action
Don Diego's hand tight grasping,
Which was trembling as I touch'd it.

Don Diego seem'd embarrass'd,
Look'd if any one was listening,
Deeply sigh'd, and said, assuming
A mere worldling's jaunty accents:

These are children of a monarch,
Early orphan'd, and their father
Was Don Pedro, and their mother
Was Maria de Padilla.

After the great fight at Narvas,
Where Henrico Transtamara
Freed his brother, this Don Pedro,
From his crown's oppressive burden,

And from that still greater burden
Which by men is Life entitled,
Don Henrico's victor-kindness
Also reach'd his brother's children.

Under his own care he took them,
As becomes a kindly uncle,
And in his own castle gave them
Free of charge, both board and lodging.

Narrow is indeed the chamber
That he there allotted to them;
Yet in summer it is coolish,
And not over cold in winter.

For their food, they live on ryebread,
As delicious in its flavour
As if Ceres' self had baked it
For her dear child Proserpina.

Oftentimes he also sends them
Quite a bowl-full of garbanzos,
And the youngsters in this manner
Learn that 'tis in Spain a Sunday.

Yet not always is it Sunday,
And garbanzos come not always,
And the upper huntsman treats them
To a banquet with his whip.

For this worthy upper huntsman,
Who is with the care entrusted
Of the pack of hounds, together
With the cage that holds the nephews,

Is the most unhappy husband
Of that acid Citronella
With the frill so white and plate-like.
Whom we saw to-day at table;

And she scolds so loud, that often
On the whip her husband seizes,
Hither hastens, and chastises
First the dogs, and then the children.

But the king is very angry
With his conduct, and commanded
That his nephews should in future
Never like the dogs be treated.

He will not entrust to any
Mercenary fist the duty
Of correcting them, but do it
With his own right hand henceforward.—

Suddenly stopp'd Don Diego,
For the castle Seneschal
Now approach'd us, and politely
Ask'd: Had we enjoy'd our dinner?—

THE EX-LIVING ONE.

SAY, Brutus, where can thy Cassius be,
The watchman, the crier nightly,
Who once on the banks of the Seine with thee
Used to ramble in converse sprightly?

Ye often were wont to gaze up on high,
Where the darksome clouds were scudding;
A far darker cloud were the thoughts, by-the-by,
That in your bosoms were budding.

Say, Brutus, where can thy Cassius be?
No longer he thinks of destroying;
By the Neckar he dwells, where his talents is he
As a reader to tyrants employing.

But Brutus replied: "A fool, friend, art thou,
"Shortsighted as every poet;
"To a tyrant my Cassius now reads, I allow,
"But his object's to kill him,—I know it.

"So Matzerath's* poems he reads him each day,
"A dagger is each line in it;
"And so the poor tyrant, I'm sorry to say,
"May die of ennui any minute."

THE EX-WATCHMAN.

FROM the Neckar he departed,
With the town of Stuttgardt vex'd,
And as play-director started
In fair Munich's city next.

All that country's very pretty,
And they in perfection here,
In this fancy-stirring city,
Brew the very best of beer.

But 'tis said the poor Director
Rambles, like a Dante, glum,
Melancholy as a spectre,
Like Lord Byron, gloomy, dumb.

Comedies no longer heeds he,
Nor the very worst of rhyme;
Wretched tragedies oft reads he,
Not once smiling all the time.

Oft herself some fair one flatters
She will cheer his sorrowing heart;
But his coat of mail soon shatters
Every love-directed dart.

All in vain his friends endeavour
To enliven him and sing:
"In thy life rejoice thee ever,
"While thy lamp's still glimmering!"

Is there nought can raise thy spirits
In this fair and charming town,
Which, among its many merits,
Boasts such men of great renown?

It is true, that it has lately
Lost full many a man of worth
Whom we miss and valued greatly,
Chorus-leaders and so forth.

* A recent poet of no great reputation. He was the joint editor of the "Rhine Annual" with Freiligrath and Simrock.

Would that Massmann left us never !
He would surely have some day
By his antics strange but clever
Driven all thy cares away.

Schelling's* loss is very serious,
And can never be replaced,
A philosopher mysterious,
And a mimic highly graced.

That the founder of Walhalla
Went away, and left behind
All his manuscripts,—by Allah!
That was really too unkind !

With Cornelius† also perish'd
All his pupils whatsoe'er ;
They shaved off their tresses cherish'd,
And their strength was in their hair.

For their prudent Master planted
In their hair some magic springs,
And it seem'd, as if enchanted,
To be full of living things.

Apropos! The arch-notorious
Priest, as Dollingerius known,—
That's, I think, his name inglorious,—
Has he from the Isar flown ?

In Good Friday's sad procession
I beheld him in his place ;
'Mongst the men of his profession
He had far the gloomiest face.

On Monacho Monachorum
Now-a-days the cap doth fit
Of virorum obscurorum,
Glorified by Hutten's wit.‡

* The famous philosopher, who at one time resided in Munich.

† The eminent painter, who decorated the Glyptothek and Pinacothek at Munich. He was afterwards Director of the Berlin Academy.

‡ One of Hutten's well-known works was entitled "Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum."

At his name thy dull eye flashes;
  Ex-nightwatchman, watchful be!
There the cowls are, here the lash is,—
  Strike away as formerly!

Scourge them, worthy friend, devoutly,
  As at sight of every cowl
Ulrich did; he smote them stoutly,
  And they fearfully did howl.

Old Erasmus could not master
  His loud laughter at the joke;
And this fortunate disaster
  His tormenting ulcer broke.

Old and young laugh—all the city
  In the general shout concur.
And they sing the well-known ditty:
  "Gaudeamur igitur!"

When those dirty monks we're catching,
  We are overwhelm'd with fleas;
Hutten thus was always scratching,
  And was never at his ease.

"Alea jacta est!" however
  Was the brave knight's battle shout,
Smiting down, with deathstroke clever,
  Both the priests and rabble rout.

Ex-nightwatchman, now be wiser!
  Feel'st thou not thy bosom glow?
Wake to action on the Isar,
  And thy sickly spleen o'erthrow.

Call thy long legs transcendental
  Into full and active play;
Vulgar be the monks or gentle,
  If they're monks, then strike away!

He however sigh'd, and wringing
  Both his hands he thus replied:
My long legs, so apt at springing,
  Are with Europe stupified.

And my corns are twitching sadly,
  Tight the German shoes I've on;
Where the shoe is pinching badly
  Know I now,—so pray begone!

MYTHOLOGY.

YES! Europa must knock under,—
 Who could stand against a bull?
Danäe we'll forgive; no wonder
 Golden rain made her a fool!

Sem'le was a victim real,
 For she innocently thought
That a heavenly cloud ideal
 Could not injure her in aught.

But poor Leda's tale notorious
 Really stirs up all our spleen;
Vanquish'd by a swan inglorious,
 What a goose must she have been!

IN MATILDA'S ALBUM.

ON these mill'd rags—a change mysterious!—
 I with a goose-quill must rehearse
Partly in jest, and partly serious,
 Some foolish nonsense turn'd to verse.

I, who am wont my thoughts to utter
 Upon thy rosy lips so fair
With kisses that like bright flames splutter
 Up from my bosom's inmost lair!

O fashion's rage! If I'm a poet,
 E'en by my wife I'm plagued at times
Until (and other minstrels know it)
 I in her album scrawl some rhymes.

TO THE YOUNG.

HEED not the confusion, resist the illusion
 Of golden apples that lie in thy way!
The swords are clashing, the arrows are flashing,
 But they cannot long the hero delay.

A daring beginning is halfway to winning,
 An Alexander once conquer'd the earth!
Restrain each soft feeling! the queens are all kneeling
 In the tent, to reward thy victorious worth.

Surmounting each burden, we win as our guerdon
 The bed of Darius of old, and his crown;
O deadly seduction! O blissful destruction!
 To die thus in triumph in Babylon town!

THE UNBELIEVER.

THOU wilt repose within mine arms!
With rapturous emotion
My bosom heaves and throbs and thrills
At this delicious notion.

Thou wilt repose within mine arms,
Whilst with thy fair gold tresses
I sport, and thy dear darling head
My shoulder gently presses!

Thou wilt repose within mine arms?
To truth will turn my vision,
And here on earth shall I enjoy
The highest bliss Elysian.

St. Thomas! Scarce can I believe
The fact, my doubts will linger
Until upon my rapture's wounds
I lay my eager finger.

WHETHER NOW?

WHITHER now? my stupid foot
Fain to Germany would guide me;
But my reason shakes its head
Wisely, seeming thus to chide me:

"Ended is the war indeed,
"But they still keep up courts-martial,
"And to writing things esteem'd
"Shootable, thou'rt far too partial."

That's quite true, and being shot
Has for me no great attractions,
I'm no hero, and unskill'd
In pathetic words and actions.

Fain to England would I go,
View'd I not with such displeasure
Englishmen and coals—their smell
Makes me sick beyond all measure.

To America methinks
I would sail the broad seas over;
To that place of freedom, where
All alike may live in clover,

Did I not detest a land
  Where tobacco's 'mongst their victuals,
Where they never use spittoons,
  And so strangely play at skittles.

Russia, that vast empire fair,
  Might be tolerably pleasant,
But I should not like the knout
  That's their usual winter present.

Sadly gaze I up on high,
  Where the countless stars are gleaming,
But I nowhere can discern
  Where my own bright star is beaming.

Perhaps in heaven's gold labyrinth
  It has got benighted lately,
As I on this bustling earth
  Have myself been wandering greatly.

AN OLD SONG.

THOU now art dead, and thou knowest it not,
  The light of thine eyes is quench'd and forgot;
Thy rosy mouth is pallid for ever,
And thou art dead, and wilt live again never.

'Twas in a dreary midsummer night,
I bore thee myself to the grave outright;
The nightingales sang their soft lamentations,
And after us follow'd the bright constellations.

As through the forest the train moved along,
They made it resound with the litany's song;
The firs, in their mantles of mourning veil'd closely,
The prayers for the dead repeated morosely.

And as o'er the willowy lake we flew
The elfins were dancing full in our view;
They suddenly stopp'd in wondering fashion,
And seem'd to regard us with looks of compassion.

And when we had reach'd the grave, full soon
From out of the heavens descended the moon,
And preach'd a sermon, 'midst tears and condoling
While in the distance the bells were tolling.

READY MONEY.

LOVE, before she granted favours,
One day told the god Apollo
She on guarantees insisted,
For the times were false and hollow.

Laughingly the god made answer:
"Yes, the times are alter'd truly,
"And thou speakest like a usurer
"Who on pawn lends money duly.

"Well, then, I've a lyre, one only,—
"'Tis of gold, a good and rare one;
"Prythee say how many kisses
"Thou wilt lend upon it, fair one?"

THE OLD ROSE.

SHE for whom my heart once beat
Was a rosebud fair and tender;
Yet it ever grew more sweet,
Bursting into full-blown splendour.

'Twas the loveliest that could be,
And to pluck it I bethought me;
But it stung me piquantly
With its thorns, and prudence taught me.

Now, when wither'd, torn, and maim'd,
By the wind and tempests shatter'd,
"Dearest Henry" I'm proclaim'd,
And I'm follow'd, sought, and flatter'd.

Henry here and Henry there
Calleth she with ceaseless din now;
If a thorn is anywhere,
'Tis upon the fair one's chin now.

O how hard the bristles grow
On the chin's warts of my beauty!
Either to a convent go,
Or to shave will be thy duty.

AUTO-DA-FÉ.

SEE these violets, dusty tresses,
And this faded ribbon blue,
Long forgotten cherish'd trifles,
And these half-torn billets-doux,—

All, with angry look and gesture
  In the blazing fire I throw;
Sadly crackle up these relics
  Of my happiness and woe.

Vows of love, and fond deceiving
  Broken oaths all upwards fly
In the chimney, while in secret
  Cupid laughs maliciously.

Dreamily beside the fireplace
  Sit I, while the sparkles bright
Glow in silence midst the ashes,—
  So farewell! good night! good night!

LAZARUS.

1. THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

HE who has already much,
  Finds his wealth increasing faster;
Who but little, is of all
  Soon bereft by some disaster.

But if thou hast nothing, friend,
  Go and hang thyself this minute;
Only they who've aught on earth
  Have a claim for living in it.

2. RETROSPECT.

I'VE snuff'd at every smell that has birth
  In this delightful kitchen of earth;
Each thing that the world contains that's delicious
Have I enjoy'd like a hero ambitious;
I've drunk my coffee, and eaten with zest,
And many a charming doll caress'd,
Worn silken waistcoats and handsome coats,
And had my pockets well-lined with notes;
The high horse, like Gellert the poet, I rode,
Had house and castle all à-la-mode.
On fortune's verdant meadow I lay,
While on me the sun gleam'd brightly all day
A wreath of laurel my brow embraced,
And through my brain sweet visions raced,
Sweet visions of endless May and flowers—
How happily fleeted then the hours,

So dim and hazy, so full of repose,—
My mouth was fill'd with whatever I chose,
And angels came, and out of their pockets
The champagne bottles flew like rockets,—
Bright visions were these,—soap-bubbles, alas!
They burst,—and I lie on the humid grass;
My limbs are now rheumatic and lame,
My inmost spirit is fill'd with shame.
Alas! each pleasure and gratification
I bought at the price of bitter vexation;
I'm steep'd in bitterness up to the chin,
The bugs have terribly bitten my skin;
Oppress'd by care and gloomy sorrow
I needs must lie, and I needs must borrow
From wealthy rascals, and slatterns vile,
I even believe that I begg'd for a while.
And now I would finish this wearisome race,
And find in the grave a resting-place.
Farewell! In yon heavens, good Christian brother,
Once more we may hope to meet with each other.

3. RESURRECTION.

THE trumpet's wild echo fills the skies
As though it summon'd to battle;
From out of their graves the dead arise,
Their limbs they wriggle and rattle.

Each thing that has legs prepares for the race,
The spectres white are all driven
To Jehoshaphat, the gathering-place,
Where judgment is now to be given.

There sits, as Head of the Court, the Lord,
By all his apostles surrounded;
Assessors are they,—each judgment, each word
On love and wisdom is founded.

No face is disguised in all that array
For every mask is seen falling
In the radiant light of the judgment day,
At the sound of the trumpet enthralling.

At Jehoshaphat, in the valley at last
The whole of the troop is united,
And since the defendants' number's so vast,
I've the summary only recited:

The goats to the left, and the sheep to the right,—
The parting is quickly effected;
For the pious good sheep heaven's mansions of light,
And hell for the goats is selected.

4. THE DYING ONE.

FLYING after bliss and light,
Thou return'st in piteous plight;
German truth and German shirt
Strangers draggle through the dirt.

Pale as death hast thou become,
But take comfort, thou'rt at home;
Warm as by the household hearth
Lie we under German earth.

Many others, who fell lame,
Home again, alas! ne'er came,
Though they yearningly implored,—
O have pity, gracious Lord!

5. RASCALITY.

RICH people only can be won
By open, barefaced flattery;
Money is flat, my worthy son,
And needs must flatly flatter'd be.

The box of incense swing with zeal
Before all worshipp'd golden calves;
In dust and mire with meekness kneel,
And, above all, ne'er praise by halves.

The price of bread this year is high,
Fine words we lavish all in vain;
Mecænas' dog to praise, then, try,
And earn a bellyful again.

6. RETROSPECT.

THE pearl for the first, and the case for the second,—
O William Wisetzki, thy days were soon reckon'd,
But the Kitten, the Kitten was saved.*

* This poem recounts the untimely fate of a playmate, who was drowned when trying to save a kitten. See Heine's *Reisebilder*, chapter vi.

The beam that he clung to, that stretch'd o'er the current
Beneath him broke down, and he sank in the torrent,
But the Kitten, the Kitten was saved.

We follow'd the corpse of this darling of ours,
They buried him under a grave of May flowers,
But the Kitten, the Kitten was saved.

O prudent wert thou, thus early in striving
To 'scape from life's storms, and in harbour arriving,—
But the Kitten, the Kitten was saved.

Happy thou, that thus early thy danger was over;
Before thou wert ill, thou thy health didst recover,—
But the Kitten, the Kitten was saved.

For many a year have I thought, child so cherish'd,
With envy and grief how thou early hast perish'd,—
But the Kitten, the Kitten was saved.

7. IMPERFECTION.

NOTHING is perfect in this world of ours,
The thorn grows with the rose, that queen of flowers·
Methinks the angels, who for our protection
Dwell in the skies, are stain'd with imperfection.

The tulip has no scent. The saying is:
Honour once stole a sucking-pig, old quiz;
Had not Lucretia stabb'd herself, she may be
Would have in time brought forth a thumping baby.

The haughty peacock has but ugly feet;
A woman may be witty and discreet,
And yet, like Voltaire's Henriade, may weary,
Or be, like Klopstock's famed Messias, dreary.

The best of cows no Spanish knows, I ween,
Massmann no Latin. Much too smooth are e'en
The marble buttocks of Canova's Venus,
Too flat is Massmann's nose (but this between us).

In pretty songs are hidden wretched rhymes,
As bees' stings in the honey lurk at times;
Of vulnerable heel the son of Thetis,
And Alexandre Dumas is quite a Metis.

The fairest star that in the heavens has birth,
When it has caught a cold, straight falls to earth;
Prime cider of the barrel bears the traces,
And many a spot the sun's bright face defaces.

And thou, much honour'd Madam, even thou
Faultless art not, nor free from failings now.
"What, then, is wanting?" askest thou and starest,—
A bosom, and a soul within it, fairest!

8. PIOUS WARNING.

WHEN thou dost quit this mortal abode,
Immortal spirit, beware thee
Lest dangers seek to ensnare thee;
Through death and night conducteth the road.

The soldiers of God at the golden door
Of the city of light are collected;
Here actions and deeds are respected,
Mere name and station avail no more.

The pilgrim leaves at the portal behind
His shoes so heavy and dusty;
O enter with confidence trusty,
Soft slippers, sweet music, and rest thou'lt find.

9. THE COOLED-DOWN ONE.

WHEN we are dead, we long must lie
Within the tomb; distress'd am I,
Yes, sad am I that resurrection
Delays so long to give perfection.

Once more, before the light of life
Is quench'd, before this weary strife
Is o'er, fain would I, ere I perish,
Have woman's love, to bless and cherish.

Some fair one I would now invite
With eyes as soft as moonbeams' light;
No more I relish the advances
Of wild brunettes with burning glances.

Young men, exulting in their youth,
Prefer tumultuous love in truth:
With them excitement's all the fashion,
And soul-enthralling mutual passion.

No longer young, bereft of power,
As I, alas! am at this hour,
I fain once more would love in quiet,
And happy be,—without a riot.

10. SOLOMON.

THE drums, trumps, cornets at length sink to slumber:
By Solomon's couch, as he lieth sleeping,
Full-girded angels the watch are keeping,
On either side six thousand in number.

The monarch protect they from cares while dreaming,
And as he frowns in his slumbers nightly,
From out of their sheath straight draw they lightly
Twelve thousand swords, all fiercely gleaming.

But presently back in their sheaths are falling
The angels' swords. The brow of the sleeper
Grows smooth, his slumber is softer and deeper,
And soon his lips are gently calling:

"O Sulamith, thou whom so dearly I cherish!
"O'er countries and kingdoms I rule, great and glorious
"Of Israel and Judah the monarch victorious,
"But if thou'lt not love me, I wither and perish."

11. LOST WISHES.

SIMILAR in disposition,
Like a brother link'd to brother,
We unconsciously were ever
Growing fonder of each other.

Each one knew the other's meaning,
Just as if we were omniscient;
Words, in fact, we found superfluous,
And a look was quite sufficient.

How I long'd to have thee near me,
Revelling in peace and plenty,
As my staunch and valiant comrade
In a dolce far niente!

Always to remain beside thee
Was the aim of each endeavour;
Everything that gave thee pleasure,
To accomplish sought I ever.

enjoy'd what thou didst relish,
Neither would I touch the dishes
Thou didst hate, and even smoking
I commenced, to meet thy wishes.

Many a funny Polish story
That thy merriment excited,
In a strange and Jewish accent
To repeat I then delighted.

Yes; then long'd I to approach thee,
Leave my foreign habitation,
And beside thy fortune's fireplace
Take for evermore my station.

Golden wishes! mere soap bubbles!
Like my life they all have vanish'd;
On the ground I now am lying,
Crush'd for ever, hopeless, banish'd.

Fare ye well, ye golden wishes
Where my darling hopes once centred!
Ah! the blow was far too deadly
That my inmost heart has enter'd.

12 THE ANNIVERSARY.

NOT one mass will e'er be chanted,
Not one Hebrew prayer be mutter'd.
When the day I died returneth,—
Nothing will be sung or utter'd.

Yet upon that day, it may be,
If the weather has not chill'd her,
On a visit to Montmartre
With Pauline will go Matilda.

With a wreath of immortelles she'll
Deck my grave in foreign fashion,
Sighing say "*pauvre homme!*" and sadly
Drop a tear of fond compassion.

I shall then too high be dwelling,
And, alas! no chair have ready
For my darling's use to offer,
As she walks with feet unsteady.

Sweet, stout little one, return not
  Home on foot, I must implore thee;
At the barrier gate is standing
  A fiacre all ready for thee.

13. MEETING AGAIN.

ONE summer eve, in the woodbine bower
  We sat once more at the window lonely;
The moon arose with life-giving power,
  But we appear'd two spectres only.

Twelve years had pass'd since the last occasion
  When we on this spot had sat together;
Each tender glow, each loving persuasion
  Had meanwhile been quench'd in life's rough weather.

I silently sat. The woman, however,
  Just like her sex, amongst love's ashes
Must needs be raking, but vain her endeavour
  To kindle again its long-quench'd flashes.

And she recounted how she had contended
  With evil thoughts, the story disclosing
How hardly she once her virtue defended,—
  I stupidly listen'd to all her prosing.

When homeward I rode, the trees beside me
  Like spirits beneath the moon's rays flitted;
Sad voices call'd, but onward I hied me,
  Yes, I and the dead, who my side ne'er quitted.

14. MRS. CARE.

WHEN fortune on me shed her ray,
  The gnats around me danced all day,
Plenty of friends then cherish'd me,
And all, in fashion brotherly,
  My viands with me tasted,
  And my last penny wasted.

Fortune has fled, and void is my purse,
My friends have left for better for worse,
Extinguish'd is each sunny ray,
Around me the gnats no longer play;
  My friends and the gnats together
  Have gone with the sunny weather.

Beside my bed in the winter night
Old Care as my nurse sits bolt upright;

She wears a habit that's white enough,
A bonnet black, and takes her snuff.
The box is harshly creaking,
As the woman a pinch is seeking.

I often dream that the happy time
Of bliss has return'd, and May's young prime,
And friendship, and all the gnats as well,—
When creaks the snuffbox,—and, sad to tell,
The bubble is straightway breaking,
While the nurse her snuff is taking.

15. TO THE ANGELS.

THIS is dread Thanatos indeed!
He comes upon his pale-white steed;
I hear its tread, I hear its trot,
The dusky horseman spares me not;
He tears me from Matilda's fond embraces,—
This thought of woe all other thoughts effaces.

She was at once my child, my wife,
And when I quit this mortal life
An orphan'd widow will she be!
I leave alone on earth's wide sea
The wife, the child, who, trusting to my guiding
Slept on my bosom, careless and confiding.

Ye angels in yon heavens so fair
Receive my sobs, receive my prayer!
When I am buried, from above
Protect the woman that I love!
Be shield and guardian to your own reflection,
Grant my poor child Matilda your protection!

By all the tears e'er shed by you
Over men's woes in pity true,—
By that dread word that priests alone
Know, and ne'er breathe without a groan,
By all your beauty, gentleness, perfection,
Ye angels, grant Matilda your protection!

16. IN OCTOBER 1849.

THE weather now is calm and mild,
And hush'd once more the tempest's voice is,
And Germany, that o'ergrown child,
Once more in its old Christmas trees rejoices.

Domestic joys we now pursue,
  All things beyond are false and hollow,
And to the house's gable too,
  Where once he built his nest, comes concord's swallow.

Forest and stream rest peacefully,
  With the soft moonlight o'er them playing;
But, hark, a crack! A shot may't be?
  It is perchance some friend whom they are slaying.

Perchance with weapons in his hand,
  Some madcap they have overtaken;
(All do not flight well understand
  Like Horace, who so nimbly saved his bacon).

Crack, Crack! A fête, may I presume,
  Or fireworks in our Goethe's honour?
Or Sontag rising from the tomb
  Greeted by rockets showering down upon her?

And Francis Liszt appears again?
  He lives, he lies not dead and gory
On some Hungarian battle-plain,
  Russian and Croat have not quench'd his glory.

Freedom's last bulwark was o'erthrown,
  And Hungary to death is bleeding—
Francis, our Knight, escaped alone,
  His sword a quiet life at home is leading.

Francis still lives; when old and gray
  Of the Hungarian war devoutly
He'll tell his grandsons: "Thus I lay,
  "And thus my trusty blade I wielded stoutly!"

Hearing the name of Hungary,
  My German waistcoat grows too narrow;
Beneath it foams a raging sea,
  The trumpet's clang seems thrilling through my marrow.

Once more across my memory throng
  The hero-legend's strains enthralling,
The wild and iron martial song—
  The Nibelunge's overthrow appalling.

'Tis still the same heroic lot,
  'Tis still the same old noble stories;
The names are changed, the natures not,—
  'Tis still the same praiseworthy hero-glories.

And the same issue 'tis once more;
  However proudly flaunts the banner,
The hero, as in days of yore,
  Yields to brute strength, but in a glorious manner

This time the oxen and the bear
  In firm alliance are united;
Thou fall'st; but, Magyar, ne'er despair,
  Still more have all *our* German hopes been blighted.

While very decent beasts are they
  Who have in fight become thy masters,
We have, alas! become the prey
  Of wolves, swine, dogs,—so great are our disasters.

They howl, grunt, bark,—the victor's smell
  Is such, I fain would do without it;—
But, Poet, hush!—it were as well,
  Seeing thou'rt ill, to say no more about it.

17. EVIL DREAMS.

IN vision once more young and happy, paced I
  Near the old country house that used to stand
Hard by the mountain; down the pathway raced I,
  Yes, raced with dear Ottilia, hand in hand.

How graceful was her figure! She enchanted
  With the sweet magic of her sea-green eyes;
On her small feet how firmly was she planted,
  A form where elegance with vigour vies!

Her voice's tone, how true and how confiding!
  Her spirit's inmost depth one seems to see;
Wisdom her every word is ever guiding,
  Her mouth's as like a rosebud as can be.

It is not pangs of love that now steal o'er me,
  I wander not, my reason's in command;
Yet strangely am I soften'd, as before me
  She stands; with trembling warmth I kiss her hand

When I a lily from the stem had broken,
I gave it her, and then these words address'd:
"Ottilia, be my wife by this dear token,
"That I may be as good as thee, and blest."

The answer that she gave, it reach'd me never,
For presently I woke,—and now lie here
In my sick chamber, weak and ill as ever—
As I have hopeless lain for many a year.

18. IT GOES OUT.

THE curtain falls, as ends the play,
And all the audience go away;
And did the piece give satisfaction?
Methinks they found it of attraction.
A much-respected public then
Its poet thankfully commended;
But now the house is hush'd again,
And lights and merriment are ended.

But hark to that dull heavy clang
Hard by the empty stage's middle!
It was perchance the bursting twang
Of the worn string of some old fiddle.
With rustling noise across the pit
Some nasty rats like shadows flit,
And rancid oil all places smell of,
And the last lamp, with groans and sighs
Despairing, then goes out and dies.—
My soul was this poor light I tell of.

19. THE WILL.

NOW that life is nearly spent,
Here's my will and testament,
Giving every foe a present,
As a Christian finds it pleasant:

Let these gentry full of merit
Have my sickness as their guerdon,
All that makes my life a burden,—
All my wretched pangs inherit.

I bequeath you all the colic
Which my belly tweaks in frolic,—
Strangury and these perfidious
Prussian piles so sharp and hideous.

Unto you my cramps be given,
Pains in joints, and salivation,
Pains in back, and inflammation,—
Every one the gift of heaven.

Let this codicil then follow:—
Lord! that wretched herd demolish,
And their very name abolish,
As they in their vileness wallow

20. ENFANT PERDU.

FORLORN posts leading, thirty long years fought I
Stoutly and well on freedom's battle plain;
Hopeless of triumph, never hoped or thought I
Safe and uninjured home to see again.

I watch'd both day and night, slept not a tittle,
As when I camp'd amongst my friends of yore;
(And if I felt inclined to doze a little,
soon was waken'd by my neighbour's snore.)

In those long nights ennui would oft assail me,
And fear as well,—('tis fools who never fear;)
To scare them, I delighted to regale me
With whistling songs all full of gibe and jeer.

Yes, watchfully I stood, my weapon grasping,—
If a suspicious looking fool drew nigh,
I took a careful aim, and laid him gasping
With a hot bullet in his paunch or thigh.

But by-and-by, if I may so express it,
This clumsy fool, whom I so much deride,
Proves the best shot; and now, I must confess it,
My blood pours forth, my wounds are gaping wide.

A post is vacant! All my wounds are gaping—
One falls, the others follow in his wake;
Unvanquish'd fall I,—from my hands escaping
My arms break not, my heart alone doth break.

BOOK III.—HEBREW MELODIES.

O LET the days of thy life pass not
Without tasting life's blisses;
And if thou'rt shelter'd from the shot,
Let it fly, for it misses.

If fortune should ever be passing thy way,
To grasp her, forth sally;
Don't build on the summit thy cottage, I pray,
But down in the valley.

PRINCESS SABBATH.

IN Arabia's books of stories
Read we of enchanted princes,
Who from time to time recover'd
Their once handsome pristine features;

Or the whilome hairy monster
To a king's son is converted,
Dress'd in gay and glittering garments,
And the flute divinely playing.

Yet the magic time expires,
And once more and of a sudden
We behold his royal highness
Changed into a shaggy monster.

Of a prince of such-like fortune
Sings my song. His name is Israel,
And a witch's art has changed him
To the figure of a dog.

As a dog, with doggish notions,
All the week his time he muddles
Through life's filthiness and sweepings,
To the scavengers' derision.

But upon each Friday evening,
Just at twilight, the enchantment
Ceases suddenly,—the dog
Once more is a human being.

As a man, with human feelings,
With his head and breast raised proudly,
Dress'd in festival attire,
His paternal halls he enters.

"Hail, all hail, ye halls belovèd
"Of my gracious regal father!
"Tents of Jacob, your all-holy
"Entrance posts my mouth thus kisses!"

Through the house mysteriously
Goes a whispering and buzzing,
And the unseen master of it
Shudd'ring breathes amid the silence.—

Silence, save the seneschal
(Vulgo Synagogue-Attendant)
Here and there with vigour springing,
As the lamps he seeks to kindle.

Golden lights so comfort-giving,
How they glitter, how they glimmer!
Proudly also flare the tapers
On the rails of the Almemor.

At the shrine wherein the Thora
Is preserved, and which is cover'd
With the costly silken cov'ring
That with precious jewels sparkles,—

There beside his post, already
Stands prepared the parish minstrel,
Dandy little man, who shoulders
His black cloak coquettishly.

His white hand to show the better,
At his neck he works, his finger
Pressing strangely to his temple,
And his thumb against his throat.

To himself then softly trills he,
Till at length his voice he raises
Joyfully, and loudly sings he:
"Lecho Daudi Likras Kalle!

"Lecho Daudi Likras Kalle—
"Loved one, come! the bride already
"Waiteth for thee, to uncover
"To thy face her blushing features!"

This most charming marriage ditty
Was composed by the illustrious
Far and wide known Minnesinger
Don Jehuda ben Halevy.

In the song was celebrated
The espousals of Prince Israel
With the lovely Princess Sabbath,
Whom they call the silent princess.

Pearl and flower of perfect beauty
Is the Princess. Fairer never
Was the famous queen of Sheba,
Solomon's old bosom-friend,

Ethiopian vain blue-stocking,
Who with her *esprit* would dazzle,
And with all her clever riddles
Was, I fear, extremely tedious.

But our Princess Sabbath, who was
Peace itself personified,
Held in utter detestation
All debates and wit-encounters.

Equally abhorr'd she noisy
And declamatory passion,—
All that pathos which with flowing
And dishevell'd hair storms wildly.

Modestly the silent princess
In her hood conceals her tresses;
Soft as the gazelle's her looks are,
Slender as an Addas blooms she.

She allows her lover all things
Save this one,—tobacco-smoking:
"Loved one! smoking is forbidden,
"For to-day the Sabbath is,

"But at noon, in compensation,
"Thou a steaming dish shalt taste of,
"Which is perfectly delicious—
"Thou shalt eat to-day some Schalet!"

"Schalet, beauteous spark immortal,
"Daughter of Elysium!"*
Thus would Schiller's song have sung it,
Had he ever tasted Schalet.

* parody on the beginning of Schiller's "Hymn to Joy

Schalet is the food of heaven,
Which the Lord Himself taught Moses
How to cook, when on that visit
To the summit of Mount Sinai,

Where the Lord Almighty also
Every good religious doctrine
And the holy ten commandments
Publish'd in a storm of lightning.

Schalet is the pure ambrosia
That the food of heaven composes—
Is the bread of Paradise;
And compared with food so glorious,

The ambrosia of the spurious
Heathen gods whom Greece once worshipp'd
And were naught but muffled devils,
Was but wretched devil's dung.

When the prince this food hath tasted,
Gleams his eye as if transfigured,
And his waistcoat he unbuttons,
And he speaks with smiles of rapture:

"Hear I not the Jordan murmuring?
"Is it not the gushing fountains
"In the palmy vale of Beth-El,
"Where the camels have their station?

"Hear I not the sheep-bells ringing?
"Is it not the well-fed wethers
"Whom the herdsman drives at evening
"Down from Gilead's lofty mountain?"

Yet the beauteous day fades quickly;
As with long and shadowy legs
Hastens on the fell enchantment's
Evil hour, the prince sighs sadly,

Feeling as though with his bosom
Icy witches' fingers grappled;
He's pervaded by the fear of
Canine metamorphosis.

To the prince then hands the princess
Her own golden box of spikenard;
Long he smells, once more desiring
To find comfort in sweet odours.

Next the parting drink the princess
Gives the prince—He hastily
Drinks, and in the goblet only
Some few drops are left untasted.

With them sprinkles he the table,
Then he takes a little waxlight,
And he dips it in the moisture
Till it crackles and goes out.

JEHUDA BEN HALEVY.

A FRAGMENT.

1.

"IF, Jerusalem, I ever
"Should forget thee, let my tongue
"To my mouth's roof cleave, let also
"My right hand forget her cunning—"

Words and melody are whirling,
In my head to-day unceasing,
And methinks I hear sweet voices
Singing psalms, sweet human voices.

Often to the light come also
Beards of shadowy-long proportions;
Say, ye phantoms, which amongst you
Is Jehuda ben Halevy?

But they quickly hustle by me;
Spirits ever shun with terror
Exhortations of the living—
But I recognized him well.

Well I knew him by his pallid,
Haughty, high, and thoughtful forehead,
By his eyes so sweetly staring,
Viewing me with piercing sorrow.

But I recognized him mostly
By the enigmatic smile which
O'er his fair rhymed lips was playing,
Such as none but poets boast of.

Years come on and years pass swiftly:
Since Jehuda ben Halevy
Had his birth, have seven hundred
Years and fifty fleeted o'er us.

At Toledo in Castile he
For the first time saw the light,
And the golden Tagus lull'd him
In his cradle with its music.

His strict father the unfolding
Of his intellect full early
Cared for, and began his lessons
With the book of God, the Thora.

With his son he read this volume
In the original, whose beauteous
Picturesque and hieroglyphic
Old Chaldean quarto pages

Spring from out the childish ages
Of our world, and for that reason
Smile so trustingly and sweetly
On each childlike disposition.

And this genuine ancient text
By the boy was likewise chanted
In the ancient and establish'd
Sing-song fashion, known as Tropp.

And melodiously he gurgled
Those fat oily gutturals;
Like a very bird he warbled
That fine quaver, the Schalscheleth.

And the Targum Onkelos,
Which is written in the idiom,
The low-Hebrew sounding idiom
That we call the Aramæan,

And that to the prophet's language
Has about the same relation
As the Swabian to the German,—
In this bastard Hebrew likewise

Was the youth betimes instructed,
And the knowledge thus acquired
Proved extremely useful to him
In the study of the Talmud.

Yes, full early did his father
Lead him onward to the Talmud,
And he then unfolded to him
The Halacha, that illustrious

Fighting school, where the expertest
Dialectic athletes both of
Babylon and Pumpeditha
Carry on their mental combats.

Here the boy could gain instruction
In the arts, too, of polemics;
Later, in the book Cosari
Was his mastership establish'd.

Yet the heavens pour down upon us
Lights of two distinct descriptions:
Glaring daylight of the sun,
And the moonlight's softer lustre.

Thus two different lights the Talmud
Also sheds, and is divided
In Halacha and Hagada.—
Now the first's a fighting school,

But the latter, the Hagada,
I should rather call a garden,
Yes, a garden, most fantastic,
Comparable to that other,

Which in days of yore was planted
In the town of Babylon,—
Great Semiramis's garden,
That eighth wonder of the world.

'Tis said queen Semiramis,
Who had, when a child, been brought up
By the birds, and had contracted
Many a bird's peculiar custom,

On the mere flat ground would never
Promenade, as human creatures
Mostly do, and so she planted
In the air a hanging garden.

High upon colossal pillars
Palms and cypresses were standing,
Golden oranges, fair flow'r-beds,
Marble statues, gushing fountains,—

Firmly, skilfully united
By unnumber'd hanging bridges
Which appear'd like climbing plants,
And whereon the birds were rocking,—

Solemn birds, large, many-colour'd,
All deep thinkers, never singing,
While around them finches flutter'd,
Keeping up a merry twitter,—

All things here were blest, and teeming
With a pure balsamic fragrance,
Which was free from all offensive
Earthly smells and hateful odours.

The Hagada is a garden
That this airy whim resembles,
And the youthful Talmud scholar,
When his heart was overpower'd

And was deafen'd by the squabbles
Of the' Halacha, by disputes
All about the fatal egg
Laid one feast day by a pullet,—

Or about some other question
Of the same importance, straightway
Fled the boy to find refreshment
In the blossoming Hagada

Where the charming olden stories,
Tales of angels, famous legends,
Silent histories of martyrs,
Festal songs, and words of wisdom,

Hyperboles, far-fetch'd it may be,
But impress'd with deep conviction,
Full of glowing faith,—all glitter'd
Bloom'd and sprang in such abundance.

And the stripling's noble bosom
Was pervaded by the savage
But adventure-breathing sweetness,
By the wondrous blissful anguish

And the fabulous wild terrors
Of that blissful secret world,
Of that mighty revelation,
Known to us as Poesy.

And the art of Poesy,
Radiant knowledge, understanding,
Which we call the art poetic,
Open'd on the boy's mind also.

And Jehuda ben Halevy
Was not merely skill'd in reading,
But in poetry a master,
And himself a first-rate poet.

Yes, he was a first-rate poet,
Star and torch of his own age,
Light and beacon of his people,
Yes, a very wondrous mighty

Fiery pillar of all song,
That preceded Israel's mournful
Caravan as it was marching
Through the desert of sad exile.

Pure and true alike, and spotless
Was his song, as was his spirit;
When this spirit was created
By its Maker, self-contented,

He embraced the lovely spirit,
And that kiss's beauteous echo
Thrills through all the poet's numbers,
Which are hallow'd by this grace.

As in life, in numbers also
Grace is greatest good of all;
He who has it, ne'er transgresses
In his prose or in his verses.

Genius call we such a poet
Of the mighty grace of God;
He is undisputed monarch
Of the boundless realms of fancy.

He to God alone accounteth,
Not to man, and, as in lifetime,
So in art the mob have power
To destroy, but not to judge us.

2.

"By the streams of Babylon
"Sat we down and wept, we hangèd
"Our sad harps upon the willows—"
Know'st thou not the olden song?

Know'st thou not the olden tune,
Which begins with elegiac
Crying, humming like a kettle
That upon the hearth is boiling?

Long has it been boiling in me,
Thousand years. A gloomy anguish!
And my wounds are lick'd by time,
As Job's boils by dogs were licked.

Thank thee, dog, for thy saliva,—
Though it can but cool and soften—
Death alone can ever heal me,
But, alas, I am immortal!

Years come round and years then vanish—
Busily the spool is humming
As it in the loom is moving,—
What it weaves, no weaver knoweth.

Years come round and years then vanish,
Human tears are dripping, running
On the earth, and then the earth
Sucks them in with eager silence.

Seething mad! The cover leaps up—
" Happy he whose daring hand
" Taketh up thy little ones,
" Dashing them against the stones."

God be praised! the seething slowly
In the pot evaporates,
Then is mute. My spleen is soften'd,
My west-eastern darksome spleen.

And my Pegasus is neighing
Once more gaily, and the nightmare
Seems to shake with vigour off him,
And his wise eyes thus are asking:

Are we riding back to Spain,
To the little Talmudist there,
Who was such a first-rate poet,—
To Jehuda ben Halevy?

Yes, he was a first-rate poet,
In the realm of dreams sole ruler,
With the spirit-monarch's crown,
By the grace of God a poet,

Who in all his sacred metres,
In his madrigals, terzinas,
Canzonets, and strange ghaselas
Pour'd out all the' abundant fire

Of his noble god-kiss'd spirit!
Of a truth this troubadour
Was upon a par with all the
Best lute-players of Provence,

Of Poitou and of Guienne,
Roussillon and every other
Charming orange-growing region
Of gallant old Christendom.

Charming orange-growing regions
Of gallant old Christendom!
How they glitter, smell, and tingle
In the twilight of remembrance!

Beauteous world of nightingales!
Where we only in the place of
The true God, the false God worshipp'd
Of the Muses and of love.

Clergy, bearing wreaths of roses
On their bald pates, sang the psalms
In the charming langue d'oc;
Laity, all gallant knights,

On their high steeds proudly trotting,
Verse and rhyme were ever making
To the honour of the ladies
Whom their hearts to serve delighted.

There's no love without a lady.
Therefore to a Minnesinger
Was a lady just as needful
As to bread-and-butter, butter.

And the hero, whom we sing of,
Our Jehuda ben Halevy,
Also had his heart's fair lady;
But she was of special kind.

She no Laura was, whose eyes,
Mortal constellations, kindled
On Good Friday the notorious
Fire within the famed Cathedral;

She was not a chatelaine
Who, attired in youthful graces,
Took the chair at tournaments,
And the laurel wreath presented

Casuist in the laws of kisses
She was not, no doctrinaire,
Who within the learned college
Of a court of love gave lectures.

She the Rabbi was in love with
Was a poor and mournful loved one,
Woeful image of destruction,
And her name—Jerusalem!

In his early days of childhood
She his one sole love was always;
E'en the word Jerusalem
Made his youthful spirit quiver.

Purple flames were ever standing
On the boy's cheek, and he hearken'd
When a pilgrim to Toledo
Came from out the far east country,

And recounted how deserted
And uncleanly was the city
Where upon the ground the traces
Of the prophets' feet still glisten'd;

Where the air is still perfumed
By the' undying breath of God--
"O the mournful sight!" a pilgrim
Once exclaim'd, whose beard was floating

White as silver, notwithstanding
That the hair which form'd its end
Once again grew black, appearing
As if getting young again.

And a very wondrous pilgrim
Might he be, his eyes were peering
As through centuries of sorrow,
And he sigh'd: "Jerusalem!

"She, the crowded holy city,
"Is converted to a desert,
"Where wood-devils, werewolves, jackals
"Their accursed home have made.

"Serpents, birds of night, are dwelling
"In its weather-beaten ruins;
"From the window's airy bow
"Peeps the fox with much contentment.

"Here and there a ragged fellow
"Comes sometimes from out the desert,
"And his hunch-back'd camel feedeth
"In the long grass growing round it.

"On the noble heights of Zion,
"Where stood up the golden fortress
"Whose great majesty bore witness
"To the mighty monarch's glory,—

"There, with noisome weeds encumber'd,
"Nought now lies but gray old ruins,
"Gazing with such looks of sorrow
"One must fancy they are weeping.

"And 'tis said they wept in earnest,
"Once in each year, on the ninth day
"Of the month's that known as Ab —
"With my own eyes, full of weeping,

"I the clammy drops have witness'd
"Down the large stones slowly trickling,
"And have heard the broken columns
"Of the temple sadly moaning."

Such-like pious pilgrim-sayings
Waken'd in the youthful bosom
Of Jehuda ben Halevy
Yearnings for Jerusalem.

Poet's yearnings! As foreboding,
Visionary, sad, as those
In the Château Blay experienced
Whilome by the noble Vidam,

Messer Geoffroy Rudello,
When the knights, returning homeward
From the Eastern land, asserted
Loudly, as they clash'd their goblets,

That the paragon of graces,
And the flower and pearl of women,
Was the beauteous Melisanda,
Margravine of Tripoli.

Each one knows that for this lady
Raved the troubadour thenceforward;
Her alone he sang, and shortly
Château Blay no more could hold him;

And he hasten'd thence. At Cette
Took he ship, but on the ocean
He fell ill, and sick and dying
He arriv'd at Tripoli.

Here at length, on Melisanda
He, too, gazed with eyes all-loving,
Which that self-same hour were cover'd
By the darksome shades of death.

Singing his last song of love,
He expired before the feet
Of his lady Melisanda,
Margravine of Tripoli.*

Wonderful was the resemblance
In the fate of these two poets!
Save that in old age the former
His great pilgrimage commenced.

And Jehuda ben Halevy
At his mistress' feet expired,
And his dying head, it rested
On Jerusalem's dear knees

WHEN the fight at Arabella
Had been won, great Alexander
Placed Darius' land and people,
Court and harem, horses, women,

Elephants, and daric coins,
Crown and sceptre, golden lumber—
Placed them all inside his spacious
Macedonian pantaloons.

In the tent of great Darius,
Who himself had fled, because he
Fear'd he also might be placed there,
The young hero found a casket.

* See also this story in Book I. of the "Romancero."

'Twas a little golden box,
Richly ornamented over
With incrusted stones and cameos,
And with miniature devices.

Now this casket, in itself
Of inestimable value,
Served to hold the priceless treasures
Of the monarch's body-jewels.

All the latter Alexander
On his brave commanders lavish'd,
Smiling at the thought of men
Childlike loving colour'd pebbles.

One fair valuable gem he
To his mother dear presented;
'Twas the signet ring of Cyrus,
Turn'd into a brooch henceforward.

To his famous old preceptor
Aristotle he presented
A fine onyx for his splendid
Cabinet of natural history.

In the casket were some pearls too,
Forming quite a wondrous string,
Which were once to Queen Atossa
Given by the false knave Smerdis;

But the pearls were all quite real,
And the merry victor gave them
To a pretty dancer whom he
Brought from Corinth, named Miss Thais.

In her hair the latter wore them,
In bacchantic fashion streaming,
On that night when she was dancing
At Persepolis, and wildly

In the regal castle hurl'd her
Impious torch, till, loudly crackling,
Soon the flames obtain'd the mastery,
And the fortress laid in ruins.

On the death of beauteous Thais
Who of some bad Babylonian
Illness died at Babylon,
All her pearls were sold by auction

At the public auction-rooms there;
Purchased by a priest from Memphis,
He to Egypt took them with him,
Where they on the toilet table

Of fair Cleopatra glisten'd;
She the finest pearl amongst them
Crush'd and mix'd with wine and swallow'd,
Her friend Antony to banter.

With the final Ommiad monarch
Came the string of pearls to Spain,
And they twined around the turban
Worn at Cord'va by the Caliph.

Abderam the Third he wore them
As his breast-knot at the tourney
Where he pierced through thirty golden
Rings, and fair Zuleima's bosom.

When the Moorish race was vanquish'd,
Then the Christians gain'd possession
Of the pearls, which rank'd thenceforward
As crown-jewels of Castile.

Their most Cath'lic Majesties,
Queens of Spain, were wont to wear them
On all court and state occasions,
At all bullfights, grand processions,

And at each auto da fé,
When they took their pleasure, sitting
At the balcony, in sniffing
Up the smell of burnt old Jews.

Later still, old Mendizabel,
Satan's grandson, pawn'd these jewels,
Vainly hoping thus to meet the
Deficit in the finances.

At the Tuileries the jewels
Finally appear'd again,
Glittering on the neck of Madame
Salomon, the Baroness.

With the fair pearls thus it happened.—
Less adventurous the fortune
Of the casket, Alexander
Keeping it for his own use.

He the songs enclosed within it
Of ambrosia-scented Homer,
His great fav'rite, and the casket
All night long was wont to stand

At his bed's head; when the monarch
Slept, the heroes' airy figures
Came from out it, o'er his visions
Creeping in fantastic fashion.

Other times and other birds too—
I myself have erst delighted
In the stories of the actions
Of Pelides, of Odysseus.

All then seem'd so sunny-golden
And so purple to my spirit,
Vine-leaves twined around my forehead,
And the trumpets flourish'd loudly.

Hush, no more! All broken lieth
Now my haughty victor-chariot,
And the panthers, who once drew it,
Now are dead, as are the women

Who, to sound of drum and cymbal,
Danced around, and I myself
Writhe upon the ground in anguish,
Weak and crippled—hush, no more!

Hush, no more! we now are speaking
Of the casket of Darius,
And within myself thus thought I:
Should I e'er possess the casket,

And not be obliged to change it
Into cash, for want of money,
I would then enclose within it
All the poems of our Rabbi,—

All Jehuda ben Halevy's
Festal songs and lamentations,
And Ghaselas, the description
Of his pilgrimage—the whole I

Would have written on the cleanest
Parchment by the best of scribes,
And the manuscript deposit
In the little golden casket.

This should stand upon the table
Near my bed, and then, whenever
Friends appear'd and were astonish'd
At the beauty of the trinket,—

At the wondrous bas-reliefs,
Small in size, and yet so perfect
Notwithstanding,—at the jewels
Of such size incrusted on it,—

I should smilingly address them:
That is but the vulgar covering
That contains a nobler treasure—
In this casket there are lying

Diamonds, whose light doth mirror
And reflect the light of heaven,
Rubies glowing as the heart's blood,
Turquoises of spotless beauty,

And fair emeralds of promise,
Likewise pearls of greater value
Than the pearls to Queen Atossa
Given by the false knave Smerdis,

And that afterwards were worn by
All the notabilities
Who this mundane earth have dwelt in,
Thais first, then Cleopatra,

Priests of Isis, Moorish princes,
And the queens of old Hispania,
And at last the worthy Madame
Salomon, the Baroness.—

For those pearls of world-wide glory
After all are but the mucus
Of a poor unhappy oyster
Lying sickly in the ocean;

But the pearls within this casket
Are the offspring of a beauteous
Human spirit, far far deeper
Than the ocean's deepest depths,—

For they are the pearly tears
Of Jehuda ben Halevy,
That he over the destruction
Of Jerusalem let fall.

Pearly tears, which, join'd together
By the golden threads of rhythm,
As a song from poesy's
Golden smithy have proceeded.

And this song of pearly tears
Is the famous lamentation
That is sung in all the scatter'd
And far-distant tents of Jacob

On the ninth day of the month Ab,
That sad anniversary
Of Jerusalem's destruction
By the Emperor Vespasian.

Yes, it is the song of Zion
That Jehuda ben Halevy
Sang when dying on the holy
Ruins of Jerusalem.

Barefoot and in lowly garments
Sat he there upon the fragment
Of a pillar that had fallen,
Till upon his breast there fell

Like a gray old wood his hair,
Shading over in strange fashion
His afflicted pallid features,
With his eyes so like a spectre's.

In this manner sat he, singing,
In appearance like a minstrel
From the times of old, like ancient
Jeremiah, grave-arisen.

Soon the birds around the ruins
By his numbers' mournful cadence
All were tamed, and e'en the vulture
Drew near list'ning, almost pitying,—

But an impious Saracen
Came one day in that direction,
On his charger in his stirrups
Balancing, his bright lance wielding,

And the breast of our poor singer
With this deadly spear transfix'd he,
And then gallop'd off instanter
Wing'd as though a shadowy figure.

Calmly flow'd the Rabbi's life-blood,
Calmly to its termination
Sang he his sweet song,—his dying
Sigh was still—Jerusalem!

It is said in olden legend
That the Saracen was really
Not a wicked cruel mortal,
But an angel in disguise,

Sent from the bright realms of heaven
To remove God's favourite
From the earth, and to advance him
Painlessly to those blest regions.

There, 'tis said, there waited for him
A reception highly flatt'ring
In its nature to the poet,
Quite a heavenly surprise.

Solemnly with strains of music
Came the angelic choir to meet him,
And instead of hymns, he heard them
Singing his own lovely verses,

Synagoguish Wedding-Carmen,
Hymeneal Sabbath numbers,
With their well-known and exulting
Melodies—what notes enthralling!

While some angels play'd the hautboy
Others play'd upon the fiddle;
Others handled the bass-viol,
Others beat the drum and cymbal.

Sweetly all the music sounded.
Sweetly through the far-extending
Vaults of Heaven these strains re-echoed:
Lecho Daudi Likras Kalle!

4.

MY good wife is not contented
With the chapter just concluded
And especially the portion
Speaking of Darius' casket.

Almost bitterly observes she.
That a husband with pretensions
To religion, into money
Straightway would convert the casket,

That he with it might be able
For his poor and lawful spouse
That nice Cashmere shawl to purchase
That she stands so much in need of.

That Jehuda ben Halevy
Would, she fancies, with sufficient
Honour be preserved, if guarded
In a pretty box of pasteboard,

Deck'd with Chinese elegant
Arabesques, like those enchanting
Sweetmeat-boxes of Marquis
In the Passage Panorama.

"Very strange it is,"—she added,—
"That I never heard the name of
"This remarkable old poet,
"This Jehuda ben Halevy."

Darling little wife, I answer'd,
Your delightful ignorance
But too well the gaps discloses
In the education given

In the boarding schools of Paris,
Where the girls, the future mothers
Of a proud and freeborn nation,
Learn the elements of knowledge.

All about the dry old mummies,
And embalm'd Egyptian Pharaohs,
Merovingian shadowy monarchs,
With perukes devoid of powder,

And the pig-tail'd kings of China,
Lords of porcelain and pagodas,—
This they know by heart and fully,
Clever girls,—but, O, good heavens

If you ask for any great names
From the glorious golden ages
Of Arabian-ancient-Spanish
Jewish schools of poetry,—

If you ask for those three worthies,
For Jehuda ben Halevy,
For great Solomon Gabirol,
Or for Moses Iben Esra,

If you ask for these or suchlike,
Then the children stare upon us
With a look of stupid wonder,
And in fact seem quite dumb-founded.

Let me then advise you, dearest,
These neglected points to study,
And to take to learning Hebrew
Leaving theatres and concerts.

When a few years to these studies
Have been given, you'll be able
In the' original to read them,
Iben Esra and Gabirol,

And Halevy in addition,
That triumvirate poetic,
Who evoked the sweetest music
From the instrument of David.

Alcharisi. who, I'll wager,
Is to you unknown, although he
A Voltairian was, six hundred
Years before Voltaire's time, spoke thus :

"In his thoughts excels Gabirol,
" And the thinker most he pleases ;
" Iben Esra shines in art, and
" Is the fav'rite of the artist.

" But Jehuda ben Halevy
" Is in both a perfect master,
" And at once a famous poet
" And a universal fav'rite."

Iben Esra was a friend,
And I rather think, a cousin
Of Jehuda ben Halevy,
Who in his famed book of travels

Bitterly complains how vainly
He had sought through all Granada
For his friend, and only found there
His friend's brother, the physician,

Rabbi Meyer. poet likewise,
And the father of the beauty
Who in Iben Esra's bosom
Kindled such a hopeless passion.

That he might forget his niece, he
Took in hand his pilgrim's staff,
Like so many of his colleagues,
Living restlessly and homeless.

Tow'rd Jerusalem he wander'd,
When some Tartars fell upon him,
Fasten'd him upon a steed's back,
And to their wild deserts took him.

Duties there devolved upon him
Quite unworthy of a Rabbi,
Still less fitted for a poet—
He was made to milk the cows.

Once, as he beneath the belly
Of a cow was sitting squatting,
Fing'ring hastily her udder,
While the milk the tub was filling,—

A position quite unworthy
Of a Rabbi, of a poet,—
Melancholy came across him,
And to sing a song began he.

And he sang so well and sweetly,
That the Khan, the horde's old chieftain,
Who was passing by, was melted,
And he gave the slave his freedom,

And he likewise gave him presents,
Gave a fox-skin, and a lengthy
Saracenic mandoline,
And some money for his journey.

Poets' fate! an evil star 'tis,
Which the offspring of Apollo
Worried unto death, and even
Did not spare their noble father,

When he, after Daphne lurking,
In the fair nymph's snowy body's
Stead, embraced the laurel only,—
He the great divine Schlemihl!

Yes, the glorious Delphic god is
A Schlemihl, and e'en the laurel
That so proudly crowns his forehead
Is a sign of his Schlemihldom.

What the word Schlemihl betokens
Well we know. Long since Chamisso
Rights of German citizenship
Gain'd it (of the word I'm speaking).

But its origin has ever,
Like the holy Nile's far sources,
Been unknown. Upon this subject
Many a night have I been poring.

Many a year ago I travell'd
To Berlin, to see Chamisso
On this point, and from the dean sought
Information of Schlemihl.

But he could not satisfy me,
And referr'd me on to Hitzig,
Who had made the first suggestion
Of the family name of Peter

Shadowless. I straightway hired
The first cab, and quickly hasten'd
To the magistrate Herr Hitzig,
Who was formerly call'd Itzig.

When he still was known as Itzig,
In a vision saw he written
His own name high in the heavens,
And in front the letter H.

"What's the meaning of this H?"
Ask'd he of himself. "Herr Itzig
"Or the Holy Itzig? Holy
"Is a pretty title. Not, though,

"Suited for Berlin." At length he,
Tired of thinking, took the name of
Hitzig, and his best friends only
Know the H stood for Holy.

"Holy Hitzig!" said I therefore
When I saw him, "have the goodness
"To explain the derivation
"Of the word Schlemihl, I pray you."

Many circumbendibuses
Took the holy one—he could not
Recollect,—and made excuses
In succession like a Christian,

Till at length I burst the buttons
In the breeches of my patience,
And began to swear so fiercely,
In such very impious fashion,

That the worthy pietist,
Pale as death, with trembling knees,
Forthwith gratified my wishes,
And the following story told me:

"In the Bible it is written
"How, while wandering in the desert,
"Israel oft committed whoredom
"With the daughters fair of Canaan.

"Then it came to pass that Phinehas
"Chanced to see the noble Zimri
"Thus engaged in an intrigue
"With a Canaanitish woman.

"Straightway in his fury seized he
"On his spear, and put to death
"Zimri on the very spot.—Thus
"In the Bible 'tis recounted.

"But, according to an oral
"Old tradition 'mongst the people,
"'Twas not Zimri that was really
"Stricken by the spear of Phinehas;

"But the latter, blind with fury,
"In the sinner's place, by ill-luck
"Chanced to kill a guiltless person,
"Named Schlemihl ben Zuri Schadday."—

He, then, this Schlemihl the First,
Was the ancestor of all the
Race Schlemihlian. We're descended
From Schlemihl ben Zuri Schadday.

Certainly no wondrous actions
Are preserved of his; we only
Know his name, and in addition
Know that he was a Schlemihl.

But a pedigree is valued
Not according to its fruits, but
Its antiquity alone—
Ours three thousand years can reckon.

Years come round, and years then vanish—
Full three thousand years have fleeted
Since the death of our forefather
This Schlemihl ben Zuri Schadday.

Phinehas, too, has long been dead,
But his spear is in existence,
And incessantly we hear it
Whizzing through the air above us.

And the noblest hearts it pierces—
Both Jehuda ben Halevy,
Also Moses Iben Esra,
And it likewise struck Gabirol,

Yes, Gabirol, that truehearted
God-devoted Minnesinger,
That sweet nightingale, who sang to
God instead of to a rose,—

That sweet nightingale who caroll'd
Tenderly his loving numbers
In the darkness of the Gothic
Mediæval night of earth!

Undismay'd and caring nothing
For grimaces or for spirits,
Or the chaos of delirium
And of death those ages haunting,

Our sweet nightingale thought only
Of the Godlike One he loved so,
Unto Whom he sobb'd his love,
Whom his hymns were glorifying.

Thirty springs Gabirol witness'd
On this earth, but loud-tongued Fama
Trumpeted abroad the glory
Of his fame through every country.

Now at Cordova, his home, he
Had a Moor as nextdoor neighbour,
Who wrote verses, like the other,
And the poet's glory envied.

When he heard the poet singing,
Then the Moor's bile straight flow'd over,
And the sweetness of the songs was
Bitter wormwood to this base one.

He enticed his hated rival
To his house one night, and slew him
There, and then the body buried
In the garden in its rear.

But behold! from out the spot
Where the body had been hidden,
Presently there grew a fig-tree
Of the most enchanting beauty.

All its fruit was long in figure,
And of strange and spicy sweetness
He who tasted it, sank into
Quite a dreamy state of rapture.

'Mongst the people on the subject
Much was said aloud or whisper'd,
Till at length the rumour came to
The illustrious Caliph's ears.

He with his own tongue first tasted
This strange fig-phenomenon,
And then form'd a strict commission
Of inquiry on the matter.

Summarily they proceeded;
On the owner of the tree's soles
Sixty strokes of the bamboo they
Gave, and then his crime confess'd he.

Thereupon they tore the tree up
By its roots from out the ground,
And the body of the murder'd
Man Gabirol was discover'd.

He was buried with due honour,
And lamented by his brethren,
And the selfsame day they also
Hang'd the Moor at Cordova.

DISPUTATION.

IN the Aula at Toledo
Loudly are the trumpets blowing;
To the spiritual tourney,
Gaily dress'd, the crowd are going.

This is no mere worldly combat,
  Not one arm of steel here glances;
Sharply pointed and scholastic
  Words are here the only lances.

Gallant Paladins here fight not,
  Ladies' honest fame defending;
Capuchins and Jewish Rabbis
  Are the knights who're here contending.

In the place of helmets are they
  Scull caps and capouches wearing;
Scapular and *Arbecanfess*
  Are the armour they are bearing.

Which God is the one true God?
  He, the Hebrew stern and glorious
Unity, whom Rabbi Juda
  Of Navarre would see victorious?

Or the triune God, whom Christians
  Hold in love and veneration,
As whose champion Friar Jose,
  The Franciscan, takes his station?

By the might of weighty reasons,
  And the logic taught at college,
And quotations from the authors
  Whose repute one must acknowledge,

Either champion *ad absurdum*
  His opponent would bring duly,
And the pure divinity
  Of his own God point out truly.

'Tis laid down that he whose foeman
  Manages his cause to smother,
Should be bound to take upon him
  The religion of the other,

And the Jew be duly christen'd,—
  This was the express provision,—
On the other hand the Christian
  Bear the rite of circumcision.

Each one of the doughty champions
  Has eleven comrades by him,
All to share his fate determined,
  And for weal or woe keep nigh him.

While the monks who back the friar
  With assurance full and steady
Hold the holy-water vessels
  For the rite of christening ready,

Swinging sprinkling-brooms and censers,
  Whence the incense smoke is rising,—
All their adversaries briskly
  Whet their knives for circumcising.

By the lists within the hall stand,
  Ready for the fray, both forces,
And the crowd await the signal,
  Eager for the knights' discourses.

'Neath a golden canopy,
  While their courtiers duly flatter,
Both the king and queen are sitting;
  Quite a child appears the latter.

With a small French nose, her features
  Are in roguishness not wanting,
And the ever laughing rubies
  Of her mouth are quite enchanting.

Fragile fair inconstant flower,—
  May the grace of God be with her!—
From the merry town of Paris
  She has been transplanted hither,

To the country where the Spanish
  Old grandees' stiff manners gall her:
Whilome known as Blanche de Bourbon,
  Donna Blanca now they call her.

And the monarch's name is Pedro,
  With the nickname of The Cruel;
But to-day, in gentle mood, he
  Looks as if he ne'er could do ill.

With the nobles of his court he
  Enters into conversation,
And both Jew and Moor addresses
  With a courteous salutation.

For these sons of circumcision
  Are the monarch's favourite creatures;
They command his troops, and also
  In finances are his teachers.

Suddenly the drums 'gin beating,
  And the trumpets' bray announces
That the conflict is beginning.
  Where each knight the other trounces.

The Franciscan monk commences,
  Bursting into furious passion,
And his voice, now harsh, now growling,
  Blusters in a curious fashion.

Father, Son, and Holy Spirit
  In one sentence he comprises,
And the seed accurst of Jacob
  In the Rabbi exorcises.

For in suchlike controversies
  Little devils oft are hidden
In the Jews, and give them sharpness,
  Wit, and arguments when bidden.

Having thus expell'd the devil
  By his mighty exorcism,
Comes the monk, dogmatically,
  Quoting from the catechism.

He recounts how in the Godhead
  Persons three are comprehended,
Who, whenever they so will it,
  Into one are straightway blended.

'Tis a mystery unfolded
  But to those who, in due season,
Have escaped from out the prison
  And the chains of human reason.

He recounts how God was born at
  Bethlehem, of a tenderhearted
Virgin, whose divine unsullied
  Innocency ne'er departed.

How they laid the Lord Almighty
  In a lowly stable manger,
Where the calf and heifer meekly
  Stood around the newborn stranger.

He recounts, too, how the Lord
  From King Herod's minions flying,
Went to Egypt, how still later
  Death's sharp pangs he suffer'd, dying

In the time of Pontius Pilate,
  Who subscribed his condemnation,
Urged on by the Jews and cruel
  Pharisees' confederation.

He recounts, too, how the Lord,
  Bursting from the tomb's dark prison
On the third day, into heaven
  Had in glorious triumph risen;

How, when 'tis the proper time, he
  Would return to earth in splendour,
At Jehoshaphat, to judge there
  Every quick and dead offender.

"Tremble, Jews," exclaim'd the friar,
  "At the God whom ye tormented
"Cruelly with thorns and scourges,
  "To whose death ye all consented.

"Jews, ye were his murderers! nation
  "Of vindictive fierce behaviour!
"Him who comes to free you, still ye
  "Slay,—ye murder him, the Saviour.

"Jews, the carrion where the demons
  "Coming from the lower regions
"Dwell, your bodies are the barracks
  "Of the devil's wicked legions.

"Thomas of Aquinas says so,
  "He is famed in Christian story,
"Call'd the mighty ox of learning,
  "Orthodoxy's light and glory.

"Villain race of Jews! you're nought but
  "Wolves, hyenas, jackals hateful,
"Church-yard prowlers, who deem only
  "Flesh of corpses to be grateful.

"Jews, O Jews! you're hogs and monkeys,
  "Monsters cruel and perfidious,
"Whom they call rhinocerosses,
  "Crocodiles and vampires hideous.

"Ye are ravens, owls, and screech-owls,
  "Bats and miserable lapwings,
"Gallows'-birds and cockatrices,
  "Very scum of all that flap wings!

"Ye are vipers, ye are blindworms,
"Rattlesnakes, disgusting adders,
"Poisonous toads —Christ soon will surely
"Tread you out like empty bladders!

"Or, accursèd people, would ye
"Save your souls so wretched rather?
"Flee the synagogues of evil,
"Seek the bosom of your Father.

"Flee to love's bright radiant churches,
"Where the well of mercy bubbles
"For your sakes in hallow'd basins,—
"Hide your heads there from your troubles.

"Wash away the ancient Adam,
"And the vices that deface it;
"From your hearts the stains of rancour
"Wash, and grace shall then replace it.

"Hear ye not the Saviour speaking?
"O how well your new names suit you!
"Cleanse yourselves upon Christ's bosom
"From the vermin that pollute you.

"Yes, our God is very love, is
"Like a lamb that's dearly cherish'd,
"And our vices to atone for,
"On the cross with meekness perish'd.

"Yes, our God is very love, his
"Name is Jesus Christ the blessèd;
"Of his patience and submission
"We aspire to be possessèd.

"Therefore are we meek and gentle,
"Courteous, never in a passion,
"Fond of peace and charitable,
"In the Lamb the Saviour's fashion.

"We in heaven shall be hereafter
"Into angels blest converted,
"Wandering there in bliss with lily
"Blossoms in our hands inserted.

"In the place of cowls, the purest
"Robes shall we when there be wearing,
"Made of silk, brocades, and muslin,
"Golden lace and ribbons flaring.

" No more bald pates! Round our heads there
" Will be floating golden tresses;
" While our hair some charming virgin
" Into pretty topknots dresses.

" Winecups will be there presented
" Of circumference so spacious,
" That, compared with them, the goblets
" Made on earth are not capacious.

" On the other hand, much smaller
" Than the mouths of earthly ladies
" Will the mouth be of each woman
" Who in heaven our solace made is.

" Drinking, kissing, laughing will we
" Pass through endless ages proudly,
" Singing joyous Hallelujahs,
" Kyrie Eleyson loudly."

Thus the Christian ended, and the
Monks believed illumination
Pierced each heart, and so prepared for
The baptismal operation.

But the water-hating Hebrews
Shook themselves with scornful grinning
Rabbi Juda of Navarre thus
His reply meanwhile beginning:

" That thou for thy seed mightst dung
" My poor soul's bare field devoutly,
" With whole dung-carts of abuse thou
" Hast in truth befoul'd me stoutly.

" Every one the method follows
" To his taste best calculated,
" And instead of being angry,
" Thank you, I'm propitiated.

" Your fine trinitarian doctrine
" We poor Jews can never swallow,
" Though from earliest days of childhood
" Wont the rule of three to follow.

" That three persons in your Godhead
" And no more, are comprehended,
" Moderate appears; the ancients
" On six thousand gods depended.

"Quite unknown to me the God is
"Whom you call the Christ, good brother;
"Nor have I e'er had the honour
"To have met his virgin mother.

"I regret that some twelve hundred
"Years back, as your speech confesses,
"At Jerusalem he suffer'd
"Certain disagreeablenesses.

"That the Jews in truth destroy'd him
"Rests upon your showing solely,
"Seeing the delicti corpus
"On the third day vanish'd wholly.

"It is equally uncertain
"Whether he was a connection
"Of our God, who had no children—
"In, at least, our recollection.

"Our great God, like some poor lambkin,
"For humanity would never
"Perish; for such philanthropic
"Actions he is far too clever.

"Our great God of love knows nothing,
"Never to affection yields he,
"For he is a God of vengeance,
"And as God his thunders wields he.

"Nothing can his wrathful lightnings
"From the sinner turn or soften,
"And the latest generations
"For the fathers' sins pay often.

"Our great God, he lives for ever
"In his heavenly halls in glory,
"And, compared with him, eternal
"Ages are but transitory.

"Our great God, he is a hearty
"God, not like the myths that fright us,
"Pale and lean as any wafer,
"Or the shadows by Cocytus.

"Our great God is strong. He graspeth
"Sun and moon and constellation;
"Thrones are crush'd, and people vanish
"When he frowns in indignation.

" And he is a mighty God.
  " David sings: We cannot measure
" All his greatness, earth's his footstool,
  " And is subject to his pleasure.

" Our great God loves music dearly,
  " Lute and song to him are grateful;
" But, like grunts of sucking pigs, he
  " Finds the sounds of churchbells hateful.

" Great Leviathan the fish is
  " Who beneath the ocean strayeth,
" And with him the Lord Almighty
  " For an hour each morning playeth.

" With the exception of the ninth day
  " Of the month Ab, that sad morrow,
" When they burnt his holy temple;
  " On that day too great's his sorrow.

" Just one hundred miles in length is
  " The Leviathan; each fin is
" Big as Og the King of Basan,
  " And his tail no cedar thin is.

" Yet his flesh resembles turtle,
  " And its flavour is perfection,
" And the Lord will ask to dinner
  " On the day of resurrection

" All his own elect, the righteous,
  " Those whose faith was firm and stable,
" And this fish, the Lord's own favourite,
  " Will be set upon the table,

" Partly dress'd with garlic white sauce,
  " Partly stew'd in wine and toasted,
" Dress'd with raisins and with spices,
  " Much resembling matelotes roasted.

" Little slices of horseradish
  " Will the white sauce much embellish;
" So make ready, Friar Jose,
  " To devour the fish with relish.

" And the raisin sauce I spoke of
  " Makes a most delicious jelly,
" And will be full well adapted,
  " Friar Jose, to thy belly.

"What God cooks, is quite perfection—
"Monk, my honest counsel follow,
"And be circumcised, your portion
"Of Leviathan to swallow."—

Thus the Rabbi to allure him
Spoke with inward mirth insulting,
And the Jews, with pleasure grunting,
Brandish'd all their knives exulting,

To cut off the forfeit foreskins,
Victors after all the fighting,
Genuine spolia opima
In this conflict so exciting.

But the monks to their religion
Stuck, despite the Jews' derision,
And were equally reluctant
To submit to circumcision.

Next the Catholic converter
Answer'd, when the Jew had finish'd,
His abuse again repeating,
Full of fury undiminish'd.

Then the Rabbi with a cautious
Ardour, with his answer follow'd;
Though his heart was boiling over,
All his rising gall he swallow'd.

He appeals unto the Mischna,
Treatises and commentaries,
And with extracts from the Tausves-
Jontof his quotations varies.

But what blasphemy now speaks the
Friar, arguments in want of!
He exclaim'd: "I wish the devil
"Had your stupid Tausves-Jontof!"

"This surpasses all, good heavens!"
Fearfully the Rabbi screeches,
And his patience lasts no longer,
Like a maniac's soon his speech is.

"If the Tausves-Jontof's nothing,
"What is left? O vile detractor!
"Lord, avenge this foul transgression!
"Punish, Lord, this malefactor!

" For the Tausves-Jontof, God,
" Is thyself! And on the daring
" Tausves-Jontof's base denier
" Thou must vent thy wrath unsparing.

" Let the earth consume him, like the
" Wicked band of Cora, quickly,
" Who their plots and machinations
" Sow'd against thee, Lord, so thickly.

" Punish, O my God, his baseness!
" Thunder forth thy loudest thunder;
" Thou with pitch and brimstone Sodom
" And Gomorrha didst bring under.

" Strike these Capuchins with vigour,
" As of yore thou struckest Pharaoh
" Who pursued us, as well-laden
" Flying from his land we were, Oh!

" Knights a hundred thousand follow'd
" This proud monarch of Mizrayim,
" In steel armour, with bright weapons
" In their terrible Jadayim.

" Lord, thy right hand then extending,
" Pharaoh and his host were smitten
" In the Red Sea, and were drown'd there
" As we drown a common kitten.

" Strike these Capuchins with vigour,
" Show the wicked wretches clearly
" That the lightnings of thine anger
" Are not smoke and bluster merely.

" Then thy triumph's praise and glory
" I will sing and tell of proudly;
" And moreover will, like Miriam,
" Dance and play the timbrel loudly."

Then the monk with equal passion
Answer'd thus the furious Rabbi:
" Villain, may the Lord destroy thee,
" Damnable, accurst, and shabby!

" I can well defy your devils
" Whom the Evil One created,
" Lucifer and Beelzebub,
" Astaroth and Belial hated.

" I can well defy your spirits,
" And your hellish tricks unhallow'd,
" For in me is Jesus Christ, since
" I his body blest have swallow'd.

" Christ my only favourite food is,
" Than Leviathan more savoury,
" With its boasted garlic white sauce
" Cook'd by Satan, full of knavery.

" Ah! instead of thus disputing,
" I would sooner roast and bake you
" With your comrades on the warmest
" Funeral pile, the devil take you!"

Thus for God and faith the tourney
Goes on in confusion utter;
But in vain the doughty champions
Screech and rail and storm and splutter.

For twelve hours the fight has lasted,
Neither side gives signs of tiring,
But the public fast grow weary,
And the ladies are perspiring.

And the Court, too, grows impatient,
Ladies make with yawns suggestions;
To the lovely queen the monarch
Turns and asks the following questions:

" Tell me, what is your opinion?
" Which is right, and which the liar?
" Will you give your verdict rather
" For the Rabbi or the friar?"

Donna Blanca gazes on him,
Thoughtfully her hands she presses
With closed fingers on her forehead,
And the monarch thus addresses:

" Which is right, I cannot tell you,
" But I have a shrewd suspicion
" That the Rabbi and the monk are
" Both in stinking bad condition."

LATEST POEMS.

(1853-4.)

1. PEACE YEARNING.

O LET thy wounds bleed on, and let
  Thy tears for ever flow unbidden—
In sorrow revels secret joy,
  And a sweet balm in tears is hidden.

If strangers' hand did wound thee not,
  Thou by thyself must needs be wounded;
Thank God with all thy heart, if tears
  To wet thy cheek have e'er abounded.

The noise of day is hush'd, and night
  In long dark mantle comes from heaven;
While in her arms, nor fool nor dolt
  Can break the rest to soothe thee given.

Here thou art safe from music's noise,
  And from the piano's hammer-hammer,
From the grand opera's pompous notes,
  And the bravura's fearful clamour.

Here thou art not pursued, nor plagued
  By endless crowds of idle smatt'rers;
Nor by the genius Giacomo,*
  And all the clique of world-known chatt'rers.

O grave, thou art the Paradise
  Of ears that shun the rabble's chorus;
Death's good indeed, yet better 'twere
  Our loving mothers never bore us.

2. IN MAY.

THE friends whom I kiss'd and caress'd of yore
  Have treated me now with cruelty sore;
My heart is fast breaking. The sun, though, above
With smiles is hailing the sweet month of love.

* Meyerbeer.

Spring blooms around. In the greenwood is heard
The echoing song of each happy bird,
And flowers and girls wear a maidenly smile—
O beauteous world, I hate thee the while;

Yes, Orcus' self I wellnigh praise;
No contrasts vain torment there our days;
For suffering hearts 'tis better below,
There where the Stygian night-waters flow.

That sad and melancholy stream,
And the Stymphalides' dull scream,
The Furies singsong, so harsh and shrill,
With Cerberus' bark the pauses to fill,—

These match full well with sorrow and pain.
In Proserpine's accursèd domain,
In the region of shadows, the valley of sighs,
All with our tears doth harmonize.

But here above, like hateful things,
The sun and the rose inflict their stings;
I'm mock'd by the heavens so May-like and blue—
O beauteous world, I hate thee anew!

3. BODY AND SOUL.

POOR soul doth to the body say:
I'll never leave thee, but I'll stay
With thee; yea, I with thee will sink
In death and night, destruction drink.
Thou ever wert my second I,
And round me clungest lovingly,
As though a dress of satin bright,
All lined throughout with ermine white—
Alas! I've come to nakedness,
A mere abstraction, bodiless,
Reduced a blessèd nullity
In yon bright realms of light to be,
In the cold halls of heaven up yonder,
Where the Immortals silent wander,
And gape upon me, clatt'ring by
In leaden slippers wearily.
'Tis quite intolerable; stay,
Stay with me, my dear body, pray.

The body to poor soul replied:
Cheer up, be not dissatisfied!
We peacefully must learn to bear
What Fate apportions as our share.
I was the lamp's wick; I must now
Consume away; the spirit, thou,
Wilt be selected by-and-by
To sparkle as a star on high
Of purest radiance. I'm but rags.
Mere stuff, like rotten tinder bags,
Collapsing fast, and nothing worth,
Becoming, what I was, mere earth.

Farewell! take comfort, cease complaining;
Perchance 'tis far more entertaining
In heaven than now supposed by thee.
If thou shouldst e'er the great bear see
(Not Meyer-beer*) in those bright climes,
Greet him from me a thousand times.

4. RED SLIPPERS.

A WICKED cat, grown old and gray,
That she was a shoemaker chose to say,
And put before her window a board
Where slippers for young maidens were stored;
While some were of morocco made,
Others of satin were there display'd;
Of velvet some, with edges of gold,
And figured strings, all gay to behold.
But fairest of all exposed to view
Was a pair of slippers of scarlet hue;
They gave full many a lass delight
With their gorgeous colours and splendour bright.
A young and snow-white noble mouse
Who chanced to pass the shoemaker's house
First turn'd to look, and then stood still,
And then peep'd over the window sill.
At length she said: "Good day, mother cat:
"You've pretty red slippers, I grant you that.
"If they're not dear, I'm ready to buy,
"So tell me the price, if it's not too high."

* The famous composer, whose real name was Beer.

" My good young lady," the cat replied,
" Pray do me the favour to step inside,
" And honour my house, I venture to pray,
" With your gracious presence. Allow me to say
" That the fairest maidens come shopping to me,
" And duchesses too, of high degree.
" The slippers I'm willing full cheap to sell,
" Yet let us see if they'll fit you well.
" Pray step inside, and take a seat"—

Thus the wily cat did falsely entreat,
And the poor white thing in her ignorance then
Fell plump in the snare in that murderous den.
The little mouse sat down on a chair,
And lifted her small leg up in the air,
In order to try how the red shoes fitted,
A picture of innocent calm to be pitied.
When sudden the wicked cat seized her fast,
Her murderous talons around her cast,
And bit right off her poor little head.
"My dear white creature," the cat then said,
" My sweet little mouse, you're as dead as a rat.
" The scarlet red slippers that served me so pat
" I'll kindly place on the top of your tomb,
" And when is heard, on the last day of doom,
" The sound of the trump, O mouse so white,
" From out of your grave you'll come to light,
" Like all the rest, and then you'll be able
" To wear your red slippers." Here ends my fable.

MORAL.

YE little white mice, take care where you go,
And don't be seduced by worldly show;
I counsel you sooner barefooted to walk,
Than buy slippers of cats, however they talk.

5. BABYLONIAN SORROWS.

I'M summon'd by death. I'd fain, my love,
Have left thee behind in a wood to rove,
In one of those forests of firs so drear,
Where vultures build, and wolves' howlings we hear,
Where the wild sow fearfully grunts evermore,
The lawful spouse of the light-grey boar.

I'm summon'd by death. 'Twere better far
If I, where the stormy billows are,
Had had to leave thee, my wife, my child,
And straightway the northpole's tempest wild
The waters had flogg'd, and out of the deep
The hideous monsters that in it sleep,
The crocodile fierce and the shark, had come
With open jaws, and around thee swum.
Believe me, my child, Matilda, my wife,
That the angry sea, in its wildest strife,
And the cruel forest less dangers give
Than the city where we're now fated to live.
Though fearful the wolf and the vulture may be,
The shark, and the monsters dread of the sea,
Far fiercer, more furious beasts have their birth
In Paris, the capital proud of the earth.
Fair Paris, the singing, so gay in her revels,
That hell to the angels, that heaven to devils.—
That thee I must leave in this dungeon sad,
This drives me crazy, this drives me mad.

With scornful buzzing around my bed
The black flies come; on my nose and head
They perch themselves—detestable race!
Amongst them are some with a human face,
And elephants' trunks (though small in span)
Like the god Ganesa in Hindostan.
In my brain I hear noises and heavy knocks,
It sounds as if they were packing a box,
And my reason departs, alas! alas!
Ere I myself from this earth can pass.

6. THE SLAVE SHIP.

PART I.

THE supercargo Mynher Van Koek
In his cabin sits adding his figures;
He calculates his cargo's amount,
And the probable gain from his niggers.

"My gum and pepper are good: the stock
"Is three hundred chests of all sizes;
"I've gold dust and ivory too in store,
"But the black ware by far the best prize is.

"Six hundred niggers I bought dirt-cheap
"Where the Senegal river is flowing;
"Their flesh is firm, and their sinews tough
"As the finest iron going.

"I got them by barter, and gave in exchange
"Glass beads, steel goods, and some brandy;
"I shall make at least eight hundred per cent.
"With but half of them living and handy.

"If only three hundred niggers are left,
"When I get to Rio Janeiro,
"I shall have a hundred ducats a head
"From the house of Gonzales Perreiro."—

Here all of a sudden Mynher Van Koek
Was disturb'd in his meditation,
For Doctor Van Smissen enter'd in,
The vessel's surgeon by station.

His figure was just as thin as a lath,
And his nose had warts all over;
"Well, worthy Doctor," exclaim'd Van Koek,
"Are my niggers still living in clover?"

The Doctor thank'd him, and said in reply:
"I've come with a tale of disaster;
"Throughout the night, I'm sorry to say,
"The deaths have grown faster and faster.

"The average daily number is two,
"But to-day just seven have died, Sir,—
"Four men and three women; I wrote the loss
"At once in the log as my guide, Sir.

"I closely inspected every corpse,
"For these rascals have often a notion
"To feign themselves dead, in hopes that they
"May be thrown away into the ocean.

"I took the irons from off the dead,
"And according to usual custom
"Next morning early into the sea
"I bid the sailors thrust 'em.

"At once the sharks from out of the waves
"Shot up in countless legions;
"They love full dearly the niggers' flesh,
"My boarders are they in these regions.

" They have follow'd after the track of the ship,
" Since we've left the land in the distance;
" The creatures smell the scent of a corpse
" With ravenous snuffling persistence
" In truth 'tis a capital joke to see
" How after the bodies they follow;
" One takes the head, another a leg,
" While the rest the fragments swallow.
" Then round the ship contented they roll,
" When they've finished their eating and crunching.
" And stare in my face, as if they sought
" To thank me for their luncheon."—
Then spake Van Koek, as he sadly sigh'd,
When the Doctor his story had finish'd:
" How to lessen the evil? In what way best
" Can the rate of the deaths be diminish'd?"
The Doctor replied: " Many niggers have died
" By their own misconduct stealthy;
" Their breath's so bad, that it poisons the air
" In the ship, and makes it unhealthy.
" Through lowness of spirits, too, many have died,
" And ennui, in this dreary stillness;
" I think that air and music and dance
" Would soon remove their illness."—
Then cried Van Koek: " An excellent plan!
" Dear Doctor, I utter no slander,
" When I say that like Aristotle you're wise,
" The tutor of Alexander.
" The Tulip-improvement Society's head
" In the town of Delft may be clever,
" But he hasn't one half of your brains, I'm sure,
" Your equal I've met with never.
" Then, music, music! The niggers all
" On the deck I'll see dancing and kicking,
" And whosoever won't join in the fun
" Shall receive in reward a good licking."

PART II.

ON high, from the heaven's blue canopy,
Many thousand stars are gleaming,
Like the eyes of fair women, so large and clear,
And with looks of yearning beaming.

They're looking down on the ocean below,
  Whose waves in the distance are curling,
In phosphorescent blue vapour all veil'd,
  While the billows are joyously whirling.

Not a sail on the slave-ship is fluttering now,
  As though without tackle she's lying;
But lanthorns are glimmering high on the decks
  Where the dance with the music is vying.

The cook of the vessel is playing the flute,
  The steersman's playing the fiddle,
The trumpet is blown by the Doctor himself,
  And a lad beats the drum in the middle.

A hundred niggers, both women and men,
  Are yelling and whirling and leaping,
As though they were mad; and at every spring
  Their irons the tune are keeping.

They stamp on the ground in uproarious mirth,
  And many a swarthy maiden
Clasps her naked partner with warmth, while at times
  The air with their groanings is laden.

The jailer acts as *maître des plaisirs*,
  And dealing his lashes so fearful,
The weary dancers he stimulates,
  And bids them be merry and cheerful.

So dideldumdei and schneddderedeng!
  The strange unwonted commotion
Aroused from their lazy slumbers below
  The monsters fierce of the ocean.

All-heavy with sleep, the sharks swam up,
  In numbers many a hundred;
They stupidly stared at the ship on high
  With amazement, and blindly wondered.

They see that their usual breakfast time
  Has not come as soon as 'tis wanted,
So they gape and ope wide their throats, their jaws
  With teeth like saws being planted.

And dideldumdei and schneddderedeng!
  There seems no end to the dances;
The sharks grow impatient, and bite themselves
  In the tail with their teeth like lances.

I presume that for music they've got no taste,
  Like many an ignoramus;
Trust not the beast that music loves not,
  Says Albion's poet famous.

And schneddoredeng and didelduml̈dei!
  Not one of the dancers seems lazy;
At the foremast stands Mynher Van Koek,
  And with folded hands thus prays he:

" For Christ's dear sake, O spare, good Lord,
  " The lives of these swarthy sinners;
" If they've anger'd thee e'er, thou know'st they're as dull!
  " As the beasts that we eat for our dinners.

" O spare their lives, for Christ's dear sake,
  " Who died for our salvation;
" For unless I have left me three hundred head,
  " There's an end to my occupation."

7. AFFRONTENBURG.

TIME fleeteth, yet that castle old,
  With all its battlements, its tower,
And simple folk that in it dwelt,
  Appears before me every hour.

I ever see the weathercock
  That on the roof turn'd round so drily;
Each person, ere he spoke a word,
  Was wont to look up tow'rds it slily.

He that would talk, first learnt the wind,
  For fear the ancient grumbler Boreas
Might turn against him suddenly,
  Tormenting him with blast uproarious.

In truth, the wisest held their tongues,
  For in that place an echo sported,
Which, when it answer'd back the voice,
  Each word maliciously distorted.

Amidst the castle garden stood
  A marble fount, with sphinxes round it,
For ever dry, though tears enough
  Had flow'd inside it, to have drown'd it

O most accursèd garden! Ah,
  No single spot was in thy keeping
Wherein my heart had not been sad,
  Wherein my eye had not known weeping.

No single tree did it contain
  Beneath whose shade affronts injurious
Had not against me utter'd been
  By tongues ironical or furious.

The toad that listen'd in the grass
  Unto the rat hath all confided,
Who told his aunt the viper straight
  The news in which himself he prided.

She in her turn told cousin frog,—
  And in this manner each relation
In the whole filthy race soon learnt
  My dire affronts and sad vexation.

The garden roses were full fair,
  And sweet the fragrance that they scatter'd;
Yet early wither'd they and died,
  By a mysterious poison shatter'd.

And next the nightingale was sick
  To death,—that songster loved and cherish'd,
That sang to every rose her song;
  Through her own poison's taste she perish'd.

O most accursèd garden! Yea,
  It was as though a curse oppress'd it;
Oft was I seized by ghostly fear,
  While broad clear daylight still possess'd it.

The green-eyed spectre on me grinn'd,
  Terror with fearful mockery vying,
While from the yew-trees straightway rose
  A sound of groaning, choking, sighing.

At the long alley's end arose
  The terrace where the Baltic Ocean
At time of flood its billows dash'd
  Against the rocks in wild commotion.

There sees one far across the main,
  There stood I oft, in wild dreams roaming
The breakers fill'd my heart as well
  With ceaseless roaring, raging, foaming.

A foaming, raging, roaring 'twas,
As powerless as the billows curling
That the hard rock broke mournfully,
Proudly as they their shocks were hurling.

With envy saw I ships pass by,
Some happier country seeking gladly,
While I am in this castle chain'd
With bonds accurst, and pining sadly.

8. APPENDIX TO "LAZARUS."*

I.

HOLY parables discarding,
And each guess, however pious,
To these awful questions plainly
Seek with answers to supply us:—

Wherefore bends the Just One, bleeding
'Neath the cross's weight laborious,
While upon his steed the Wicked
Rides all-proudly and victorious?

Wherein lies the fault? It is not
That our God is not almighty?
Or hath he himself offended?—
Such a thought seems wild and flighty.

Thus are we for ever asking,
Till at length our mouths securely
With a clod of earth are fasten'd,—
That is not an answer, surely?

II.

MY head by the maiden swarthy but fair
Was press'd 'gainst her bosom with yearning;
But, alas! to grey soon turn'd my hair,
Where had fallen her tears so burning.

She kiss'd me ill, and she kiss'd me lame,
She kiss'd till my eyes were faded;
My spinal marrow dried up became,
By her mouth's wild sucking pervaded.

* See Book II. of "Romancero."

My body is now a corpse, wherein
My spirit is fetter'd closely;
'Tis often angry, and makes a din,
And storms and struggles morosely.

O impotent curses! Not even a fly
Can be kill'd by mere execrations;
Submit to thy fate, and patiently try
To bear Heaven's dispensations.

III.

HOW slowly time is crawling on,
That serpent terrible and creeping!
While I, alas! all-motionless,
On the same spot am ever weeping.

On my dark cell no ray of hope
Hath shone, no sunbeam e'er hath risen;
For nothing but the churchyard's vault
Shall I exchange this fatal prison.

Perchance I long ago did die,
Perchance the phantasies which nightly
Hold in my brain their shifting dance
Are nought but ghostly forms unsightly.

They may full well the spectres be
Of some old heathen gods or devils;
They gladly choose the empty skull
Of a dead poet for their revels.

Those orgies sweet but terrible,
Those nightly ghost-acts, full of warning,
The poet's corpse-hand ofttimes seeks
To place on record in the morning.

IV.

ONCE saw I many a blooming flower
Upon my way, but slothfully
Stoop'd not to pluck them in that hour,
And on my proud steed hasten'd by.

Now when I'm near to death, and languish,
Now when beneath me yawns the tomb,
Oft in my thought, with bitter anguish,
Returns the unheeded flowers' perfume.

But most of all, my brain is burning
  With a bright yellow violet fair;
Wild beauty! How I grieve with yearning,
  To think that I enjoy'd thee ne'er!

My comfort is: Oblivion's waters
  Have not yet lost their olden might
The dull hearts of earth's sons and daughters
  To steep in Lethe's blissful night.

V.

I SAW them laughing, smiling gladly,—
  I saw them ruin'd utterly;
I heard them weeping, dying sadly,—
  And yet I utter'd not a sigh.

Each corpse I as a mourner follow'd,
  Yea, to the churchyard follow'd I.
And then—with appetite I swallow'd,
  My noontide meal, I'll not deny.

I now recall that band long perish'd,
  With feelings sadden'd and oppress'd:
Like sudden glowing love once cherish'd
  They strangely storm within my breast.

And most 'tis Juliet's tears so burning
  That in my memory spring to light;
My sadness turns to ceaseless yearning,
  I call upon her day and night.

In feverish dreams, with soft emotion
  The faded flower oft comes again;
Methinks a posthumous devotion
  To my love's glow it offers then.

O gentle phantom, clasp me often
  With strong and ever stronger power;
Unto my lips press thine, and soften
  The bitterness of this last hour.

VI.

THOU wast a maiden fair, so good and kindly,
  So neat, so cool—in vain I waited blindly
Till came the hour wherein thy gentle heart
Would ope, and inspiration play its part.

Yea, inspiration for those lofty things
Which prose and reason deem but wanderings,
But yet for which the noble, lovely, good
Upon this earth rave, suffer, shed their blood.

Upon the Rhine's fair strand, where vine-hills smile,
Once in glad summer days we roam'd the while.
Bright laugh'd the sun, sweet incense in that hour
Stream'd from the beauteous cup of every flower.

The purple pinks and roses breath'd in turn
Red kisses on us, which like fire did burn;
Even the smallest daisy's faint perfume
Appear'd a life ideal then to bloom.

But thou didst peacefully beside me go,
In a white satin dress, demure and slow,
Like some girl's portrait limn'd by Netscher's art,
A little glacier seem'd to be thy heart.

VII.

AT reason's solemn judgment-seat
Thy full acquittal hath been spoken,
The verdict says: the little one
By word or deed no law hath broken.

Yes, dumb and motionless thou stood'st,
While madd'ning flames were raging through me;
Thou stirredst not, no word thou spak'st,
Yet thou'lt be ever guilty to me.

Throughout my visions every night
A voice accusing ceaseth never
To charge thee with ill will, and say
That thou hast ruin'd me for ever.

It brings its proofs and witnesses,
Its musty rolls from thought long banish'd
And yet at morning, with my dream,
Lo, the accuser too hath vanish'd!

Now hath it in my inmost heart,
With all its records, refuge taken—
One only haunts my memory still:
That I am ruin'd and forsaken.

VIII

THY letter was a flash of lightning,
Illuming night with sudden glow;
It served with dazzling force to show
How deep my misery is, how fright'ning.

E'en thou compassion then didst share,
Who, 'mid my life's sad desolation,
Stood'st, like the sculptor's mute creation,
As cold as marble, and as fair.

O God, how wretched must I be!
For into speech her lips are waking,
From out her eyes the tears are breaking,
The stone feels for me tenderly.

The sight hath fill'd me with confusion;
Have pity, Lord, though thou mayst chasten,
Thy peace bestow, and quickly hasten
This fearful tragedy's conclusion.

IX.

THE true sphynx's form's the same as
Woman's; this I see full clearly;
And the paws and lion's body
Are the poet's fancy merely.

Dark as death is still the riddle
Of this true sphynx. E'en the clever
Son and husband of Jocasta
Such a hard one found out never.

By good luck, though, woman knows not
Her own riddle's explanation;
If the answer she discover'd,
Earth would fall from its foundation.

X.

THREE women sit at the crossway lonely,
They're thinking and spinning,
They're sighing and grinning;
Their very aspect is hideous only.

The distaff the first holds, so placid;
The threads she setteth,
And each one wetteth;
So her hanging-lip is all dry and flaccid.

The spindle the second one dances
In a circle 'tis whirling,
In droll fashion twirling;
The old woman's eyes shoot blood-red glances.

The third Fate's hands, so befitting,
Hold the scissors so dreary,
She hums Miserere,
And sharp is her nose, with a wart on it sitting.

O hasten thee quickly, and sever
My life's thread so sadd'ning,
Escaping this madd'ning
Turmoil of life's distresses for ever!

XI.

I SCORN the heavenly plains above me,
In the blest land of Paradise;
No fairer women there will love me
Than those whom here on earth I prize.

No angel blest, his high flight winging,
Could there replace my darling wife;
To sit on clouds, whilst psalms I'm singing,
Would small enjoyment give to life.

O Lord, methinks 'twere best to leave me
Upon this lower world to dwell;
But first from sufferings reprieve me,
Some money granting me as well.

The world, I know, is overflowing
With sin and misery; yet I
Have learnt full well the art of going
Along its pavement quietly.

Life's bustle cannot now annoy me,
For 'tis but seldom that I roam;
Beside my wife I'd fain employ me
In slippers and loose-coat at home.

Leave me with her! When she is prattling,
My soul drinks in the music dear
Of that sweet voice, so gaily rattling,—
Her look so faithful is and clear!

For health alone and means of living,
  Lord, ask I! Let me stay below
For many a day its blessings giving,
  Beside my wife *in statu quo!*

9. THE DRAGONFLY.

THE beauteous dragonfly's dancing
  By the waves of the rivulet glancing;
She dances here and she dances there,
The glimmering, glitt'ring flatterer fair.

Full many a beetle with loud applause
Admires her dress of azure gauze,
Admires her body's bright splendour,
And also her figure so slender.

Full many a beetle, to his cost,
His modicum small of reason lost;
Her wooers are humming of love and truth,
Brabant and Holland pledging forsooth.

The dragonfly smiled and thus spake she:
" Brabant and Holland are nought to me;
" But haste, if my charms you admire,
" And fetch me a sparklet of fire.

" The cook has just been brought to bed,
" And I my supper must cook instead;
" The coals on the hearth are burnt away,—
" So fetch me a sparklet of fire, I pray."

Scarce had the false one spoken the word,
When off the beetles flew, like a bird.
They seek for fire, and soon they find
Their home in the wood's left far behind.

At length they see a candle's light
In garden-bower burning bright;
And then with amorous senseless aim,
They headlong rush in the candle's flame.

The candle's flame with crackling consumed
The beetles and their fond hearts so doom'd;
While some with their lives did expiation,
Some only lost wings in the conflagration.

O woe to the beetle, whose wings have been
Burnt off! In a foreign land, I ween,
He must crawl on the ground like vermin fell,
With humid insects that nastily smell.

One's bad companions—he's heard to say,—
Are the worst of plagues, in exile's day.
We're forced to converse with every sort
Of noxious creatures, of bugs in short,

Who treat us as though their comrades were we,
Because in the selfsame mud we be.
Of this complain'd old Virgil's scholar,
The poet of exile and hell, with choler.

I think with grief of the happier time,
When I in my glory's well-winged prime
In my native ether was playing,
On sunny flowers was straying.

From rosy calixes food I drew,
Was thought of importance, and wheeling flew
With butterflies all of elegance rare,
And with the cricket, the artist fair.

But since my poor wings I happen'd to burn,
To my fatherland now I ne'er can return;
I'm turn'd to a worm, that will soon expire,
I'm rotting away in foreign mire.

O would that I had never met
The dragonfly, that azure coquette,
With figure so fine and slender,
The fair but cruel pretender!

10. ASCENSION.

THE body lay on the bier of death,
While the poor soul, when gone its breath,
Escaping from earth's constant riot,
Was on its way to heavenly quiet.

Then knock'd it at the portal high,
And spake these words with a heavy sigh.
"Saint Peter, give me inside a place,
"I am so tired of life's hard race.

"On silken pillows I fain would rest
"In heaven's bright realms, and play my best
"With darling angels at blindman's-buff,
"Enjoying repose and bliss enough!"

A clatter of slippers ere long was heard,
A bunch of keys appear'd to be stirr'd,
And out of a lattice, the entrance near,
Saint Peter's visage was seen to peer.

He spake: "The vagabonds come again,
"The gipsies, Poles, and their beggarly train,
"The idlers and the Hottentots—
"They come alone and they come in knots,
"And fain would enter on heaven's bright rest.
"And there be angels, and there be blest.
"Halloa, halloa! For gallows' faces
"Like yours, for such contemptible races
"Were never created the halls of bliss,—
"Your portion's with Satan, far off from this.
"Away, away, and take your flight
"To the black pool of endless night."—

The old man thus growl'd, but hadn't the heart
To continue to play a blustering part,
So added these words, its spirits to cheer:
"Poor soul, in truth thou dost not appear
"To that base troop of rogues to belong—
"Well, well, I'll grant thy desire so strong,
"Because it is my birthday to-day,
"And I feel just now in a merciful way.
"But meanwhile tell me the country and place
"From whence thou comest; and was it the case
"That thou wast married? It happens sometimes
"A husband's patience atones for all crimes;
"A husband need not in hell to be stew'd,
"Nor need we him from heaven exclude."

The soul replied: "From Prussia I came,
"My native town is Berlin by name,
"There ripples the Spree, and in its bed
"The young cadets jump heels over head;
"It overflows kindly, when rains begin—
"A beautiful spot is indeed Berlin!

"I was a private teacher when there,
"And much philosophy read with care.
"I married a chanoinesse—strange to say,
"She quarrell'd frightfully every day,
"Especially when in the house was no bread—
"'Twas this that kill'd me, and now I am dead."

Saint Peter cried: "Alack, alack!
"Philosophy's but the trade of a quack.
"In truth it is a puzzle to me
"Why people study philosophy.
"It is such tedious and profitless stuff,
"And is moreover godless enough;
"In hunger and doubt their votaries dwell,
"Till Satan carries them off to hell.
"Well thy Xantippe might make exclamations
"Against the thin and washy potations
"From whence upon her, with comforting gleam
"No eye of fat could ever beam.
"But now, poor soul, pray comforted be!
"The strictest commands are given to me,
"'Tis true, that each who whilst he did live
"To philosophy used his attention to give,
"Especially to the godless German,
"Should be driven away from hence like vermin.
"Yet 'tis my birthday to-day, as I
"Have said, so there is a reason why
"I'll not reject thee, but ope for a minute
"The gate of heaven—quick, enter within it
"With utmost speed—
"Now all is right!
"The whole of the day, from morn's first light
"Till late in the evening, thou canst walk
"Round heaven at will, and dreamily stalk
"Along its jewel-paved streets so fair;
"But mind, thou must not meddle when there
"With any philosophy, or I shall be
"Soon compromised most terribly.
"When angels thou hearest singing, assume
"A face of rapture, and never of gloom;
"But if an archangel sang the song,
"Be full of inspiration strong,
"And say that Malibran ne'er pretended
"To have a soprano so rich and splendid;

" And ever applaud each tuneful hymn
" Of cherubim and of seraphim.
" Compare them all with Signor Rubini,
" With Mario and Tamburini,
" Give them the title of Excellencies,
" And be not sparing of reverencies.
" The singers in heaven, as well as on earth,
" Have all loved flattery since their birth.
" The world's great Chapel-master on high,
" E'en He is pleased when they glorify
" His works, and delighteth to hear ador'd.
" The wonders of God, the mighty Lord,
" And when a psalm to His glory and praise
" In thickest incense clouds they raise.

" Forget me not. Whenever to thee
" The glory of heaven causes ennui,
" Then hither come, and at cards we'll play.
" All games alike are in my way,
" From doubledummy to faro I'll go,—
" We'll also drink. But, *apropos*,
" If thou should'st meet, when going from hence.
" The Lord, and He should ask thee from whence
" Thou com'st, let no word of Berlin be said,
" But say, from Vienna or Munich instead."

11. THE AFFIANCED ONES.

THOU weep'st, and on me look'st, believing
That thou art for my anguish grieving—
Thou know'st not, wife, that 'tis for thee
The tear escapes thee, not for me.

O tell me if it be not true
That o'er thy spirit sometimes grew
The blest foreboding, showing thee
That we were join'd by fate's decree?
United, bliss was ours below,
But sever'd, nought is ours but woe.

In the great book 'tis written clearly
That we should love each other dearly.
Thy place should be upon my breast,
Here first awoke self-knowledge blest;
From out the realm of plants, with power
'Twas mine to free, to kiss thee, flower!—

Raise thee to me, to highest life,
'Twas mine to give thee soul, my wife.

Now, when reveal'd the riddles stand,
When in the hour-glass is the sand
Run out, weep not, 'tis order'd so—
Alone thou'lt wither, when I go;
Thou'lt wither, ere thou yet hast bloom'd,
Ere thou hast glow'd, be quench'd and doom'd;
Thou'lt die and be the prey of death
Ere thou hast learnt to draw thy breath.

I know it now. By heaven, 'tis thou
Whom I have loved. How bitter now,
The moment we are join'd for ever,
To find the hour when we must sever.
The welcome meanwhile must give way
To sad farewell. We part to-day
For evermore, for 'tis not given
To us to meet again in heaven.
Beauty to dust will fall at last,
Thou'lt pass away, and crumble fast.
The poets' fate will happier be,
Death cannot kill them utterly.
Annihilation strikes us ne'er,
We live in poesy's land so fair,
In Avalon, where fairies dwell—
Dear corpse, for ever fare thee well!

12. THE PHILANTHROPIST.

THERE once was a brother and sister,
The sister was poor, the brother was rich.
The poor one said to the rich one:
" Give me a piece of bread."

The rich one said to the poor one:
" Leave me to-day in peace,
" While I give my yearly banquet
" To the lords of the Council all.

" The first doth turtlesoup relish,
" The second doth pineapples eat,
" The third is fond of pheasant
" And Perigord truffles too.

" The fourth eats nought but seafish,
" The fifth in salmon delights,
" The sixth of each dish eateth,
" And drinketh even more."

The poor rejected sister
Went hungry back to her house;
She threw herself on her straw-bed,
And deeply sighed and died.

We all alike must perish!
The scythe of death at last
Mowed down the wealthy brother,
As it the sister had mown.

And when the wealthy brother
His end approaching saw,
He sent for his notary quickly,
And straightway made his will.

With legacies large and lib'ral
The clergy he endow'd,
The schools, and the great museum
Of zoological things.

And noble sums moreover
The great testator bequeath'd
To the deaf and dumb asylum
And Jewish Conversion fund.

A handsome bell bestow'd he
On the new Saint Stephen's tower;
It weighs five hundred centners,
Of first-rate metal too.

It is a bell enormous,
And sounds both early and late;
It sounds to the praise and glory
Of that most excellent man.

It tells, with its tongue of iron,
Of all the good he has done
To the town and his fellow-townsmen,
Whatever might be their faith.

Thou great benefactor of mortals
In death as well as in life
The great bell's ever proclaiming
Each benefaction of thine!

The funeral next with all honour
And pomp was solemnized,
The people crowded to see it
And reverently gazed.

Upon a coal-black carriage,
Like a vast canopy
Adorn'd with black ostrich feathers,
The splendid coffin lay.

Trick'd out with plates of silver,
And silver embroidery fine,
Upon the black ground the silver
The grandest effect produced.

The carriage was drawn by six horses,
In coal-black trappings disguised,
That fell, like funeral mantles,
Down even to their hoofs.

Behind the coffin were crowded
The servants in liveries black.
Their snow-white handkerchiefs holding
Before their sorrowing face.

The people of rank in the city,
In long procession form'd
Of black and showy coaches,
Totter'd along behind.

In this grand fun'ral procession,
Remember, were also found
The noble lords of the Council,
And yet they were not complete.

The one was missing, whose fancy
Was pheasant and truffles to eat;
An attack of indigestion
Had lately carried him off.

13. THE WHIMS OF THE AMOROUS.

(A true story, repeated after old documents and reproduced in excellent rhyme.)

UPON the hedge the beetle sits sadly,
He has fallen in love with a lady-fly madly.

O fly of my soul, 'tis thou alone
Art the wife I have chosen to be my own.

O marry me, and be not cold,
For I have a belly of glistening gold.

My back is a mass of glory and show,
There rubies glitter, there emeralds glow—

O would that I were a fool just now!
I'd never marry a beetle, I vow.

I care not for emeralds, rubies, or gold,
I know that no happiness riches enfold.

'Tis tow'rd the ideal my thought soars high,
For I am in truth a haughty fly.—

The beetle flew off, with a heart like to break.
The fly went away, a bath to take.

O what has become of my maid, the bee,
That she when I'm washing may wait on me,

That she may stroke my soft hair outside,
For I am now a beetle's bride.

In truth, a splendid party I'll give,
For handsomer beetle never did live.

His back is a mass of glory and show,
There rubies glitter, there emeralds glow.

His belly is golden, and noble each feature;
With envy will burst full many a creature.

Make haste, Miss Bee, and dress my hair,
And lace my waist, use perfumes rare.

With otto of roses rub me o'er,
And lavender oil on my feet then pour,

That I mayn't stink or nastily smell,
When I in my bridegroom's arms shall dwell.

Already are flitting the dragonflies blue,
As maids of honour to wait on me too.

Into my bridal garland they'll twine
The blossoms white of the orange so fine.

Full many musicians are asked to the place,
And singers as well, of the grasshopper race.

The bittern, drone, hornet, and gadfly all come,
To blow on the trumpet, and beat the drum.

They're all to strike up for the glad wedding feast—
The gay-wingèd guests, from greatest to least,
Are coming in families dapper and brisk,
The commoner insects amongst them frisk.

The grasshoppers, wasps, and the aunts, and the cousins
Are coming, whilst trumpets are blowing by dozens.

The pastor, the mole, in black dignified state,
Has also arrived, and the hour grows late.

The bells are all sounding ding-dong, ding a-dong—
But where's my dear bridegroom ling'ring so long?

Ding-dong, ding a-dong, sound the bells all the day,
The bridegroom however has flown far away.

The bells are all sounding ding-dong, ding-a-dong—
But where's my dear bridegroom ling'ring so long?

The bridegroom has meanwhile taken his seat
On a distant dunghill, enjoying the heat.

Seven years there sits he, until his forgotten
Poor bride has long been dead and rotten.

14. MIMI.

"I'M no modest city creature
"By the hearth demurely spinning,
"But a free cat on the roof,
"In the air, with manners winning.

"When in summer nights I'm musing
"On the roof, in grateful coolness,
"Music in me purrs, I sing
"From my heart's o'erpowering fulness."

Thus she speaks, and from her bosom
Wild and wedding-songs stream thickly,
And the melody allures
All the cats unmarried quickly.

Purring, mewing, thither hasten
All the young cats, plain or brindled,
And with Mimi join in chorus,
Full of love, with passion kindled.

They are no mere virtuosos
Who profane, for sordid wages,
Music, but of harmony
Are apostles true, and sages.

They no instruments use ever,
  Each is his own flute and viol;
All their noses trumpets are,
  Bellies, drums, and no denial.

They in chorus raise their voices,
  In one general intermezzo,
Playing fugues, as if by Bach,
  Or by Guido of Arezzo.

Wild the symphonies they're singing,
  Like capriccios of Beethoven,
Or of Berlioz, who's excell'd
  By their strains so interwoven.

Wonderful their music's might is!
  Magic notes without an equal!
E'en the heavens they shake, the stars
  All turn pallid in the sequel.

When the magic notes she heareth,
  And the wondrous tones delightful,
Then Selene hides her face
  With a veil of clouds so frightful.

But the nightingale with envy—
  Scandalous old prima donna—
Turns her nose up, snuffs, and scorns
  Mimi's voice, to her dishonour.

Never mind! She'll go on singing
  Spite the envy of Signora,
Till on the horizon's seen,
  Smiling rosily, Aurora.

15. GOOD ADVICE.

CEASE thy blushes and thy sorrow,
  Boldly woo, and not aside,
Civil they will be to-morrow,
  And thou thus wilt win thy bride.

'Tis the fiddle makes the revel,—
  Give, then, the musicians gold;
Though thou wish them at the devil,
  Kiss thy aunts-in-law, though old.

Give a prince his meed of laurel,
  Of a woman speak not ill;
With thy sausages don't quarrel
  When thou hast a sow to kill.

If the church to thee is hateful,
  All the more attend its shrine;
To the parson be thou grateful,
  Send him, too, a flask of wine.

If an itching chance to teaze thee,
  Like a man of honour, scratch;
If thy shoe be tight and squeeze thee,
  Slippers get with all despatch.

If thy soup has too much seasoning,
  Be not in an angry mood;
Smiling say, instead of reasoning:
  "Sweet wife, all thou cook'st is good."

If thy wife a wish expresses
  For a shawl, straight buy her two;
Buy her golden brooches, dresses,
  Lace and jewels not a few.

If thou'lt give this plan a trial,
  Then, my friend, thou'lt surely gain
Heaven to bless thy self-denial,
  And on earth to peace attain.

16. REMINISCENCES OF HAMMONIA

ORPHAN children two and two,
  Wandering gladly on we view,
All of them blue coats are wearing,
All of them red cheeks are bearing—
O the pretty orphan children!

All are moved when thus they prattle,
And the money boxes rattle;
Liberal alms upon them flow,
That their secret sires bestow,—
O the pretty orphan children!

Women of a feeling heart
Many a poor child kiss apart,
Kiss his drivelling nose (not pleasant),
Give him sweetmeats as a present—
O the pretty orphan children!

The tutelar goddess of Hamburg. See Heine's "Germany."

One, with timid face but willing,
Throws into the box a shilling,—
For he has a heart,—then gaily
Follows he his business daily—
O the pretty orphan children!

One a golden louis-d'or
Next bestows, but not before
Heavenward looking, hoping blindly
That the Lord will view him kindly—
O the pretty orphan children!

Porters, coopers, working men,
Servants, make to-day again
Holiday, and drain their glasses,
Drinking to these lads and lasses—
O the pretty orphan children!

Tutelar Hammonia
Follows them incognita;
As she moves, her form gigantic
Sways about, in manner frantic—
O the pretty orphan children!

In the green field where they went
Music fills the lofty tent,
Cover'd o'er with flag and banner;
There are fed in sumptuous manner
All these pretty orphan children.

There in lengthy rows they sit,
Eating many a nice tit-bit,
Tarts and cakes and sweet things crunching,
While like little mice they're munching,—
All these pretty orphan children.

Now my thoughts to dwell begin
On an orphan-house wherein
There no feasting is or gladness,
Where lament in ceaseless sadness
Millions of poor orphan children.

There no uniforms are seen,
Many want their dinner e'en;
No two walk together yonder;
Lonely, sorrowfully wander
Many million orphan children.

17. THE ROBBERS.

WHILE Laura's arm, with tender feeling,
Embraced me on the couch, the fox
Her worthy husband from my box
My banknotes quietly was stealing.

My pockets now have got no cash in!
Was Laura's kiss a simple lie?
Ah! what is truth? In days gone by
Thus Pilate ask'd, his hands while washing.

This evil world, decay'd and rotten,
I soon shall ne'er again behold;
I see that he who has no gold
Will very soon be quite forgotten.

For you, pure souls, whose habitation
In yonder realms of light I see,
My bosom yearns. No wants have ye,
So stealing is not your vocation.

18. THE YOUNG CATS' CLUB FOR POETRY-MUSIC

THE philharmonic young cats' club
Upon the roof was collected
To-night, but not for sensual joys,
No wrong could there be detected.

No summer night's wedding dream there was dreamt,
No song of love did they utter
In the winter season, in frost and snow,
For frozen was every gutter.

A newborn spirit hath recently
Come over the whole cat-nation,
But chiefly the young, and the young cat feels
More earnest with inspiration.

The frivolous generation of old
Is extinct, and a newborn yearning,
A pussy-springtime of poetry
In art and in life they're learning.

The philharmonic young cats' club
Is now returning to artless
And primitive music, and naïveté,
From modern fashions all heartless.

It seeks in music for poetry,
  Roulades with the quavers omitted;
It seeks for poetry, music-void,
  For voice and instrument fitted.

It seeks for genius's sovereign sway,
  Which often bungles truly,
Yet oft in art unconsciously
  Attains the highest stage duly.

It honours the genius which prefers
  Dame Nature to keep at a distance
And will not show off its learning,—in fact
  Its learning not having existence.

This is the programme of our cat club,
  And with these intentions elated,
It holds its first winter concert to-night
  On the roof, as before I have stated.

Yet sad was the execution, alas!
  Of this great idea so splendid;
I'm sorry, my dear friend Berlioz,
  That by thee it wasn't attended.

It was a charivari, as though
  With brandy elated greatly,
Three dozen pipers struck up the tune
  That the poor cow died of lately.

It was an utter medley, as though
  In Noah's ark were beginning
The whole of the beasts in unison
  The Deluge to tell of in singing,

O what a croaking, snarling, and noise!
  O what a mewing and yelling!
And even the chimneys all join'd in,
  The wonderful chorus swelling.

And loudest of all was heard a voice
  Which sounded languid and shrieking
As Sontag's voice became at the last,
  When utterly broken and squeaking.

The whimsical concert! Methinks that they
  A grand Te Deum were chanting,
To honour the triumph o'er reason obtain'd
  By commonest frenzy and canting.

Perchance moreover the young cats' club
  The opera grand were essaying
That the greatest pianist of Hungary*
  Composed for Charenton's playing.

It was not till the break of day
  That an end was put to the party;
A cook was in consequence brought to bed,
  Who before had seem'd well and hearty.

The lying-in woman lost her wits,
  Her memory, too, was affected,
And who was the father of her child
  No longer she recollected.

Say, was it Peter? Say, was it Paul?
  Say who is the father, Eliza!
"O Liszt, thou heavenly cat!" she said,
  And simper'd and look'd the wiser.

19. HANS LACK-LAND.

FAREWELL, my wife, said Lack-Land Hans,
  A lofty object elates me..
Far different goats I now must shoot,
  Far different game awaits me.

I'll leave thee behind my hunting horn,
  Thou canst in my absence daily.
Play merrily on it, for thou hast learnt
  To blow on the post-horn gaily.

I'll also leave thee behind my hound,
  To be the castle's defender;
My German folk, like faithful dogs,
  Will guard me and never surrender.

They offer me the imperial throne,
  Their affection is almost provoking
My image is graven on every heart,
  And every pipe they are smoking.

Ye Germans are a wonderful race,
  So simple and yet so clever;
One forgets that gunpowder, but for you,
  Had been discover'd never.

* Liszt.

Your emperor,—no, your father I'll be,
  Your welfare shall be my sole glory—
O blissful thought! it makes me as proud
  As the Gracchi's mother in story.

I'll govern my people by feeling alone,
  And not by the light of mere reason;
I never could bear diplomacy,
  And politics hate like treason.

A huntsman am I, and Nature's own child,
  Who had in the forest my training,
With chamois and snipe and roebuck and boar,—
  A foe to all nonsense and feigning.

By proclamations I never enticed,
  No printed pamphlet invented;
I say: "My people, the salmon's all gone,
  "With cod for to-day be contented.

"If I don't please you as Emperor, take
  "The first donkey that comes about you;
"I had, when I lived in the Tyrol, no lack,
  "I've plenty to eat without you."

Thus speak I, but now, my wife, farewell,
  I must end my long discourses;
My father-in-law's postilion's outside,
  Awaiting me with the horses.

Quick, hand me over my travelling cap,
  With the ribbon all black-red-golden;
Thou'lt see me soon with the diadem,
  In the dress imperial and olden.

Thou'lt see me in the Pluvial too,
  The purple robe so glorious,
The gift of the Saracen Sultan erst
  To Otto, the Cæsar victorious.

Beneath, I shall wear the Dalmatian dress,
  Whereon, in each species of jewel,
A train of lions and camels is work'd,
  And fabulous monsters and cruel.

Upon my breast the stole I shall wear,
  Significantly blended
With eagles black on a yellow ground,—
  The garment is really splendid.

Farewell! Posterity shall say
  I reign'd with honest intention.—
Who knows? Posterity perchance
  My name will never mention.

10. RECOLLECTIONS FROM KRÄHWINKEL'S DAYS OF TERROR.

WE, mayor and senate of the town,
The following orders now lay down
To all who love their city truly,
Enjoining them to keep them duly.

'Tis foreigners and strangers most
Who their rebellious spirit boast;
Thank God, such rogues (to put it fairly)
The children of the soil are rarely.

The Atheists likewise are concern'd;
For he by whom his God is spurn'd
Is sure at last to hold detested
All those on earth with power invested.

Christian and Jew, at close of day,
Must shut their shops without delay;
"Obey your rulers" should be ever
Both Jew and Christian's first endeavour.

No person shall be seen at night
In any street without a light;
Where three or more in groups are standing,
Let them at once begin disbanding.

Each one must bring his weapons all,
And lay them down in the guildhall;
And every kind of ammunition
Is subject to the same condition.

He who in any public spot
Ventures to reason, shall be shot;
He who by gestures dares to reason
Shall pay the penalty of treason.

Confide in the authorities,
So gracious, but withal so wise,
Who rule the fortunes of the city,
And hold your tongues, or more's the pit

21. THE AUDIENCE.

(An old Fable.)

"I'LL let not my children, like Pharaoh, be drown'd
"In the Nile's deep turbulent water;
"Nor am I a tyrant, like Herod of old,
"No patron of children's slaughter.

"I will, as my gracious Saviour did,
"Find the sight of the children pleasant;
"So suffer the children to come, and first
"The big one, the Swabian peasant."

Thus spake the monarch: the chamberlain re
And return'd, introducing slowly,
The stalwart child from Swabia's land,
Who made a reverence lowly.

Thus spake the king: "A Swabian art thou?
"There's no disgrace in that surely."—
"Quite right! I was born in Swabia's land,"
Replied the Swabian demurely.

"Art thou from the seven Swabians sprung?"
Ask'd the other.—"In truth I'm descended
"From one of them only," the Swabian replied,
"And not from the whole of them blended."

The king then ask'd: "Are dumplings this year
"In Swabia as usual eaten?"—
"I'm obliged for the question," the Swabian rejoin'd,
"They are not easily beaten."

"And do ye still boast big men?" next said
The monarch.—"Why, just at present
"The big ones are scarce, but in their place
"We've fat ones," answer'd the peasant.

"Has Menzel," added the king, "received
"On his ear many boxes lately?"
"I'm obliged for the question," the Swabian said,
"The former ones punish'd him greatly."

The king then said, "Thou'rt not such a fool,
"My friend, as thou fain wouldst persuade me."
"That's because I was changed in my cradle," said he,
"By the kobolds, who different made me."

The king then spake: "The Swabians are wont
"To love their fatherland dearly;
"So why hast thou left thy native home?
"Explain the reason clearly."

The Swabian replied: "Each day I had nought
"But turnips and sour-crout ever;
"And had my mother but cook'd me meat,
"I had left my fatherland never."

"One wish I will grant thee," the monarch then said—
Then the Swabian in deep supplication
Knelt down and exclaim'd: "O, Sire, pray grant
"Their freedom once more to the nation.

"Freeborn is man, and Nature ne'er meant
"That he as a slave should perish;
"O, Sire, restore to the German folk
"The rights that they manfully cherish!"

The monarch in deep amazement stood,
The scene was really enthralling;
With his sleeve the Swabian wiped from his eye
The tear that was wellnigh falling.

At last said the king: "In truth a fine dream!
"Farewell, and pray learn more discretion;
"And as a somnambulist plainly thou art,
"Of thy person I'll give the possession

"To two trusty gendarmes, whose duty 'twill be
"To see thee safe over the border—
"Farewell! I must hasten to join the parade,
"The drums are beating to order."

And so this affecting audience came
To a most affecting conclusion.
But from that moment the monarch allow'd
No more of his children's intrusion.*

22. KOBES I.

In eighteen hundred and forty-eight,
When passions men's minds were heating,
The German nation's parliament
At Frankfort held its meeting.

* The hero of this story is the well-known Swabian poet George Herwegh.

Just at this time, in the Senate-house
Appear'd the white lady ghostly,
The spectre that heralds the coming of woe,—
They call her the Housekeeper mostly.

By night they say in the Senate-house
She is wont to make her appearance,
Whenever the Germans their foolish tricks play
With extra perseverance.

I saw her myself at the selfsame time
As she roam'd in the hours of slumber
Through the silent chambers, wherein were piled
The middle ages' old lumber.

She held the lamp and a bunch of keys
In her hands so pale and sickly;
She open'd the presses against the walls,
And the chests strew'd around her thickly.

There lie the imperial insignia all,
There lies the bull all-golden,
The sceptre, the regal apple, the crown,
And more of such fancies olden.

There lie the ancient imperial robes,
The purple frippery faded,
The German kingdom's wardrobe, in fact,
Now rusted and rot-pervaded.

The Housekeeper mournfully shakes her head
At the sight, then with deep displeasure
She suddenly cries at the top of her voice:
"The whole of them stink beyond measure!

"The whole of them stink with mice's dung
"And rotten and mouldy's the ermine;
"And all the gaudy trumpery work
"Is swarming with noxious vermin.

"In truth, on this splendid ermine dress,
"Once used at the coronation,
"The cats of the Senate-house district are wont
"To lie, as their lying-in station.

"'Tis useless to clean them; I pity the fate
"Of the Emperor next elected;
"By the fleas in his coronation robe,
"His health will be surely affected.

"And know ye, that all the people must scratch,
"Whenever the Emperor itches—
"O Germans, I dread the princely fleas
"Who swallow up much of your riches.

"Yet what is the use of monarch and fleas?
"For rusty are now and all rotten
"The olden costumes--By modern days
"Are the ancient dresses forgotten.

"The German poet at Kyffhauser said
"To Barbarossa quite truly:
"'I find that we want no Emperor now,
"'When I weigh the matter duly.'

"But if, spite of all, ye an empire must have,
"With an Emperor reigning o'er ye,
"My worthy Germans, don't suffer yourselves
"To be snared by genius or glory.

"Choose one of the people your monarch to be,
"All sons of the nobles reject ye;
"Select not the lion, select not the fox,
"The dullest of sheep elect ye.

"Elect as your Monarch Colonia's son,
"The crown to dull Kobes awarding;
"The genius of Dulness well-nigh is he,
"His people he'll ne'er be defrauding.

"A log is ever the best of kings,
"As Esop has shown in the fable;
"He cannot devour us poor frogs up,
"As the stork with his long bill is able.

"Be sure that Kobes no tyrant will be,
"No Holofernes or Nero;
"He boasts no terrible antique heart,
"A soft modern heart has our hero.

"Though vulgar pride might scorn such a heart,
"Yet in the arms of the helot
"Of work the unfortunate threw himself,
"Becoming a regular zealot.

"The men of the journeymen's *Burschenschaft*
"As president Kobes elected;
"He shared with them their last piece of bread.
"They held him vastly respected.

"They boasted that he in all his life
"Had never been at college,
"And out of his head composed his books
"By the light of intuitive knowledge.

"Yes, his consummate ignorance
"Was the fruit of his own endeavour;
"With foreign wisdom and training he
"Had injured his intellect never.

"From abstract philosophy's influence he
"Kept likewise his thoughts and his spirit
"Entirely free.—Himself he remain'd!
"Yes, Kobes has really his merit!

"The tear of the usual stereotype form
"In his beautiful eye is gleaming,
"And from his lips incessantly
"The grossest stupidity's streaming.

"He prates and he grins, and he grins and prates,
"His words with long ears are provided;
"A pregnant woman who heard him speak
"Gave birth to a donkey decided.

"With scribbling books and knitting he's wont
"His idle hours to flavour;
"The stockings that he with his own hands knit
"Have met with particular favour.

"To devote himself wholly to knitting he's begg'd
"By Apollo and all the Muses;
"They're frighten'd whenever they see that his hand
"A goose-quill laboriously uses.

"His knitting recals the olden time
"Of the Funken,*—who all stood knitting
"While mounting guard,—these men of Cologne
"No means of amusement omitting.

"If Kobes is Emp'ror, he'll surely recal
"To life these Funken deserving,
"The valiant band will surround his throne,
"As the guard imperial serving.

* Funken (or Sparks) was the name given to the soldiers of Cologne before the Revolution, who used to knit when on guard.

"He well might be glad to go at their head,
"And march over France's borders,
"And Alsace, Lorraine, and Burgundy fair
"Bring under Germany's orders.

"Yet be not afraid, at home he'll remain,
"Intent on a scheme long suspended,
"A lofty idea, the completion, in fact,
"Of Cologne Cathedral so splendid.

"But when the Cathedral's quite complete,
"Then Kobes will get in a passion,
"And sword in hand, will bring the French
"To account in a regular fashion.

"He'll take Alsace and Lorraine away
"(By France from the empire estreated);
"To Burgundy, too, he'll triumphantly go,
"When once the Cathedral's completed.

"Ye Germans, pray lose not your senses quite,
"If an Emperor's needed, I'll name him;
"The Carnival King of Cologne let it be,
"As Kobes the First now proclaim him!

"The fools of the Carnival rout at Cologne,
"With caps and bells ringing and mocking,
"Shall be his ministers of state,
"His scutcheon a knitted stocking.

"Let Drickes be Chancellor, calling himself
"Count Drickes of Drickeshausen,
"And Marizebill the Mistress of State,
"With the Emperor fondly carousing.*

"Within his good sacred town of Cologne
"Will be Kobes's habitation;
"And when the Cologners hear the glad news,
"They'll have an illumination.

"The bells, the iron dogs of the air,
"Into joyous barks will be breaking,
"And the three holy kings from the land of the East
"In their chapel will soon be awaking.

* Drickes and Marizebill are popular masks at the Carnival at Cologne.

"They'll step outside with their clattering bones,
"All dancing with rapture and springing;
"I hear them the Hallelujah's strains
"And Kyrie Eleison singing."—

Thus spoke the dread white nightly ghost
With loud uproarious laughter;
Through all the resounding halls of the place
The echo rang wildly long after.

13. EPILOGUE.

GRAVES they say are warm'd by glory;
Foolish words and empty story!
Better far the warmth we prove
From a cow-girl deep in love,
With her arms around us flung,
Reeking with the smell of dung.
And that warmth is better too
That man's entrails pierces through
When he drinks hot punch and wine,
Or his fill of grog divine,
In the vilest, meanest den
'Mongst the thieves and scum of men,
Who escape the gallows daily,
But who breathe and live all-gaily,
With as enviable fate
As e'en Thetis' son so great.—
Rightly did Pelides say:
Living in the meanest way
In the upper world's worth more,
Than beside the Stygian shore
King of shades to be; a hero
Such as Homer sang is zero.

ADDENDA TO THE POEMS.*

THE SONG OF SONGS.

FAIR woman's body is a song
  Inscribed by our great Maker
In Nature's mighty album erst,
  When moved to life to wake her.

Ah yes! propitious was the hour
  When thus he show'd compassion!
The coy rebellious stuff he work'd
  In true artistic fashion.

Yes, woman's body is, 'mongst songs,
  The song most sweet and tender,
And wondrous strophes are her limbs,
  So snowy-white and slender.

And then her neck, her glistening neck,—
  O what a godlike notion!—
Where the main thought, her little head,
  Rocks with a graceful motion.

Like polish'd epigrams one loves
  Her bosom's rosebuds dearly;
Enchanting the cæsura is
  That parts her breasts severely.

The song has flesh, ribs, hands, and feet,
  No abstract poem this is!
With lips that rhyme deliciously
  It smiles and sweetly kisses.

True poetry is breathing here,
  Grace shines in each direction;
The song upon its forehead bears
  The stamp of all perfection.

I'll praise thee, Lord, and in the dust
  Will humbly kneel to show it;
Bunglers are we, compared with thee,
  Thou glorious heavenly Poet!

* These two poems were first published in the *Musenalmanach* for 1854.

Before the splendour of thy song
  I'll bow in adoration,
And to its study day and night
  Pay closest application.

Yes, day and night I'll study it,
  No loss of time admitting;
So shall I soon with overwork
  Be thinner than befitting.

THE SUTTLER'S SONG

(From the Thirty Years' War)

THE brave hussars I dearly love,
  I love each gallant fellow;
Without distinction I love them all,
  The blue as well as the yellow.

The musketeers I dearly love,
  I love the musketeers, too;
The officers, privates, and recruits,
  And those of older years too.

The infantry and cavalry—
  I love the brave fellows sincerely;
And then the artillery,—one and all,
  I love them truly and dearly.

I love the Germans, I love the French,
  I love the Italians and Dutchmen;
I love the Bohemians, Spaniards, and Swedes,
  I love both many and much men.

Whatever may be his native land,
  Whatever his faith or persuasion,
Provided a man is sound in health,
  I love him on ev'ry occasion.

Religion and country are nothing more
  Than his outside clothing,—God bless him!
Away with his cov'ring, that I to my heart
  May fondly and warmly press him!

A mortal am I, and only too glad
  With any mortal to dally;
And as for the man who can't pay on the sp
  For him I keep a tally.

The garland green in front of my tent
  In the light of the sun smiles gaily,
And I am now drinking malmsey wine
  From a fresh-open'd barrel daily.

POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

HORSE AND ASS.

A TRAIN was rushing along one day,
With carriages, engine, and tender;
The chimney vomited forth its smoke,
Like a dashing old offender.

The train pass'd a farmyard, and over the hedge
A grey horse, at the sound of the whistle,
Stretch'd out his head; an ass stood by,
Demurely chewing a thistle.

With wondering gaze the horse long stared
At the train; then strangely quivering
In every limb, he sigh'd, and said:
"The sight has set me a-shivering!

"I'm sure that if I by nature had been
"A chesnut, or black, or bay horse,
"My skin with the fright its colour would chang
"And make me (as now) a grey horse.

"The equestrian race is doom'd, beyond doubt,
"To be swept away in fate's eddy;
"Although I'm a grey horse, I cannot but see
"A black future before me already.

"The competition of these machines
"Will certainly kill us poor horses;
"For riding and driving will man prefer
"Iron steeds, if so great their force is.

"And if man can get on without our help,
"Alike for riding and driving,
"Good-bye to our oats, good-bye to our hay!
"What chance have we of surviving?

"The heart of man is hard as a stone,
"He gives away nothing gratis;
"They'll drive us out of our stables, and we
"Shall starve—what a cruel fate 'tis!

"We cannot borrow and cannot steal
"Like mortals whose natures are blacker;
"We cannot fawn like men and dogs,
But shall fall a prey to the knacker."

Thus grumbled the horse, and deeply sigh'd,—
Meanwhile the ass hard by him
Had quietly chew'd two thistle-tops,
As if nothing could terrify him.

He presently answer'd in dainty tones,
With his tongue first licking his muzzle:
"With what the future may have in store,
"My brains I shall not puzzle.

"You horses proud are threaten'd, no doubt,
"By a future that's far from pleasant;
"But we modest asses are not afraid
"Of dangers future or present.

"That grey horses, and chesnut, and piebald, and black,
"May be done without, true, alas! is;
"But Mister Steam, with his chimney long,
"Can never replace us asses.

"However clever may be the machines
"Made by man with his senses besotted,
"The ass as his portion will always have
"Sure means of existence allotted.

"Its asses will Heaven, I'm sure, ne'er desert,
"Who, moved by a calm sense of duty,
"Turn the mill every day, as their fathers have done,—
"A sight not deficient in beauty.

"The mill-wheel clatters, the miller works hard,
"The meal in the sack well shaking,
"And people eat their bread and their rolls,
"As soon as they've finished the baking.

" In Nature's old-fashion'd and jogtrot way
" The world will keep spinning for ever;
" And as changeless even as Nature herself,
" The ass will alter never."

MORAL.

Gone are the days of chivalry,
And the proud steed must hungry be;
But L—, the ass, I boldly say,
Will never want his oats and hay.

THE ASS-ELECTION.

BEING tired of freedom for some time past
The beasts' republic decided
To be with a single ruler at last
As its absolute head provided.

Each kind of beast prepared for the strife,
Electoral billets were written:
Intrigues on every side were rife,
With party zeal all were bitten.

By long-ear'd gentry at its head
The asses' committee was aided;
Cockades, whose colours were black, gold, and red,*
They boastfully paraded.

A small party there was of friends of the horse,
Who yet were afraid of voting,
So greatly they dreaded the outcry coarse
The long-ear'd party denoting.

But when one of them ventured the horse to name
As a candidate, greater and greater
Wax'd the noise, and an old long-ear, to his shame,
Shouted out "Thou art only a traitor.

" A traitor art thou, in thy veins doth not flow
" One drop of asses' blood proper;
" No ass art thou, and I almost know
" That a foreign mare was thy dropper!

* The national colours of Germany.

"From the zebra perchance thou art sprung; thy striped
hide
  "Quite answers the zebra's description;
'The nasal twang of thy voice is allied
  "To the Hebrew as well as Egyptian.

'And if not a stranger, thou art, thou must own,
  "A dull ass, of an intellect paltry;
'The depths of ass-nature to thee are unknown
  "Thou hear'st not its mystical psalt'ry.

'But with sweet stupefaction my soul drinks in
  "That sound which all others surpasses;
'An ass am I, and each hair in the skin
  "Of my tail the hair of an ass is.

'I am not a Papist, I am not a slave,
  "A German ass am I solely;
'The same as my fathers, who all were so brave,
  "So thoughtful, demure, and so holy.

'They were not addicted to doing ill,
  "Or practising gallantry gaily;
'But trotted off with the sack to the mill
  "In frolicsome fashion daily.

'Our fathers still live. In the tomb only lie
  "Their skins, their mortal covering;
'Their happy spirits, high up in the sky,
  "Complacently o'er us are hovering.

'Ye glorified asses, ye need not doubt
  "That we fain would resemble you ever,
'And from the path that duty points out
  "We'll swerve a finger's breadth never.

'O what a delight an ass to be,
  "From such long-ear'd worthies descended!
'From every house-top I'd fain shout with glee:
  "'An ass I was born—how splendid!'

'The noble jackass who gave me birth
  "Was of genuine German extraction;
'From my mother, a German ass of worth,
  "My milk suck'd I with great satisfaction.

'An ass am I, and fully intend,
  "Like my fathers who now are departed,
"To stand by the asses, yes, stand to the end
  "By the asses so dear and true-hearted.

"And since I'm an ass, I advise you all round
"To choose your king from the asses;
"A mighty ass-kingdom we thus will found,
"They being the governing classes.

"We all are asses. Hee-ha! Hee-ha!
"As ostlers we will not demean us;
"Away with the horses! Long live, hurrah,
"The king of the asinine genus!"

Thus spake the patriot. Through the hall
The asses cheer'd him proudly;
They all, in fact, were national,
And with their hoofs stamp'd loudly.

An oaken wreath on the orator's head
They put as a decoration;
He wagg'd his tail (though nothing he said)
With evident gratification.

BERTHA.

SHE seem'd so gentle, she seem'd so good,
An angel I thought my lover;
She wrote the dearest letters to me,
With kindness teeming all over.

The wedding was very soon to take place,
Her relations heard this by dozens;
My Bertha was a silly thing,
For she listen'd to aunts and cousins.

She kept not her word, she broke her oath,
And yet I have been forgiving;
Had I married her first, I ne'er should have known
Either pleasure or love while living.

When I of a faithless woman think,
I think of Bertha the faithless;
The only wish I have left, is that she
May pass through her confinement scatheless.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

BEFORE me the sexton's daughter fair
Through the sacred edifice skipped;
Her size was small, and light her hair,
From her neck her kerchief had slipped.

In the old cathedral for sixpence I got
A sight of its marvellous creatures,
Its tombs, lights, crosses; I turn'd quite hot
When I gazed on Elspeth's features.

And once again I stared about
At the sacred relics entrancing;
In their under-petticoats all trick'd out,
On the window the women were dancing.

The sexton's little daughter fair
Stood by me, while thus I inspected.
She had a very pretty pair
Of eyes, wherein all was reflected.

Before me the sexton's daughter fair
From the sacred edifice skippèd;
Her mouth was small, her neck was bare,
From her bosom her kerchief had slippèd.

THE DRAGONFLY

THE dragonfly blue's all the fashion
In beetle-land, in the present day;
The butterflies their addresses pay
To the beauty with amorous passion.

Her hips are excessively slender,
She wears a gauze dress of delicate hue,
With very symmetrical movements too
She flutters about in splendour.

Her colour'd admirers hover
In her train, and many a young gallant
Thus swears: "I'll Holland give, and Brabant,
"If thou wilt be my lover."

She answers (but how insincerely!):
"Brabant and Holland are nothing to me,
"I want but a spark of light, to see
In my little chamber clearly."

When she imposes this duty,
Her lovers hasten to join in the race,
And eagerly seek, from place to place,
A spark of light for the beauty.

As soon as one sees a taper,
He blindly rushes on to his doom,
And the cruel flames the victim consume,
And his loving heart, like paper.

* * * *

It comes from Japan, this fable,
Yet even in Germany, my dear child,
Are plenty of dragonflies, devilish wild,
Perfidious, and unstable.

OLD SCENTS.

THE nosegay Matilda twined for me,
And smilingly offer'd entreatingly,
I push'd away, o'erpower'd completely
By the sight of the flowers that blossom'd so sweetly.

At the scent of the flowers, my tears fast flow,—
I feel that in all this fair world below,
Its beauty, sunlight, joy, love are bereft me,
And nought but its bitter tears are left me.

They tell me that I no longer share
A part in life and its circle fair,
That I belong to death's kingdom dreary,
Yes, I, a corpse unburied and weary.

How happy was I when erst I saw
The dance of rats at the Opera!
But now I hear the odious scuffling
Of churchyard rats and grave-moles shuffling.

The scent of the flowers recalls again
A perfect ballet, a joyous train
Of recollections perfumed and glowing,
From the hidden depths of the past o'erflowing,

To sound of cornet and castanet,
In spangled dresses (full short, I regret),—
Yet all their toying, each laugh, each titter,
Can only render my thoughts more bitter.

Away with the flowers! O, how I abhor
The scent that maliciously tells once more
Of days long vanish'd and hours of gladness—
I weep at the thought with speechless sadness.

MISERERE.

THE sons of Fortune I envy not
 For their lives, in pleasure vying,
I envy them only their happy death,
 Their easy and painless dying.

In gala dresses, with garlanded heads,
 Their lips in laughter extended,
They joyously sit at the banquet of life,—
 The sickle falls,—all is ended!

In festal attire, with roses adorn'd,
 Still blooming with life, these glad mortals,
These fav'rites of fortune reach at last
 The shadowy realm's dark portals.

They ne'er were disfigured by fever's attack,
 They die with a joyous demeanour,
And gladly are welcomed at her sad court
 By Proserpine, hell's Czarina.

O how I envy a fate like theirs!
 Seven years I daily languish
For death, as on the ground I writhe
 In bitter and speechless anguish.

O God! my agony shorten, that I
 May be buried,—my sole ambition.
Thou knowest that I no talent possess
 For filling a martyr's position.

I feel astonished, gracious Lord,
 At a course so unconsequential;
Thou madest a joyous poet, without
 That joy that is so essential.

My torments blunt each feeling of mirth,
 And melancholy make me;
Unless I get better ere long, to the faith
 Of a Catholic I must betake me.

Like other good Christians, I then shall howl
 In thine ears my wailings dreary—
The best of humorists then will be lost
 For ever—O Miserere.

TO MATILDA.

I WAS, dear lamb, ordain'd to be
A shepherd here, to watch o'er thee;
I nourish'd thee with mine own bread,
With water from the fountain head.

And when the winter storm roar'd loudly,
Against my breast I warm'd thee proudly:
There held I thee encircled well
Whilst rain in torrents round us fell;
When, through its rocky dark bed pouring
The torrent, with the wolf, was roaring,
Thou fear'dst not, no muscle quiver'd,
E'en when the highest pine was shiver'd
By the fork'd flash—within mine arm
Thou slept'st in peace without alarm.

My arm grows weak, and fast draws near
Pale death! My shepherd's task so dear,
And pastoral care approach their end.
Into Thy hands, God, I commend
My staff once more. O do Thou guard
My lamb, when I beneath the sward
Am laid in peace, and suffer ne'er
A thorn to prick her anywhere.

From thorny hedges guard her fleece,
May quagmires ne'er disturb her peace;
May there spring up beneath her feet
An ample crop of pasture sweet,
And let her sleep without alarm,
As erst she slept within mine arm!

FOR THE "MOUCHE."*

I HAD a dream. It was a summer's night,
And in the moonlight, pale and weatherbeaten,
Lay buildings, relics of past ages bright,—
The style, renaissant, of these wrecks time-eaten.

* This was the nickname of a young lady whose acquaintance Heine made towards the end of his life, who attended him in his last illness, and for whom he felt a strong affection. The present poem was the last composition of Heine, and was written only two or three weeks before his death. It is undoubtedly one of the finest of his works.

And here and there, with stately Doric head,
  Rose single columns from the mass there lying,
And on the firmament high o'er them spread
  Gazed they, as if its thunderbolts defying.

In broken fragments lay there on the ground,
  Mingled with many a portal, many a gable,
Sculptures where man, beast, centaur, sphinx were found,
  Chimera, satyr,—creatures of old fable.

The contrasts there presented were grotesque,
  The emblems of Judæa's God combining
With Grecian grace, in fashion arabesque
  The ivy round them both, its tendrils twining.

A fair sarcophagus of marble white
  Amid the ruins stood, unmutilated;
And in the coffin lay a corpse in sight,
  Of features mild, with sadness penetrated.

The power supporting it appear'd supplied
  By Caryatides, with necks extended;
And many a bas-relief on either side
  Was seen, of chisell'd figures strangely blended.

The glories of Olympus there saw I,
  With all its heathen deities misguided;
Adam and Eve were there, decorously
  With figleaf aprons round their loins provided.

Troy's taking and Troy's burning here were seen,
  Hector and Helen, Paris (that wild gay man);
Moses and Aaron also stood between,
  With Esther, Judith, Holofernes, Haman.

God Amor also had his place hard by,
  Phœbus, Apollo, Vulcan, Madam Venus,
Pluto, Proserpina, and Mercury,
  God Bacchus, and Priapus, and Silenus.

Likewise was Balaam's ass omitted not—
  (The ass for speaking seem'd, in fact, created).
And Abraham's temptation too, and Lot,
  Who by his daughters was intoxicated.

Herodias' daughter's dance was shown as well,
  The Baptist's head was in the charger given;
The monster Satan too was there, and hell,
  And Peter, with the heavy keys of heaven.

And next in order saw I sculptured there
  The loves of Jove, with his vile actions blending;
How as a swan he ravish'd Leda fair,
  And Danaë, in golden shower descending.

The wild hunt of Diana was display'd,
  With her fleet dogs, and nymphs attired so trimly;
And Hercules, in woman's clothes array'd,
  Distaff on arm, the spindle whirling nimbly.

And next was Sinai's mountain to be view'd,
  And Israel near it, with his oxen lowing;
The Lord a child within the temple stood,
  Disputing with the doctors proud and knowing.

But, strange to tell, when I had dreamily
  These forms a while observed in thought suspended,
I suddenly conceived myself to be
  The corpse, in that fair marble tomb extended.

And at the head of this my grave there stood
  A flower full fair, of strange configuration;
Its leaves were yellow-tinged and violet-hued,
  The flower possess'd a wondrous fascination.

'Tis by the name of passion-flower well known,
  On Golgotha, they say, 'twas first created
The day they crucified God's only Son,
  And the Redeemer's body lacerated.

Bloodwitness doth this flower now bear, they say;
  Each instrument of torture then invented
And used at His sad martyrdom that day,
  Is in its calyx duly represented.

Yes! every passion-attribute adorns
  The flower, each emblem of their cruel malice,—
For instance, scourge and rope and crown of thorns
  The hammer, and the nails, the cross, the chalice

Such was the flower which at my grave did stand,
  And o'er my body bending with compassion,
As with a woman's sorrow, kiss'd my hand,
  My eyes, and forehead, in sad silent fashion.

But O, my dream's strange magic! Wondrously
  The passion-flower, the yellow-hued and rare one,
Changed to a woman's likeness,—ah! 'and she,
  She was my loved one, she was mine own fair one!

Thou wert the flower, yes, thou, my darling child!
At once I knew thee by thy kisses yearning;
No lips of flowers so tender are and mild,
No tears of flowers so fiery are and burning.

Although mine eyes were closed, my spirit gazed
With steadiness upon thy face entrancing;
Thou look'dst at me with raptured look amazed,
Strangely illumined in the moonlight glancing.

No words we spake, and yet my heart could see
The thoughts that in thy mind in silence hover'd;
A word when spoken has no modesty,
By silence is love's modest blossoms cover'd.

Voiceless our converse! Wondrous doth it seem
How in our silent, tender conversation
The time pass'd in that summer night's fair dream,
When joy commingled was with consternation.

That which we spoke of then, ne'er seek to learn,
The glow-worm ask, why in the grass it gloweth,
The torrent, why it roareth in the burn,
The west wind, why it waileth as it bloweth.

Ask the carbuncle why it gleams so bright,
The rose and violet, why so sweetly scented;
But ask not what, beneath the moon's soft light,
The martyr flower talk'd with her love lamented!

I cannot tell how long it was that I
Enjoy'd, as in the marble tomb I slumber'd,
That beauteous, happy dream. It fleeted by,
Too soon the moments of my rest were number'd.

Death with thy gravelike silence! Thou alone
Canst give us pleasure in a lasting fashion;
Vain barbarous life, for joy is ever known
To give us restless bliss, convulsive passion.

Alas, alas! my happiness soon fled,
For suddenly arose a noise exciting,
It was a savage conflict, fierce and dread—
Ah, my poor flower was scared by all this fighting!

Yes! there arose outside, with hideous yell,
A quarrelling, a yelping, and a scolding;
Methought that many a voice I knew full well,—
It was the bas-reliefs my tomb enfolding!

Is the stone haunted by those visions wan?
  And are those marble phantoms all disputing?
The fearful clamour of the wood-god Pan
  Moses's fierce anathemas confuting.

Alas! this contest ne'er will ended be,
  The True and Beautiful will wrangle ever!
Greeks and Barbarians in wild rivalry
  The ranks of man are always doom'd to sever.

They cursed and raved. No end would there have been
  To this long squabble, and their passion towering,
Had Balaam's ass not come upon the scene,
  The voices of the gods and saints o'erpowering.

The stupid beast, with his disgusting brag,
  That sobbing sound of sheer abomination,
Made me cry out in terrible dismay,
  And I awoke at last in desperation.

THE END.

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